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Vol I

RULE A WIFE & HAVE A WIFE



ESTREANIA. — AND HERE'S A CHAIN OF WHITINGS EYES
FOR PEARLS. A MUSSEL-MONGER WOULD HAVE MADE A BETTER
ACT. IV.

SCENE. I

PAINTED BY STOTHARD. R.A.

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THE
BRITISH THEATRE;

OR,

A COLLECTION OF PLAYS,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE, COVENT GARDEN, AND HAYMARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS,

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

IN TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.
CHANCES.

NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

ALL FOR LOVE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1808.

WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
BEDFORD BURY.

**RULE A WIFE
AND HAVE A WIFE;**

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

**AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,
COVENT GARDEN AND DRURY LANE.**

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FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

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RULE A WIFE

AND HAVE A WIFE

REMARKS

1811

THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE

WIFE OF A MAN OF LETTERS

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF THE

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T. Davison, Whitefriars,
London.

20/11

REMARKS.

The fifty-three plays, which are published as the joint works of Beaumont and Fletcher, do not give them more reputation as poets, than their steady friendship confers honour upon them as men.

To the querulous and the vain it must be a subject of astonishment, how two persons could derive fame so directly from the same source, as writing plays together, without contending which had the strongest claim to that general admiration, which their productions excited!—To female authors, of all others, this long mental union must be matter of amazement! With them, such a conjunction of efforts had been intolerable as soon as praise became the reward; each would then have demanded the largest share, prompted by the conscientious scruples of justice.

There is one failing, notwithstanding their stable friendship, which likens these poets to the female sex—they did not write perfect grammar.—It was the fashion of the times to be incorrect; and ease is the parent of genius. Shakspeare, who wrote at the same time, might have been restrained in many

of his sublimest flights, by the dread of a modern Review.

These allied dramatists wanted, however, neither learning, nor the most refined society of the period in which they wrote, to qualify them for the task they fulfilled. They were both educated at Cambridge; and the father of Beaumont was one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas; whilst Fletcher was son to the Bishop of London. There was nine years difference in their ages; the birth of the last being in 1576, and of the first, in 1585.

The weight of years was on Fletcher's side, but tradition has given the weight of judgment to Beaumont. It is supposed, that Fletcher wrote, whilst Beaumont planned the fable, and corrected the dialogue of his more witty and volatile, though elder associate. But all accounts upon this point are merely conjectural, for the authors behaved too much like men to disclose the secret means of their labour; and here a curious inquirer after facts might almost wish they had been women.

Highly gratifying to the reader of wisdom and learning as the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher may be, there is an uncomfortable antiquity of principle and manners in most of them, which must exclude their representation in the present age, and raise wonder in the mind of many a critic, that there was ever a period so tasteless, as to give them preference before the dramas of Shakspeare.

“Rule a Wife and have a Wife,” as altered by Garrick, ranks foremost among the selected plays of

these united authors, that are now performed: and though it has an unpleasing fable, with female characters perfectly detestable, yet it is constituted with parts so ably written, so forcible in sentiment and humour, that actors of a certain class of excellence must ever give it powerful effect in the exhibition. But to preserve its fame on the stage, no common performers can be entrusted with the charge.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	COVENT GARDEN.	DRURY LANE.
DUKE OF MEDINA	<i>Mr. Brunton.</i>	<i>Mr. De Camp.</i>
JUAN DE CASTRO	<i>Mr. Farley.</i>	
MICHAEL PEREZ	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>	<i>Mr. Bannister.</i>
ALONZO	<i>Mr. Claremont.</i>	<i>Mr. Fisher.</i>
SANCHO	<i>Mr. Klanert.</i>	<i>Mr. Holland.</i>
LEON	<i>Mr. Kemble.</i>	<i>Mr. Pope.</i>
CACAFOGO	<i>Mr. Bennet.</i>	<i>Mr. Downton.</i>
LORENZO	<i>Mr. Beverly.</i>	<i>Mr. Evans.</i>
VASCO	<i>Mr. Menage.</i>	
MARGARITA	<i>Mrs. St. Leger.</i>	<i>Mrs. Powell.</i>
VICTORIA	<i>Miss Leserve.</i>	
ISABEL	<i>Mrs. Whitmore.</i>	
ALTEA	<i>Mrs. Humphries.</i>	<i>Miss Tidswell.</i>
ESTIFANIA	<i>Mrs. Glover.</i>	<i>Mrs. Jordan.</i>
CLARA	<i>Mrs. Watts.</i>	<i>Mrs. Scott.</i>
OLD WOMAN	<i>Mr. Simmons.</i>	<i>Mr. Suett.</i>
MAID SERVANT	<i>Mr. Harley.</i>	<i>Mr. Purser.</i>

SCENE—Spain.

RULE A WIFE

AND

HAVE A WIFE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Chamber.

Enter PEREZ and JUAN DE CASTRO.

Per. Are your companies full, Colonel?

Juan. No, not yet, sir :

Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon.

How rises your command?

Per. We pick up still,

And as our monies hold out, we have men come.

About that time I think we shall be full too :

Many young gallants go.

Juan. And unexperienc'd :

There's one Don Leon, a strange goodly fellow,

Commended to me from some noble friends

For my Alferes.

Per. I've heard of him, and that he hath serv'd before too.

Juan. But no harm done, nor ever meant, Don Michael,
That came to my ears yet ; ask him a question,
He blushes like a girl, and answers little,
To the point less ;
I never yet heard certainly
Of any gentleman that saw him angry.

Per. Preserve him, he'll conclude a peace if
need be ;
Many as stout as he will go along with us,
That swear as valiantly as heart can wish.
Their mouths charg'd with six oaths at once, and
whole ones,
That make the drunken Dutch creep into mole-hills.

Juan. 'Tis true, such we must look for : but, Michael Perez,
When heard you of Donna Margarita, the great
heiress ?

Per. I hear every hour of her, tho' I ne'er saw her ;
She is the main discourse : noble Don Juan de Castro,
How happy were that man could catch this wench up,
And live at ease ! She's fair and young, and wealthy,
Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too
In all her entertainments, as men report.

Juan. But she is proud, sir, that I own for certain,
And that comes seldom without wantonness ;
He, that shall marry her, must have a rare hand.

Per. Wou'd I were married, I wou'd find that wisdom
With a light reign to rule my wife. If e'er woman
Of the most subtle mould went beyond me,
I'd give boys leave to hoot me out o'the parish.

Enter VASCO.

Vasco. Sir, there be two gentlewomen attend to
speak with you.

Juan. Wait on them in.

Per. Are they two handsome women ?

Vasco. They seem so, very handsome ; but they're veil'd, sir.

Per. Thou put'st sugar in my mouth ; how it melts with me !

I love a sweet young wench.

Juan. Wait on them in, I say. [Exit VASCO.

Per. Don Juan.

Juan. How you itch, Michael ! how you burnish ! Will not this soldier's heat out of your bones yet ? Do your eyes glow now ?

Per. There be two.

Juan. Say honest, what shame have you then ?

Per. I wou'd fain see that ; I've been in the Indies twice, and have seen strange things,

But for two honest women ;——one I read of once.

Juan. Pr'ythee, be modest.

Per. I'll be any thing.

Enter VASCO, DONNA CLARA, and ESTIFANIA, veiled.

Juan. You're welcome, ladies.

Per. Both hooded ! I like 'em well though ; They come not for advice in law, sure, hither : They're very modest ; 'tis a fine prelude.

Juan. With me, or with this gentleman, wou'd you speak, lady ?

Cla. With you, sir, as I guess, Juan de Castro.

Per. Her curtain opens ; she is a pretty gentlewoman.

Juan. I am the man, and shall be bound to fortune,

I may do any service to your beauties.

Cla. Captain, I hear you're marching down to Flanders,

To serve the Catholic King.

Juan. I am, sweet lady.

Cla. I have a kinsman, and a noble friend,
Employ'd in those wars; may be, sir, you know
him.

Don Campusano, captain of Carbines,
To whom I would request your nobleness,
To give this poor remembrance. [*Gives a Letter.*

Juan. I shall do it;
I know the gentleman, a most worthy captain.

Cla. Something in private.

Juan. Step aside: I'll serve thee.

[*Exeunt JUAN and CLARA.*

Per. Pr'ythee, let me see thy face.

Estif. Sir, you must pardon me;
Women of our sort, that maintain fair memories,
And keep suspect off from their chastities,
Had need wear thicker veils.

Per. I am no blaster of a lady's beauty,
Nor bold intruder on her special favours,
I know how tender reputation is,
And with what guards it ought to be preserv'd.
Lady, you may to me.

Estif. You must excuse, signior; I come
Not here to sell myself.

Per. As I'm a gentleman, by the honour of a sol-
dier.

Estif. I believe you.
I pray be civil; I believe you'd see me,
And, when you've seen me, I believe you'll like me,
But in a strange place, to a stranger too;
As if I came on purpose to betray you,
Indeed I will not.

Per. I shall love you dearly,
And tis a sin to fling away affection;
I have no mistress, no desire to honour
Any but you.—
I know not, you have struck me with your modesty,
That you have taken from me

All the desire I might bestow on others.—
Quickly before they come.

Estif. Indeed, I dare not;
But since I see you are so desirous, sir,
To view a poor face that can merit nothing
But your repentance—

Per. It must needs be excellent.

Estif. And with what honesty you ask it of me,
When I am gone let your man follow me,
And view what house I enter, thither come;
For there I dare be bold to appear open:
As I like your virtuous carriage, then

Enter JUAN and CLARA.

I shall be able to give welcome to you.

She 'th done her business; I must take my leave, sir.

Per. I'll kiss your fair white hand, and thank you,
lady.

My man shall wait, and I shall be your servant;
Sirrah, come near, hark. [*PEREZ whispers VASCO.*]

Juan. You will command me more services?

Cla. To be careful of your noble health, dear sir,
That I may ever honour you.

Juan. I thank you,
And kiss your hands. Wait on the ladies down
there.

Vasco. I'll do it faithfully. [*Exit—LADIES follow.*]

Per. You had the honour to see the face that came
to you?

Juan. And 'twas a fair one; what was yours, Don
Michael?

Per. Mine was i'th'eclipse, and had a cloud drawn
over it.

But I believe well, and I hope 'tis handsome.
She had a hand would stir a holy hermit.

Juan. You know none of them?

Per. No.

Juan. Then I do, Captain.

But I'll say nothing till I see the proof on't;
Sit close, Don Perez, or your worship's caught.

Per. Were those she brought love letters?

Juan. A packet to a kinsman now in Flanders;
Yours was very modest methought.

Per. Some young unmanag'd thing;
But I may live to see.

Juan. 'Tis worth experience;
Let's walk abroad and view our companies. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter ESTIFANIA, who walks across the Stage, and exit.

Enter VASCO.

Vasco. 'Tis this or that house, or I've lost my aim;
They're both fair buildings,—she walk'd plaguy fast.

Enter ESTIFANIA; she courtesies, and exit.

And hereabouts I lost her; stay, that's she,
'Tis very she——she makes me a low court'sy;
Ma'am, your most obedient humble servant.
Let me note the place, the street I well remember.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Chamber in MARGARITA'S Country House.

Enter VICTORIA and ISABEL.

Vict. What shou'd it mean, that in such haste
we're sent for?

Isab. Belike the Lady Margaret has some business,
She'd break to us in private.

Vict. It shou'd seem so.

Isab. 'Tis a good lady, and a wise young lady.

Isab. And virtuous enough too, that I warrant ye,
For a young woman of her years; 'tis a pity
To load her tender age with too much virtue.

Enter ALTEA.

Alt. Good morrow, ladies.

Both. Morrow, my good madam.

Vict. How does the sweet young beauty, Lady
Margaret?

Isab. Has she slept well after her walk last night?

Vict. Are her dreams gentle to her mind?

Alt. All's well,

She's very well, she sent for you thus suddenly,
To give her counsel in a business
That much concerns her.

Isab. She does well and wisely.

Alt. She wou'd fain marry.

Vict. 'Tis a proper calling,
And well beseems her years: who wou'd she yoke
with?

Alt. That's left to argue on; I pray come in
And break your fast, drink a good cup or two,
To strenghten your understandings, then she'll tell ye.

Isab. And good wine breeds good counsel; we'll
yield to ye. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter JUAN DE CASTRO and LEON.

Juan. Have you seen any service?

Leon. Yes.

Juan. Where?

Leon. Every where.

Juan. What office bore ye?

Leon. None, I was not worthy.

Juan. What captains know you?

Leon. None, they were above me.

Juan. Were you ne'er hurt?

Leon. Not that I well remember,

But once I stole a hen, and then they beat me.

Pray ask me no long questions, I've an ill memory.

Juan. This is an ass; did you ne'er draw your sword yet?

Leon. Not to do any harm, I thank Heav'n for't.

Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en prisoner?

Leon. No, I ran away,

For I ne'er had no money to redeem me.

Juan. Can you endure a drum?

Leon. It makes my head ache.

Juan. Are you not valiant when you're drunk?

Leon. I think not, but I'm loving, sir.

Juan. What a lump is this man!

Was your father wise?

Leon. Too wise for me, I'm sure;

For he gave all he had to my younger brother.

Juan. That was no foolish part, I'll bear you witness.

Why art thou sent to be my officer,

Ay, and commended too, when thou dar'st not fight?

Leon. There be more officers of my opinion,

Or I am cozen'd, sir; men that talk more too.

Juan. This fellow has some doubts in his talk that strikes me.

Enter ALONZO.

He cannot be all fool: welcome, Alonzo.

Alon. What have you got there, Temperance into your company?

The spirit of peace? We shall have wars by the ounce
then. [CACAFOGO speaks without.

Oh, here's another pumpion;
The cramm'd son of a starv'd usurer, Cacafofo:
Both their brains butter'd, cannot make two spoon-
fuls.

Enter CACAFOGO.

Caca. My father's dead: I am a man of war too,
Monies, demesnes; I've ships at sea too, captains.

Juan. Take heed o'the Hollanders; your ships may
leak else.

Caca. I scorn the Hollanders, they are my drunk-
ards.

Alon. Put up your gold, sir, I will borrow it else.

Caca. I am satisfied, you shall not.

Come out, I know thee, meet mine anger instantly.

Leon. I never wrong'd ye.

Caca. Thou'st wrong'd mine honour,
Thou look'dst upon my mistress thrice lasciviously,
I'll make it good.

Juan. Do not heat yourself, you will surfeit.

Caca. Thou won't my money too, with a pair of
base bones,

In whom there was no truth, for which I beat thee,
I beat thee much, now I will hurt thee dangerously.
This shall provoke thee. [He strikes.

Leon. I cannot chuse but kick again; pray pardon
me.

Caca. Hadst thou not ask'd my pardon, I had kill'd
thee:

I leave thee as a thing despis'd *baso las manos à vostra*
Seignoria. [Exit CACAFOGO.

Alon. You've 'scap'd by miracle, there is not in all
Spain,

A spirit of more fury than this fire-drake.

Leon. I see he's hasty, and I'd give him leave
To beat me soundly if he'd take my bond.

Juan. What shall I do with this fellow?

Alon. Turn him off,
He will infect the camp with cowardice,
If he go with thee.

Juan. About some week hence, sir,
If I can hit upon no abler officer,
You shall hear from me.

Leon. I desire no better.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Chamber in MARGARITA'S Town House.

Enter ESTIFANIA and PEREZ.

Per. You've made me now too bountiful amends,
lady,

For your strict carriage when you saw me first :
These beauties were not meant to be conceal'd,
It was a wrong to hide so sweet an object,
I cou'd chide ye, but it shall be thus ;
No other anger ever touch your sweetness.

Estif. You appear to me so honest, and so civil,
Without a blush, sir, I dare bid you welcome.

Per. Now let me ask your name?

Estif. 'Tis Estifania, the heir of this poor place.

Per. Poor, do you call it?

There's nothing that I cast my eyes upon,
But shows both rich and admirable ; all the rooms
Are hung as if a princess were to dwell here ;
The gardens, orchards, every thing so curious.
Is all that plate your own too?

Estif. 'Tis but little,
Only for present use ; I've more and richer,
When need shall call, or friends compel me use it ;
The suits you see of all the upper chamber,
Are those that commonly adorn the house ;

I think I have besides, as fair as Seville,
Or any town in Spain can parallel.

Per. Now, if she be not married, I have some hopes.

Are you a maid?

Estif. You make me blush to answer:
I ever was accounted so to this hour,
And that's the reason that I live retir'd, sir.

Per. Then would I counsel you to marry presently,
For every year you lose, you lose a beauty;
A husband now, an honest careful husband,
Were such a comfort: will ye walk above stairs?

Estif. This place will fit our talk, 'tis fitter far, sir,
I dare not trust, sir.

Per. She's excellent wise withal too.

Estif. You nam'd a husband, I am not so strict,
sir,
Nor tied unto a virgin's solitariness,
But if an honest, and a noble one,
Rich, and a soldier, for so I've vow'd he shall be,
Were offer'd me, I think, I should accept him;
But above all he must love.

Per. He were base else.
There's comfort minister'd in the word soldier;
How sweetly should I live!

Estif. I'm not so ignorant,
But that I know well how to be commanded,
And how again to make myself obey'd, sir;
I waste but little, I have gather'd much;
My rial not the less worth, when 'tis spent,
If spent by my direction; to please my husband,
I hold it as indifferent in my duty,
To be his maid i'the kitchen, or his cook,
As in the hall to know myself the mistress.

Per. Sweet, rich, and provident, now fortune stick
to me;
I am a soldier, and a bachelor, lady;

And such a wife as you I could love infinitely;
They that use many words, some are deceitful;
I long to be a husband, and a good one.
For 'tis most certain I shall make a precedent
For all that follow me to love their ladies;
I'm young you see, able I'd have you think too,
If't please you know, try me before you take me.
'Tis true, I shall not meet in equal wealth with ye,
But jewels, chains, such as the war has given me,
A thousand ducats too in ready gold,
As rich clothes too as any he bears arms, lady.

Estif. You're a gentleman, and fair, I see by ye,
And such a man I'd rather take——

Per. Pray do so.
I'll have a priest o'the sudden.

Estif. And as suddenly
You will repent too.

Per. I'll hang or drown first,
By this and this, and this kiss.

Estif. You're a flatterer.
But I must say, there was something, when I saw you
First, in that noble face, that stirred my fancy.

Per. I'll stir it better e'er you sleep, sweet lady.
I'll send for all my trunks, and give up all to ye,
Into your own dispose, before I bed ye.
And then, sweet wench——

Estif. You have the art to cozen me. [Exeunt.]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in MARGARITA'S Country House.

Enter MARGARITA, VICTORIA, ISABEL, and ALTEA.

Mar. Come, give me your opinions seriously.

Vict. You say you have a mind to marry, lady.

Mar. 'Tis true, I have for to preserve my credit,
I desire my pleasure, and pleasure I must have.

Isab. 'Tis fit you should have,
Your years require it, and 'tis necessary.

Vict. But might not all this be, and keep ye single!
You take away variety in marriage,
Th' abundance of the pleasure you are barr'd then;
Is't not abundance that you aim at?

Mar. Yes, why was I made a woman?

Isab. And ev'ry day a new?

Mar. Why fair and young, but to use it?

Vict. You're still i'th' right, why wou'd you marry
then?

Alt. Because a husband stops all doubts in this
point.

Isab. What husband mean ye?

Alt. A husband of an easy faith, a fool,
Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure;
One, though he see himself become a monster,
Shall hold the door, and entertain the maker.

Isab. You grant, there may be such a man.

Vict. Yes marry, but how to bring them to this rare perfection?

Isab. They must be chosen so, things of no honour,

Nor outward honesty.

Mar. No, 'tis no matter,

I care not what they are, so they be comely.

Isab. Methinks now, a rich lawyer; some such fellow,

That carries credit and a face of awe.

Mar. No, there's no trusting them; they are too subtle;

The law has moulded them of natural mischief.

Vict. Then, some grave governor,

Some man of honour, yet an easy man.

Mar. If he have honour, I'm undone; I'll none such.

Alt. With search, and wit, and labour,
I've found one out, a right one and a perfect.

Mar. Is he a gentleman?

Alt. Yes, and a soldier; but as gentle as you'd wish him,

A good fellow, and has good clothes, if he knew how to wear 'em.

Mar. Those I'll allow him;

They are for my credit.

Have not the wars bred him up to anger?

Alt. No, he won't quarrel with the dog that bites him;

Let him be drunk or sober, he's one silence.

Mar. Is he so goodly a man, do you say?

Alt. As you shall see, lady;

But to all this he's but a trunk.

Mar. I'd have him so.

Go, find me out this man, and let me see him,

If he be that motion that you tell me of,

And make no more noise, I shall entertain him.
Let him be here.

Alt. He shall attend your ladyship. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter JUAN, PEREZ, ALONZO, and SANCHO.

Juan. Why, thou'rt not married indeed?

Per. No, no, pray think so;

Alas, I'm a fellow of no reckoning,
Nor worth a lady's eye.

Alon. Wou'dst steal a fortune,
And make none of thy friends acquainted with it,
Nor bid us to thy wedding?

Per. No indeed.

There was no wisdom in't to bid an artist,
An old seducer, to a female banquet:
I can cut up my pie without your instructions.

Juan. Was it the wench i'the veil?

Per. Basta; 'twas she.

The prettiest rogue that e'er you look'd upon,
The loving'st thief.

Juan. And is she rich withal too?

Per. A mine, a mine; there is no end of wealth,
Colonel;

Pr'ythee, Colonel, how do thy companies fill now?

Juan. You're merry, sir:

You intend a safer war at home, belike, now.

Per. I do not think I shall fight much this year,
Colonel.

I find myself given to my ease a little;

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And make none of thy friends acquainted with it,
Nor bid us to thy wedding?

Per. No indeed.

There was no wisdom in't to bid an artist,
An old seducer, to a female banquet:
I can cut up my pie without your instructions.

Juan. Was it the wench i'the veil?

Per. Basta; 'twas she.

The prettiest rogue that e'er you look'd upon,
The loving'st thief.

Juan. And is she rich withal too?

Per. A mine, a mine; there is no end of wealth,
Colonel;

Pr'ythee, Colonel, how do thy companies fill now?

Juan. You're merry, sir:

You intend a safer war at home, belike, now.

Per. I do not think I shall fight much this year,
Colonel.

I find myself given to my ease a little;

I care not if I sell my foolish company,
They're things of hazard.

Alon. How it angers me,
This fellow at first sight should win a lady,
A rich young wench;
When shall we come to thy house, and be freely
merry?

Per. When I have manag'd her a little more;
I have a house to maintain an army.

San. If thy wife be fair, thou'lt have few less come
to thee.

Per. Where they'll get entertainment is the point,
signior;
I beat no drum.

May be I'll march, after a month or two,
To get a fresh stomach. I find, Colonel,
A wantonness in wealth, methinks, I agree not with.
Tis such a trouble to be married too,
And have a thousand things of great importance,
Jewels, and plate, and fooleries molest me,
To have a man's brains whimsied with his wealth.
Before I was married, I walked as contentedly about,
as either of you; and, upon my honour, with as little
money in my pocket.

Enter VASCO.

Vasco. Sir—sir——

Per. Well, sir?

Vasco. My mistress, sir, is sick, because you're ab-
sent.

She mourns, and will not eat.

Per. Alas, my jewel!

Come, I'll go with thee. Gentlemen, your fair leaves.
You see I'm tied a little to my yoke,
Pray pardon me, would ye had both such loving
wives.

Juan. I thank ye [Exeunt PEREZ and VASCO.
For your old boots:—Never be blank, Alonzo,
Because this fellow has outstript thy fortune.
Come, let's to dinner, when Margarita comes,
We'll visit both, it may be then your fortune. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Chamber.

Enter MARGARITA, VICTORIA, ISABELLA, and ALTEA.

Mar. Is he come?

Alt. Yes, madam, he has been here this half hour.
I've question'd him of all that you can ask him,
And find him as fit as you had made the man.

Mar. Call him here, Altea. [Exit ALTEA.

Enter LEON and ALTEA.

A man of a comely countenance;
Is his mind so tame?

Alt. Pray question him, and if you find him not
Fit for your purpose, shake him off, there's no harm
done.

Mar. Pray you come this way.
Can you love a young lady? How he blushes!

Alt. Leave twirling of your hat, and hold your head
up,
And speak to the lady.

Leon. Yes, I think I can;
I must be taught. I know not what it means, madam.

Mar. You shall be taught. And can you, when she
pleases,
Go ride abroad, and stay a week or two?
You shall have men and horses to attend ye,

And money in your purse.

Leon. Yes, I love riding;
And when I am from home I am so merry.

Mar. Be as merry as you will. Can you as handsomely,
When you are sent for back, come with obedience,
And do your duty to the lady loves you?

Leon. Yes, sure, I shall.

Mar. And when you see her friends here,
Or noble kinsmen, can you entertain
Their servants in the cellar, and be busied,
And hold your peace, whate'er you see here?

Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd else.

Mar. Come, salute me.

Leon. Ma'am!

Mar. How the fool shakes!—I will not eat you,
sir.—

Can't you salute me?

Leon. Indeed, I know not;
But if your ladyship will please to instruct me,
Sure I shall learn.

Mar. Come on then.

Leon. Come on then. [Kisses her.

Mar. You shall then be instructed.
If I should be this lady that affects ye,
Nay, say I marry ye?

Alt. Hark to the lady.

Mar. What money have ye?

Leon. None, madam, nor no friends;
I would do any thing to serve your ladyship.

Mar. You must not look to be my master, sir,
Nor talk i'the house as though you wore the breeches,
No, nor command in any thing.

Leon. I will not.

Alas, I am not able; I've no wit, madam.

Mar. Nor do not labour to arrive at any,
'Twill spoil your head.—I take ye upon charity,

And like a servant ye must be unto me.
Can ye mark these?

Leon. Yes, indeed, forsooth.

Mar. There is one thing,
That if I take ye in, I put ye from me,
Utterly from me, you must not be saucy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me,
Scarce know me, when I call ye not.

Leon. I will not. Alas, I never knew myself sufficiently.

Mar. Nor must not now.

Leon. I'll be a dog to please ye.

Mar. Indeed you must fetch and carry as I appoint ye.

Leon. I were to blame else.

Mar. Kiss me again.—If you see me
Kiss any other, twenty in an hour, sir,
You must not start, nor be offended.

Leon. No, if you kiss a thousand, I shall be contented;

It will the better teach me how to please ye.

Alt. I told ye, madam.

Mar. 'Tis the man I wish'd for—The less you speak——

Leon. I'll never speak again, madam;
But when you charge me, then I'll speak softly too.

Mar. Get me a priest, I'll wed him instantly.
But when you're married, sir, you must wait on me,
And see you observe my laws.

Leon. Else you shall hang me.

Mar. I'll give ye better clothes when you deserve them.

Come in, and serve for witnesses.

All. We shall, madam.

[*Exeunt* VICTORIA and ISABELLA.

Mar. And then away to the city presently.
I'll to my new house and new company. [Exit.

Leon. A thousand crowns are thine:—I'm a made man.

Alt. Do not break out too soon.

Leon. I know my time, wench. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Grand Saloon.

Enter CLARA and ESTIFANIA, with a Paper.

Cla. What, have you caught him?

Estif. Yes.

Cla. And do you find him
A man of those hopes that you aim'd at?

Estif. Yes:

And the most kind man,—
I find him rich too, Clara.

Cla. Hast thou married him?

Estif. What, dost thou think I fish without a bait,
wench?

I bob for fools: he is mine own. I have him;
I told thee what would tickle him like a trout,
And as I cast it, so I caught him daintily,
And all he has I've stow'd at my devotion.

Cla. Does the lady know this? she's coming now
to town;
Now to live here in this house.

Estif. Let her come,
She shall be welcome, I'm prepar'd for her;
She's mad sure if she be angry at my fortune.

Cla. Dost thou not love him?

Estif. Yes, entirely well,
As long as there he stays and looks no farther

Into my ends; but when he doubts, I hate him,
And that wise hate will teach me how to cozen him.

Enter PEREZ.

O, here he is; now you shall see a kind man.

Per. My Estifania, shall we to dinner, lamb?
I know thou stay'st for me.

Estif. I cannot eat else.

Per. I never enter, but methinks a Paradise
Appears about me.

Estif. You're welcome to it, sir.

Per. I think I have the sweetest seat in Spain,
wench;

Methinks, the richest too. We'll eat i'the garden.
In one o'the arbours; there 'tis cool and pleasant,
And have our wine cool'd in the running fountain.
Who's that?

Estif. A friend of mine, sir.

Per. Of what breeding?

Estif. A gentlewoman, sir.

Per. What business has she?

Is she a learned woman i'the mathematics?

Can she tell fortunes?

Estif. More than I know, sir.

Per. Or has she e'er a letter from a kinswoman,
That must be delivered in my absence, wife?
Or comes she from the doctor to salute you,
And learn your health? She looks not like a confessor.

Estif. What needs all this? Why are you troubled,
sir?

What do you suspect? She cannot cuckold ye,
She is a woman, sir, a very woman.

Per. Your very woman may do very well, sir,
Towards the matter, for though she cannot perform it
In her own person, she may do't by proxy,
Your rarest jugglers work still by conspiracy.

Estif. Cry ye mercy, husband, you are jealous then,
And haply suspect me.

Per. No indeed, wife.

Estif. Methinks you should not till you have more
cause,
And clearer too: I'm sure you have heard say, hus-
band,

A woman forc'd will free herself through iron,
A happy, calm, and good wife discontented,
May be taught tricks.

Per. No, no, I do but jest with ye.

Estif. To-morrow friend, I'll see you.

Cla. I shall leave ye
Till then, and pray all may go sweetly with ye. [*Exit.*
[*A Knock at the Door.*

Estif. Why, where's this girl? who's at the door?

Per. Who knocks there?
Is't for the king you come, ye knock so boisterously?
Look to the door.

Enter CLARA.

Cla. My lady, as I live, mistress: my lady's come;
She's at the door, I peeped through, I saw her,
And a stately company of ladies with her.

Estif. This was a week too soon, but I must meet
with her,

And set a new wheel going; and a subtle one
Must blind this mighty Mars, or I am ruin'd.

Per. What are they at the door?

Estif. Such, my Michael,
As you may bless the day they enter'd here;
Such for our good.

Per. 'Tis well.

Estif. Nay, 'twill be better
If you will let me but dispute the business,
And be a stranger to't, and not disturb me.
What have I now to do but to advance your fortune?

Per. Do, I dare trust thee, I'm asham'd I was
angry,
I find thee a wise young wife.

Estif. I'll wise your worship
Before I leave ye;—[*Aside.*] pray ye walk by, and
say nothing;

Only salute them, and leave the rest to me, sir.
I was born to make ye a man. [Exit.]

Per. The rogue speaks heartily,
Her good-will colours in her cheeks, I'm born to love
her;

I must be gentle to these tender natures,
A soldier's rude harsh words befit not ladies,
Nor must we talk to them as we talk to our officers.
I'll give her her way, for 'tis for me she works now;
I am husband, heir, and all she has,

Enter ESTIFANIA, MARGARITA, LEON, ALTEA,
VICTORIA, and ISABEL.

Who're these, I hate such flaunting things?
A woman of rare presence! excellent fair;
This is too big sure for a bawdy-house.
Too open seated too.

Estif. My husband, lady.

Mar. You've gain'd a proper man.

Per. Whate'er I am, I am your servant, lady.

[Kisses.]

[*Exeunt* LEON, MARGARITA, ALTEA, VICTORIA,
and ISABEL.]

Estif. Sir, be rul'd now. [Apart to PEREZ.]
And I shall make ye rich; this is my cousin,
That gentleman dotes on her, even to death;
See how he observes her.

Per. She is a goodly woman.

Estif. She is a mirror.

But she is poor, she were for a prince's side else.
This house she has brought him to as to her own,
And presuming upon me, and on my courtesy;
Conceive me short—he knows not but she is wealthy.
This we must carry with discretion, husband,
And yield unto her for four days.

Per. Yield our house up, our goods, and wealth?

Estif. All this but seeming. Do you see this writing?

Two hundred pounds a year, when they are married,
Has she seal'd to for our good; the time is unfit
now,

I'll show it you to-morrow.

Per. All the house?

Estif. All, all; and we'll remove too, to confirm
him.

Per. The whole possession, wife? look what you
do;—

A part o'the house.

Estif. No, no, they shall have all,
And take their pleasure too. 'Tis for our 'vantage.

Why, what's four days? had you a sister, sir,
A niece or mistress, that requir'd this courtesy,
And should I make a scruple to do you good?

Per. If easily it would come back.

Estif. I swear, sir, as easily as it came on;
You give away no house.

Per. Clear but that question.

Estif. I'll put the writings into your hand,
And you shall keep them safe.

Per. I'm satisfied.

Estif. When she has married him,
So infinite his love is link'd unto her,
You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch,
May have Heav'n knows what.

Per. I'll remove my trunks straight,
And take some poor house by, 'tis but for four days.

Estif. I have a poor old friend; there we will be.

Per. 'Tis well then.

Estif. Go handsome off, and leave the house clear.

Per. Well.

Estif. That little stuff we'll use shall follow after;
And a boy to guide ye. Peace, and we are made
both.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Chamber.

Enter MARGARITA and ALTEA.

Alt. Are you at ease now, is your heart at rest?

Mar. I am at peace, Altea,
If he continue but the same he shows,
And be a master of that ignorance
He outwardly professes, I am happy.

Alt. You're a made woman.

Mar. But if he shou'd prove now
A crafty and dissembling kind of husband,
One read in knavery, and brought up in the art
Of villainy conceal'd!

Alt. My life, an innocent.

Mar. That's it I aim at.
That's it I hope too, then I'm sure I rule him:
Are the rooms made ready
To entertain my friends?

Alt. All, lady, your house is nothing now but various pleasures.

Mar. Let them gaze on,
I was brought up a courtier, high and happy,
And company is my delight and courtship;
And handsome servants at my will; where's my good
 husband,
Where does he wait?

Alt. He knows his distance, madam.
I warrant he is busy in the cellar
Among his fellow servants, or asleep,
Till your commands awake him.

Mar. 'Tis well, Altea;
It should be so, my ward I must preserve him——
Who sent for him, how dare he come uncall'd for,
His hat on too?

Alt. Sure he sees you not.

Mar. How scornfully he looks!

Enter LEON and LORENZO.

Leon. Are all the chambers
Deck'd and adorn'd thus for my lady's pleasure?
New hangings ev'ry hour for entertainment,
And new plate bought, new jewels to give lustre?

Lor. They are, and yet there must be more and
richer, it is her will.

Leon. Hum, is it so? 'tis excellent.
Is it her will too, to have feasts and banquets,
Revels and masques!

Lor. She ever lov'd them dearly;
And we shall have the bravest house kept now, sir;
I must not call ye, master, she has warn'd me,
Nor must not put my hat off to ye.

Leon. 'Tis no fashion;
What though I be her husband, I'm your fellow.
I may cut first?

Lor. That's as you shall deserve, sir.

Leon. I thank you, sir.

Enter VICTORIA.

Vict. Madam, the Duke Medina, with some cap-
tains,
Will come to dinner, and have sent rare wine,
And their best services

Mar. They shall be welcome ;
See all be ready in the noblest fashion.
Go, get your best clothes on ; but 'till I call ye,
Be sure you be not seen. Dine with the gentlewo-
men,
And behave yourself handsome, sir, 'tis for my
credit.

Enter ISABEL.

Isab. Madam, the Lady Julia——

Leon. That's a bawd,
A three pil'd bawd ; bawd-major to the army.

Isab. Has brought her coach to wait upon your
ladyship,
And to be inform'd if you will take the air this morn-
ing.

Leon. The neat air of her nunnery.

Mar. Tell her no, i'th' afternoon I'll call on her.

Isab. I will, madam. [Exit.

Mar. Why are you not gone, sir, as I bade you?

Leon. Faith madam, in my little understanding,
You'd better entertain your honest neighbours,
Your friends about ye, that may speak well of ye,
And give a worthy mention of your bounty.

Mar. How now, what's this?

Leon. 'Tis only to persuade ye :
Courtiers are tickle things to deal withal,
A kind of march-pane men that will not last, madam ;
An egg and pepper goes farther than their portions,
And in a well knit body, a poor parsnip
Will play his prize above their strong potables.

Mar. The fellow's mad !

Leon. He that shall counsel ladies,
That have both liquorish and ambitious eyes,
Is either mad or drunk, let him speak gospel.

Alt. He breaks out modestly.

Leon. Pray ye be not angry,

My indiscretion has made me bold to tell ye
What you'll find true.

Mar. Thou dar'st not talk.

Leon. Not much, madam,
You have a tie upon your servant's tongue,
He dare not be so bold as reason bids him ;
'Twere fit there were a stronger on your temper.
Ne'er look so stern upon me, I'm your husband,
But what are husbands? Read the new world's wonders,

Such husbands as this monstrous world produces,
And you will scarce find such strange deformities.
They're shadows to conceal your venial virtues,
Sails to your mills, that grind with all occasions,
Balls that lie by you, to wash out your stains ;
And bills nail'd up, with horns before your doors,
To rent out wantonness.

Mar. Do you hear him talk ?

Leon. I've done, madam,
An ox once spoke, as learned men deliver.
Shortly I shall be such, then I'll speak wonders.
Till when I tie myself to my obedience. [Exit.]

Mar. First I'll untie myself: did you mark the
gentleman,
How boldly and how saucily he talk'd :
And how unlike the lump I took him for?
This was your providence,
Your wisdom, to elect this gentleman,
Your excellent forecast in the man, your knowledge,
What think ye now ?

Alt. I think him an ass still,
This boldness some of your people have blown into
him,
This wisdom too with strong wine, tis 'a tyrant,
And a philosopher also, and finds out reasons.

Mar. I'll have my cellar lock'd, no school kept
there,
Nor no discovery. I'll turn my drunkards,

Such as are understanding in their draughts,
And dispute learnedly the whys and wherefores,
To grass immediately. I'll keep all fools,
Sober or drunk, still fools, that shall know nothing,
Nothing belongs to mankind, but obedience,
And such an hand I'll keep over this husband.

Alt. He'll fall again, my life, he cries by this time,
Keep him from drink; he's a high constitution.

Enter LEON.

Leon. Shall I wear my new suit, madam?

Mar. No, your old cloaths.

And get you into the country presently,
And see my hawks well train'd, you shall have
victuals,

Such as are fit for saucy palates, sir,
And lodgings with the hinds, it is too good too.

Leon. Good madam, be not so rough with repentance.

Alt. You see how he's come round again.

Mar. I see not what I expect to see.

Leon. You shall see, madam, if it please your ladyship.

Alt. He's humbled;
Forgive, good lady.

Mar. Well, go get you handsome,
And let me hear no more.

Leon. Have ye no feeling? [Aside.
I'll pinch you to the bones then, my proud lady.

[*Exit.*

Mar. See you preserve him thus upon my favour :
You know his temper, tie him to the grindstone ;
The next rebellion I'll be rid of him ;
I'll have no needy rascals, I tie to me,
Dispute my life: come in and see all handsome.

Alt. I hope to see you so too, I've wrought ill else.
[*Aside. Ex unt.*]

SCENE II.

*A Garret.**PEREZ discovered.*

Per. Shall I
Never return to my own house again ?
We're lodg'd here in the miserablest dog-hole,
A conjurer's circle gives content above it ;
A hawk's mew is a princely palace to it !
We have a bed no bigger than a basket,
And there we lie like butter clapt together,
And sweat ourselves to sauce immediately ;
The fumes are infinite inhabit here too,
So various too, they'll pose a gold finder !
Never return to my own Paradise ?
Why wife, I say, why Estifania !

Estif. [*Within.*] I'm going presently.

Per. Make haste, good jewel.
I'm like the people that live in the sweet islands :
I die, I die, if I stay but one day more here.
The inhabitants we have are two starv'd rats,
For they're not able to maintain a cat here,
And those appear as fearful as two devils ;
They've eat a map o' the whole world up already,
And if we stay a night, we're gone for company.
There's an old woman that's now grown to marble,
Dry'd in this brick-kiln, and she sits i'the chimney,
(Which is but three tiles rais'd, like a house of cards)
The true proportion of an old smoak'd Sibyl,
There is a young thing too, that nature meant
For a maid-servant, but 'tis now a monster,
She has a husk about her like a chesnut,

With laziness, and living under the line here,
And these two make a hollow sound together,
Like frogs, or winds between two doors that murmur.

Enter ESTIFANIA.

Mercy deliver me! O, are you come, wife,
Shall we be free again?

Estif. I am now going;
And you shall presently to your own house, sir.
The remembrance of this small vexation
Will be argument of mirth for ever.
By that time you have said your orisons,
And broke your fast, I shall be back and ready
To usher you to your old content, your freedom.

Per. Break my fast, break my neck rather, is there
any thing here to eat,
But one another, like a race of cannibals?
A piece of butter'd wall you think is excellent.
Let's have our house again immediately,
And pray ye take heed unto the furniture,
None be embezzled.

Estif. Not a pin, I warrant ye.

Per. And let them instantly depart.

Estif. They shall both,
(There's reason in all courtesies)
For by this time I know she has acquainted him,
And has provided too, she sent me word, sir,
And will give over gratefully unto you.

Per. I will walk i'the churchyard,
The dead cannot offend more than these living.
An hour hence I'll expect ye.

Estif. I'll not fail, sir.

Per. And, do you hear, let's have a handsome
dinner,
And, see all things be decent as they have been,
And let me have a strong bath to restore me:
I stink like a stale fish shambles, or an oil-shop.

Estif. You shall have all, which some interpret nothing.

I'll send you people for the trunks afore-hand.

Per. Let them be known and honest,
And do my service to your niece.

Estif. I shall, sir,
But if I come not at my hour, come thither,
That they may give you thanks for your fair courtesy,
And pray you, be brave for my sake.

Per. I observe ye. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter SANCHE, CACAFOGO, and JUAN DE CASTRO.

San. Thou'rt very brave.

Caca. I've reason, I have money.

San. Is money reason?

Caca. Yes, and rhyme too, Captain.

If you've no money, you're an ass.

San. I thank ye.

Caca. You've manners, ever thank him that has money.

San. Wilt thou lend me any?

Caca. Not a farthing, Captain.

Captains are casual things.

San. Why so are all men, thou shalt have my bond.

Caca. Nor bonds nor fetters, Captain,
My money is mine own, I make no doubt on't.

Juan. What dost thou do with it?

Caca. Put it to pious uses.

Buy wine and wenches, and undo young coxcombs
That would undo me.

Juan. Are you for the wars, sir?

Caca. I am not poor enough to be a soldier,
Nor have I faith enough to ward a bullet;
This is no lining for a trench, I take it.

Juan. Ye have said wisely.

Caca. Had you but my money,
You'd swear it, Colonel; I had rather drill at home
A hundred thousand crowns, and with more honour,
Than exercise ten thousand fools with nothing;
A wise man safely feeds, fools cut their fingers.

San. A right state usurer; why dost not marry,
And live a reverend justice?

Caca. Is it not nobler to command a reverend justice,
than to be one?

And for a wife, what need I marry, Captain,
When every courteous fool, that owes me money,
Owes me his wife too to appease my fury?

Juan. Wilt go to dinner with us?

Caca. I will go, and view the pearl of Spain, the
orient

Fair one, the rich one too, and I will be respected:
I bear my patent here, I will talk to her,
And when your captainships shall stand aloof
And pick your fingers, I will pick the purse
Of her affection.

Juan. The Duke dines there to-day too, the Duke
of Medina.

Caca. Let the King dine there,
He owes me money, and so far's my creature,
And certainly I may make bold with my own, Cap-
tain.

San. Thou wilt eat monstrously.

Caca. Like a true born Spaniard,
Eat as I were in England, where the beef grows,
And I will drink abundantly, and then
Talk ye as wantonly as Ovid did,
I learnt it of my father's amorous scrivener.

Juan. If we should play now, you must supply me.

Caca. You must pawn a horse troop,
And then have at ye, Colonel.

San. Come, let's go:
This rascal will make rare sport; how the ladies
Will laugh at him!

Juan. If I light on him, I'll make his purse sweat
too.

Caca. Will ye lead, gentlemen? [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A Chamber.

Enter PEREZ, an OLD WOMAN, and MAID.

Per. Nay, pray ye come out, and let me understand
ye,
And tune your pipe a little higher, lady;
I'll hold ye fast; how came my trunks open?
And my goods gone?

Old Wom. Ha! what would ye have?

Per. My goods again; how came my trunks all
open?

Old Wom. Are your trunks all open?

Per. Yes, and my clothes gone,
And chains and jewels; how she smells like hung
beef!

Fie, how she belches
The spirit of garlic.

Old Wom. Where's your gentlewoman,
The young fair woman?

Per. What's that to my question?
She is my wife, and gone about my business.

Maid. Is she your wife, sir?

Per. Yes, sir; is that a wonder?
Is the name of wife unknown here?

Old Wom. Is she duly and truly your wife

Per. Duly and truly my wife; I think so,
For I married her; it was no vision sure!

Maid. She has the keys, sir.

Per. I know she has; but who has all my goods,
spirit?

Old Wom. If you be married to that gentlewoman,
You are a wretched man; she has twenty husbands.

Maid. She tells you true.

Old Wom. And she has cozen'd all, sir.

Per. The devil she has! I had a fair house with
her,

That stands hard by, and furnish'd royally.

Old Wom. You're cozen'd too, 'tis none of hers,
good gentleman,
It is a lady's.

Maid. The Lady Margarita; she was her servant,
And kept the house, but going from her, sir,
For some lewd tricks she play'd.

Per. Plague o'the devil,
Am I, i'the full meridian of my wisdom,
Cheated by a stale quean? What kind of lady
Is that, that owns the house?

Old Wom. A young sweet lady.

Per. Of a low stature?

Old Wom. She's indeed but little, but she is won-
drous fair.

Per. I feel I'm cozen'd:
Now I am sensible I am undone.
This is the very woman sure, that cousin,
She told me would entreat but for four days
To make the house hers;—I'm entreated sweetly!

Maid. When she went out this morning, that I saw,
sir,
She had two women at the door attending,
And there she gave 'em things, and loaded 'em;
But what they were—I heard your trunks too open,
If they be yours?

Per. They were mine while they were laden,

But now they've cast their calves, they're not worth owning.

Was she her mistress, say you?

Old Wom. Her own mistress, her very mistress, sir, and all you saw

About and in that house was hers.

Per. No plate, no jewels, nor no hangings?

Maid. Not a farthing, she's poor, sir, a poor shifting thing.

Per. No money?

Old Wom. Abominably poor, as poor as we are, Money as rare to her unless she steal it; But for one single gown her lady gave her, She might go bare, good gentlewoman.

Per. I'm mad now,
I think I am as poor as she, I'm wild else,
One single suit I have left too, and that's all,
And if she steals that she may flay me for it;
Where does she use?

Old Wom. You may find Truth as soon,
Alas, a thousand conceal'd corners, sir, she lurks in,
And here she gets a fleece, and there another,
And lives in mists and smokes where none can find her.

Per. Is she a whore too?

Old Wom. Little better, gentleman,
I dare not say she is so, sir, because
She is yours, sir; these five years she has liv'd
Upon picking up.

Per. She has pick'd up me finely;
A whore and thief? two excellent moral learnings
In one she-saint; I hope to see her legend.
Have I been fear'd for my discoveries,
And been courted by all women to conceal them,
Have I so long studied the art of this sex,
And read the warning to young gentlemen,
Have I profess'd to tame the pride of ladies,
And am I tricked now?
Caught in my own noose? here's a rial left yet,

There's for your lodging and your meat this week.
A silkworm lives at a more plentiful ordinary,
And sleeps in a sweeter box.
Farewel, great grandmother,
If I do find you were an accessory,
'Tis but the cutting off two smoaking minutes!
I'll hang you presently.

[Pushes her down, and Exit.

Old Wom. Oh the rogue! the villain! Is this usage
for the fair sex! [Exit.

SCENE V.

A grand Saloon.

*Enter the DUKE of MEDINA, JUAN DE CASTRO,
ALONZO, SANCHE, and CACAFOGO.*

Duke. A goodly house.

Juan. And richly furnish'd too, sir.

Alon. Hung wantonly; I like that preparation,
It stirs unto a hopeful banquet,
And intimates the mistress free and jovial;
I love a house where pleasure prepares welcome.

Duke. Now, Cacafogo, how like you this mansion?
'Twere a brave pawn.

Caca. I shall be master of it;
'Twas built for my bulk, the rooms are wide and
spacious,
Airy and full of ease, and that I love well.
I'll tell you when I taste the wine, my lord,
And take the height of her table with my stomach,
How my affection stands to the young lady.

*Enter MARGARITA, ALTEA, VICTORIA, ISABEL,
and Two LADIES.*

Mar. All welcome to your grace, and to these
soldiers,

You honour my poor house with your fair presence ;
Those few slight pleasures that inhabit here, sir,
I do beseech your grace command, they're yours,
Your servant but preserves them to delight ye.

Duke. I thank ye, lady, I am bold to visit ye,
Once more to bless my eyes with your sweet beauty.
It has been a long night since you left the court,
For 'till I saw you now, no day broke to me.

Mar. Bring in the Duke's meat.

San. She's most excellent !

Juan. Most admirable fair as e'er I look'd on,
I had rather command her than my regiment.

Caca. I'll have a fling; 'tis but a thousand ducats,
Which I can cozen up again in ten days. [Aside.]

Enter LEON.

Mar. Why, where's this dinner?

Leon. 'Tis not ready, madam.

Nor shall it be until I know the guests too,
Nor are they fairly welcome 'till I bid them.

Juan. Is not this my Alferes? he looks another
thing !

Are miracles afoot again?

Mar. Why, sirrah, why sirrah, you !

Leon. I hear you, saucy woman;
And as you are my wife, command your absence,
And know your duty: 'tis the crown of modesty.

Duke. Your wife!

Leon. Yes, good my lord, I am her husband.
And pray take notice that I claim that honour,
And will maintain it.

Caca. If thou be'st her husband,
I am determin'd thou shalt be my cuckold,
I'll be thy faithful friend.

Leon. Peace, dirt and dung-hill!
I will not lose my anger on a rascal ;
Provoke me more, I'll beat thy blown-up body,
'Till thou rebound'st again like a tennis-ball.

Caca. I'll talk with you another time. [Exit.

Alon. This is miraculous.

San. Is this the fellow
That had the patience to become a fool.
I am astonished!

Mar. I'll be divorc'd immediately!

Leon. You shall not,
You shall not have so much will to be wicked.
I am more tender of your honour, lady, and of your
age,
You took me for a shadow,
You took me to gloss over your discredit,
To be your fool, you thought you had found a cox-
comb,

I'm innocent of any foul dishonour I mean to ye.
Only I will be known to be your lord now,
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.

Mar. I do command ye from me, thou poor fellow,
Thou cozen'd fool.

Leon. Thou cozen'd fool!
I will not be commanded: I'm above ye:
You may divorce me from your favour, lady,
But from your estate you never shall. I'll hold that,
And hold it to my use, the law allows it.
And then maintain your wantonness, I'll wink at it.

Mar. Am I brav'd thus in mine own house?

Leon. 'Tis mine, madam,
You are deceiv'd, I am lord of it, I rule it,
And all that's in't; you've nothing to do here, madam,
But as my servant, to sweep clean the lodgings,
And at my farther will to do me service,
And so I'll keep it.

Mar. 'Tis well.

Leon. It shall be better.

Mar. As you love me, give way.

Leon. I will give none, madam.

I stand upon the ground of mine own honour,
And will maintain it; you shall know me now

To be an understanding, feeling, man,
And sensible of what a woman aims at.
A young proud woman, that has will to sail with,
A wanton woman, that her blood provokes too.
I cast my cloud off, and appear myself,
The master of this little piece of mischief,
And I will put a spell about your feet, lady,
They shall not wander but where I give way now.

Duke. Is this the fellow that the people pointed at,
For the mere sign of man, the walking image?
He speaks wondrous highly.

Leon. As a husband ought, sir,
In his own house, and it becomes me well too;
I think your grace would grieve if you were put to it.
To have a wife or servant of your own,
(For wives are reckon'd in the rank of servants,)
Under your own roof to command ye.

Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her and you,
sir?

Leon. Not now, my lord, my fortune makes me
ev'n,

And as I am an honest man, I'm nobler.

Mar. I'll hear no more of this.

Get me my coach.

Leon. Let me see who dares get it
Till I command, I'll make him draw your coach
And eat your coach too, (which will be hard diet)
That executes your will; or take your coach, lady,
I give you liberty; and take your people,
Which I turn off, and take your will abroad with ye,
Take all these freely, but take me no more,
And so farewell.

Duke. Nay, sir, you shall not carry it
So bravely off, you shall not wrong a lady
In a high huffing strain, and think to bear it.
We shall not stand by as bawds to your brave fury,
To see a lady weep; draw, sir.

Leon. Put up, my lord, this is oppression,

And calls the sword of justice to relieve me,
The law to lend her hand, the king to right me,
All which shall understand how you provoke me;
In mine own house to brave me, is this princely?
Then to my guard, and if I spare your grace,
And do not make this place your monument,
Too rich a tomb for such a rude behaviour,
Mercy forsake me.

I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye.

Juan. Hold, fair sir, I beseech ye,
The gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.

Leon. He that dares strike against the husband's
freedom,

The husband's curse stick to him, a tam'd cuckold,
His wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and he have no feeling of it,
Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,
And at one instant kill both name and honour:
Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,
Nor find no earth that's base enough to bury him.
Now, sir, fall on, I'm ready enough to oppose ye.

Duke. I've better thought, I pray, sir, use your wife
well.

Leon. Mine own humanity will teach me that, sir,
And now you're welcome all, and we'll to dinner,
This is my wedding-day.

Duke. I'll cross your joy yet. [Aside.

Juan. I've seen a miracle, hold thine own, soldier,
Sure they dare fight in fire, that conquer women.

Enter PEREZ.

Per. 'Save ye, which is the lady of the house?

Leon. That's she, sir, that good-natur'd pretty lady,
If you'd speak with her.

Juan. Don Michael!

Per. Pray do not know me, I am full of business.
When I have more time I'll be merry with ye.
It is the woman. Good madam, tell me truly,

Had you a maid call'd Estifania?

Mar. Yes, truly, had I.

Per. Was she a maid, do you think?

Mar. I dare not swear for her.——

For she had but a scant fame.

Per. Was she your kinswoman?

Mar. Not that I ever knew; now I look better,
I think you married her, give you joy, sir.

Per. Give me a halter.

Mar. You may reclaim her, 'twas a wild young
girl.

Per. Is not this house mine, madam?

Was not she owner of it?

Mar. No, certainly, I'm sure my money paid for it,
And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, sir,

Per. The hangings and the plate too?

Mar. All are mine, sir.

And every thing you see about the building,
She only kept my house when I was absent;
And so ill kept it, I was weary of her.

Per. Where is your maid?

Mar. Do not you know, that have her?

She's yours now, why shou'd I look after her.

Since that first hour I came I never saw her?

Per. I saw her later, wou'd the devil had had her.
It is all true I find, a wild-fire take her.

Juan. Is thy wife with child, Don Michael? Thy
excellent wife.

Art thou a man yet?

Alon. When shall we come and visit thee?

San. And eat some rare fruit? thou hast admirable
orchards,

You are so jealous now, pox o' your jealousy,
How scurvily you look!

Per. Pr'ythee leave fooling,
I'm in no humour now to fool and prattle;
Did she ne'er play the wag with you?

Mar. Yes, many times,

So often that I was asham'd to keep her.
But I forgave her, sir, in hopes she'd mend still,
And had not you o'the instant married her,
I'd put her off.

Per. I thank ye, I am blest still,
Which way soe'er I turn I'm a made man.
Miserably gull'd beyond recovery.

Juan. You'll stay and dine, Captain?

Per. Certain I cannot, Captain:
Hark in thine ear, I am the arrant'st puppy,
The miserablest ass, but I must leave ye;
I am in haste, in haste, bless you, good madam,
And may you prove as good as my wife.

Leon. What then, sir?

Per. No matter if the devil had one to fetch the
other. [Exit.

Leon. Will you walk in, sir, will your grace but
honour me

And taste our dinner? You are nobly welcome,
All anger's past I hope, and I shall serve ye.

[Exeunt.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter PEREZ.

Per. I'll to a conjurer, but I'll find this pole cat,
This pilfering whore: a plague of veils, I cry,

And covers for the impudence of women,
Their sanctity in show will deceive devils ;
It is my evil angel, let me bless me.

Enter ESTIFANIA, with a Casket.

Estif. 'Tis he, I'm caught. I must stand to it
stoutly,
And show no shake of fear. I see he's angry,
Vex'd at the uttermost.

Per. My worthy wife,
I have been looking of your modesty
All the town over.

Estif. My most noble husband,
I'm glad I have found ye, for in truth I'm weary,
Weary and lame with looking out your lordship.

Per. I've been in brothels———

Estif. I believe you, and very lately too.

Per. Pray ye, pardon me ;
To seek your ladyship, I have been at plays,
To look you out among the youthful actors :
At puppet shows, (you're mistress of the motions !)
I was amongst the nuns, because you sing well ;
But they say yours are wicked songs, and they mourn
for ye ;

And last I went to church to seek you out,
'Tis so long since you were there, they have forgot you.

Estif. You've had a pretty progress, I'll tell mine
now :

To look you out, I went to twenty taverns———

Per. And are you sober ?

Estif. Yes, I reel not yet, sir,
Where I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em soldiers,
There I had great hope to find you disguised too ;
From hence to the dicing-house, there I found quar-
rels

Needless and senseless, swords, pots, and candlesticks,
Tables and stools, and all in one confusion,
And no man knew his friend. I left this Chaos,

And to the surgeon's went, he will'd me stay,
For, says he learnedly, if he be tippled,
Twenty to one he quarrels, and then I hear of him.
I sought ye where no safe thing wou'd have ventur'd:
For I remember'd your old Roman axiom,
The more the danger, still the more the honour.
Last, to your confessor I came, who told me,
You were too proud to pray, and here I've found ye.

Per. She bears up bravely, and the rogue is witty,
But I will dash it instantly to nothing.
Here leave we off our wanton languages,
And now conclude we in a sharper tongue.

Why am I cozen'd?—

Estif. Why am I abus'd?

Per. Thou most vile, base, abominable—

Estif. Captain.

Per. Thou stinking, oversteu'd incorrigible—

Estif. Captain.

Per. Do you echo me?

Estif. Yes, sir, and go before ye,
And round about ye; why do your rail at me,
For that was your own sin, you own knavery.

Per. And brave me too?

Estif. You'd best now draw your sword, Captain!
Draw it upon a woman; do, brave Captain;
Upon your wife, O, most renown'd Captain!

Per. A plague upon thee, answer me directly;
Why didst thou marry me?

Estif. To be my husband;
I thought you had had infinite, but I'm cozen'd.

Per. Why didst thou flatter me, and show me
wonders?

A house and riches, when they are but shadows;
Shadows to me?

Estif. Why did you work on me,
It was but my part to requite you, sir,
With your strong soldier's wit, and swore you'd bring
me

So much in chains, so much in jewels, husband,
So much in right rich clothes?

Per. Thou hast them, rascal;
I gave them to thy hands, my trunks and all,
And thou hast open'd them, and sold my treasure.

Estif. Sir, there's your treasure, sell it to a tinker
To mend old kettles: is this noble usage?
Let all the world view here the Captain's treasure.
Here's a shoeing horn chain gilt over, how it scenteth,
Worse than the dirty mouldy heel it serv'd for.
And here's another of a lesser value,
So little I would shame to tie my monkey in't,
These are my jointure; blush, and save a labour,
Or these else will blush for ye.

Per. A fire subtle ye, are ye so crafty?

Estif. Here's a goodly jewel!
Did not you win this at Goletta, Captain,
Or took it in the field from some brave Bashaw?
See how it sparkles——Like an old lady's eyes.

Per. Pr'ythee, leave prating.

Estif. And here's a chain of whiting's eyes for
pearls;

A muscle-monger would have made a better.

Per. Nay, pr'ythee wife, my clothes, my clothes.

Estif. I'll tell you,
Your clothes are parallels to these, all counterfeit.
Put these and them on, you're a man of copper;
A copper, copper captain, those you thought, my
husband,
To have cozen'd me withal: but I am quit with
you.

Per. Is there no house then, nor no grounds
about it?

No plate nor hangings?

Estif. There are none, sweet husband.
Shadow for shadow is as equal justice.

[PEREZ sings.—ESTIFANIA sings.]

Can you rail now? pray, put your fury up, sir,
And speak great words, you are a soldier, thunder!

Per. I will speak little, I have play'd the fool,
And so I am rewarded.

Estif. You have spoke well, sir;
And now I see you're so conformable,
I'll heighten you again; go to your house,
They're packing to be gone, you must sup there,
I'll meet you, and bring clothes and clean shirts after,
And all things shall be well. I'll colt you once
more,

And teach you to bring copper. [Aside.

Per. Tell me one thing,
I do beseech thee tell me truth, wife;
However, I forgive thee: art thou honest?
The beldam swore——

Estif. I bid her tell you so, sir,
It was my plot; alas! my credulous husband,
The lady told you too——

Per. Most strange things of thee.

Estif. Still 'twas my way, and all to try your suf-
ferance,
And she denied the house?

Per. She knew me not,
No, nor no title that I had.

Estif. 'Twas well carried;
No more, I'm right and straight.

Per. I wou'd believe thee,
But Heaven knows how my heart is; will ye follow
me?

Estif. I'll be there straight.

Per. I'm fool'd, yet dare not find it.

[Exit PEREZ.

Estif. Go, silly fool; thou may'st be a good sol-
dier
In open fields, but for our private service
Thou art an ass;

Enter CACAFOGO.

Here comes another trout that I must tickle,
And tickle daintily, I've lost my end else.
May I crave your leave, sir?

Caca. Pr'ythee, be answer'd, thou shalt crave no
leave,

I'm in my meditations, do not vex me,
A beaten thing, but this hour a most bruis'd thing,
That people had compassion on;
I have a mind to make him a huge monster,
And money may do much; a thousand ducats!
'Tis but the letting blood of a rank heir.

Estif. 'Pray you, hear me.

Caca. I know thou hast some wedding-ring to pawn
now,

Of silver gilt, with a blind posy in't,
Or thy child's whistle, or thy squirrel's chain.
I'll none of 'em; I wou'd she did not know me,
Or would this fellow had but use of money,
That I might come in any way.

Estif. I'm gone, sir,
And I shall tell the beauty sent me to ye,
The Lady Margarita——

Caca. Stay, I pr'ythee,
What is thy will? I turn me wholly to ye.
And talk thou till thy tongue ache, I will hear ye.

Estif. She will entreat you, sir,

Caca. She shall command, sir,
Let it be so, I beseech thee, my sweet gentlewoman,
Do not forget thyself.

Estif. She does command then
This courtesy, because she knows you're noble.

Caca. Your mistress, by the way?

Estif. My natural mistress.
Upon these jewels, sir, they're fair and rich,
And, view them right.

Caca. To doubt them is an heresy.

Estif. A thousand ducats, 'tis upon necessity
Of present use ; her husband, sir, is stubborn.

Caca. Long may he be so.

Estif. She desires withal
A better knowledge of your parts and person,
And when you please to do her so much honour——

Caca. Come, let's despatch.

Estif. In truth, I've heard her say, sir,
Of a fat man she has not seen a sweeter.
But in this business, sir.

Caca. Let's do it first,
And then dispute ; the lady's use may long for't.

Estif. All secrecy she wou'd desire: she told me
How wise you are.

Caca. We are not wise to talk thus,
Carry her the gold, I'll look her out a jewel
Shall sparkle like her eyes, and thee another:
Come, pr'ythee come, I long to serve the lady;
Long monstrously ; now, valour, I shall meet ye,
You, that dare dukes. [Exit.

SCENE II.

A Chamber.

Enter the DUKE, JUAN, ALONZO, and SANCHE.

Duke. He shall not have his will ; I shall prevent
him.

I have a toy here that will turn the tide,
And suddenly, and strangely. Here, Don Juan,
Do you present it to him.

Juan. I am commanded : but you'll fail, I trust.
[Aside.—Exit.

Duke. A fellow founded out of charity;
This must not be.

San. That such an oyster-shell should hold a pearl,
And of so rare a price, in prison !

Duke. Ne'er fear it, Sancho,
We'll have her free again, and move at court,
In her clear orb. But one sweet handsomeness
To bless this part of Spain, and have that slubber'd !

Alon. 'Tis every good man's cause, and we must
stir in't.

Duke. I'll warrant ye, he shall be glad to please us,
And glad to share too ; we shall hear anon
A new song from him ; let's attend a little. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Chamber.

Enter LEON and JUAN, with a Commission.

Leon. Col'nel, I'm bound to you for this nobleness.
I should have been your officer, 'tis true, sir,
And a proud man I shou'd have been to've serv'd you :
It has pleas'd the King, out of his boundless favours,
To make me your companion ; this commission
Gives me a troop of horse.

Juan. I do rejoice at it,
And am a glad man, we shall gain your company :
I'm sure the King knows you are newly married,
And out of that respect gives you more time, sir.

Leon. Within four days I'm gone, so he commands
me,
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it ;
The time grows shorter still ; are your goods ready ?

Juan. They are aboard.

Leon. Who waits there ?

Enter LORENZO and another SERVANT.

Lor. Sir.

Leon. Do you hear, ho ! go carry this unto your mistress, sir,

And let her see how much the king has honour'd me:
Bid her be lusty ; she must make a soldier.

[*To LORENZO.*

Go, take down all the hangings,
And pack up all my clothes, my plate and jewels,
And all the furniture that's portable.
Sir, when we lie in garrison, 'tis necessary
We keep a handsome port, for the King's honour.
And, do you hear, Lorenzo, let your lady's wardrobe
Be safely placed in trunks ; they must along too.

Lor. Whither must they go, sir ?

Leon. To the wars, Lorenzo.

Lor. Must my mistress go, sir ?

Leon. Ay, your mistress, and you and all ; all, all must go.

Lor. Why, Pedro, Vasco, Diego ! come, help me ;
come, come boys. [Exit.

Juan. He has taken a brave way to save his honour,
And cross the Duke ; now I shall love him dearly.
By the life of credit, thou'rt a noble gentleman.

Enter MARGARITA, led by Two LADIES.

Leon. Why, how now, wife ? what, sick at my pre-
ferment ?

This is not kindly done.

Mar. No sooner love ye,
Love ye entirely, sir ; brought to consider
The goodness of your mind, and mine own duty,
But lose you instantly, be divorc'd from ye ?
This is a cruelty ; I'll to the King,

And tell him 'tis unjust to part two souls,
Two minds so nearly mix'd.

Leon. By no means, sweetheart.

Mar. If he were married but four days, as I am—

Leon. He'd hang himself the fifth, or fly his country. [*Aside.*

Mar. He'd make it treason for that tongue that durst

But talk of war, or any thing to vex him;
You shall not go.

Leon. Indeed I must, sweet wife:
What, should I lose the King for a few kisses?
We'll have enough.

Mar. I'll to the Duke, my cousin; he shall to the King.

Leon. He did me this great office,
I thank his grace for't; should I pray him now
T' undo't again? fie, 'twere a base discredit.

Mar. Would I were able, sir, to bear you company,
How willing should I be then, and how merry!
I will not live alone.

Leon. Be in peace, you shall not.

[*Knocking within.*]
Mar. What knocking's this? Oh, Heav'n, my head;
what rascals!

I think the war's begun i'the house already.

Leon. The preparation is, they're taking down
And packing up the hangings, plate, and jewels,
And all those furnitures that shall befit me,
When I lie in garrison.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Must the coach go too, sir?

Leon. How will your lady pass to the sea else easily?

We shall find shipping for't there to transport it.

Mar. I go? alas!

Leon. I'll have a main care of ye ;
I know ye are sickly ; he shall drive the easier,
And all accommodation shall attend ye.

Mar. Would I were able.

Leon. Come, I warrant ye :
Am not I with ye, sweet ? are her clothes pack'd up,
And all her linen ? give your maids direction,
You know my time's but short, and I'm commanded.

Mar. Let me have a nurse,
And all such necessary people with me,
And an easy bark.

Leon. It shall not trot, I warrant ye ;
Curvet it may sometimes.

Mar. I am with child, sir.

Leon. At four day's warning ? this is something
speedy.

Do you conceive as our jennets do, with a west-wind ?
My heir will be an arrant fleet one, lady.

Mar. You must provide a cradle, and what a
trouble's that ?

Leon. The sea shall rock it,
'Tis the best nurse : 'twill roar and rock together.
A swinging storm will sing you such a lullaby.

Mar. Faith let me stay, I shall but shame ye, sir.

Leon. And you were a thousand shames you shall
along with me,
At home I'm sure you'll prove a million.
Every man carries the bundle of his sins
Upon his own back, you are mine, I'll sweat for ye.

Enter DUKE, ALONZO, SANCHE, and JUAN.

Duke. What, sir, preparing for your noble journey ?
'Tis well and full of care.
I saw your mind was wedded to the war,
And knew you'd prove some good man to your
country :

Therefore fair cousin, with your gentle pardon,
I got this place : what, mourn at his advancement !

You are to blame, he'll come again, sweet cousin,
Mean time, like sad Penelope and sage,
Among your maids at home, and housewifely.

Leon. No, sir, I dare not leave her to that solitariness :

She's young, and grief or ill news from those quarters
May daily cross her ; she shall go along, sir.

Duke. By no means, Captain.

Leon. By all means, an't please ye.

Duke. What, take a young and tender-body'd lady,
And expose her to those dangers, and those tumults,
A sickly lady too ?

Leon. 'Twill make her well, sir.
There's no such friend to health as wholesome
travel.

San. Away, it must not be.

Alon. It ought not, sir.

Go hurry her ! It is not humane, Captain.

Duke. I cannot blame her tears—fright her with
tempests,
With thunder of the war !
I dare swear if she were able——

Leon. She's most able.

And, pray ye, swear not, she must go, there's no remedy ;
Nor greatness, nor the trick you had to part us,
Which I smell too rank, too open, too evident,
(And I must tell you, sir, tis most unnoble)
Shall hinder me : Had she but ten hours life,
Nay less, but two hours, I would have her with me,
I would not leave her fame to so much ruin,
To such a desolation and discredit as
Her weakness and your hot will wou'd work her to.
Fie, fie, for shame !

Enter PEREZ.

Juan. Michael Van Owl, how dost thou ?
In what dark barn or tod of aged ivy
Has thou lain hid ?

Per. Things must both ebb and flow, Colonel,
And people must conceal and shine again.
You're welcome hither as your friend may say, gentlemen,

A pretty house ye see, handsomely seated,
Sweet and convenient walks, the waters crystal.

Alon. He's certain mad.

Juan. As mad as a French tailor, that
Has nothing in his head but ends of fashions.

Per. I see you're packing now, my gentle cousin,
And my wife told me I should find it so,
'Tis true, I do: you were merry when I was last here,
But 'twas your will to try my patience, madam.
I'm sorry that my swift occasions

Can let you take your pleasure here no longer;
Yet, I wou'd have you think, my honour'd cousin,
This house and all I have are all your servants.

Leon. What house? what pleasure, sir? what do
you mean?

Per. You hold the jest so stiff, 'twill prove discour-
teous;—

This house, I mean—the pleasures of this place.

Leon. And what of them?

Per. They're mine, sir, and you know it;
My wife's, I mean, and so conferr'd upon me.

[A Knock within.

The hangings, sir, I must entreat your servants,
That are so busy in their offices,
Again to minister to their right uses:
I shall take a view o'th' plate anon, and furnitures
That are of under place; you're merry still, cousin,
And of a pleasant constitution;
Men of great fortunes make their mirths *ad placitum*.

Leon. Pr'ythee, good stubborn wife, tell me directly,
Good evil wife, leave fooling, and tell me honestly,
Is this my kinsman?

Mar. I can tell ye nothing.

Leon. I've many kinsmen, but so mad a one,

And so fantastic——all the house?

Per. All mine,
And all within it. I will not bate ye an ace on't.
Can't you receive a noble courtesy,
And quietly and handsomely as ye ought, coz,
But you must ride o'the top on't?

Leon. Canst thou fight?

Per. I'll tell ye presently; I could have done, sir.

Juan. Away, no quarrels.

Leon. Now I am more temperate,
I'll have it prov'd, you were ne'er yet in Bedlam,
Never in love, for that's a lunacy,
No great 'state left ye, that ye never look'd for,
Nor cannot manage, that's a rank distemper;
That you were christen'd, and who answer'd for ye,
And then I yield—Do but look at him!

Per. He has half persuaded me I was bred i'th'
moon,
I have ne'er a bush at my back;—are not we both
mad?

And is not this a fantastic house we are in,
And all a dream we do? Will ye walk out, sir?
And if I do not beat thee presently
Into a sound belief as sense can give thee,
Brick me into that wall there for a chimney-piece,
And say, I was one o'th' Cæsars, done by a seal-
cutter.

Leon. I'll talk no more, come, we'll away imme-
diately.

Mar. Why, then the house is his, and all that's
in it;

I'll give away my skin, but I'll undo ye;
I gave it to his wife, you must restore, sir,
And make a new provision.

Per. Am I mad now,
Or am I christen'd? you, my pagan cousin,
My mighty Mahound kinsman: what, quirk now?—
You shall be welcome all. I hope to see, sir,

Your grace here, and my coz, we are all soldiers,
And must do naturally for one another.

Duke. Are ye blank at this ?—Then I must tell ye,
sir,

You've no command : now you may go at pleasure,
And ride your ass troop.

Leon. All this not moves me,
Nor stirs my gall, nor alters my affections :
You have more furniture, more houses, lady,
And rich ones too ; I will make bold with those :
And you have land i'th' Indies, as I take it,
Thither we'll go, and view awhile those climates,
Visit your factors there, that may betray ye :
'Tis done, we must go.

Mar. Now, thou'rt a brave gentleman,
And, by this sacred light, I love thee dearly.—
Harkye, sir,
The house is none of yours, I did but jest, sir,
You are no coz of mine, I beseech ye, vanish !
Your wife has once more fool'd ye :
Go and consider.

Leon. Good morrow, my sweet Mahound cousin ;
You are welcome, welcome all,
My cousin too, we are all soldiers,
And should naturally do for one another.

Per. By this hand, she dies for't,
Or any man that speaks for her. [Exit PEREZ.

Mar. Let me request you stay but one poor month,
You shall have a commission, and I'll go too,
Give me but will so far.

Leon. Well, I will try ye——
Good morrow to your grace, we've private business ;
There lies your way—there. [Exeunt.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

*A Street.**Enter PEREZ.*

Per. Had I but lungs enough to bawl sufficiently,
That all the queans in christendom might hear me,
That all men might run away from the contagion,
I had my wish: Wou'd it were made high treason,
Most infinitely high, for any man to marry;
I mean, for a man that would live handsomely,
And like a gentleman, in his wits and credit.
What torments shall I put her to?
Cut her in pieces? Every piece will live still,
And every morsel of her will do mischief.
They are so many lives, there's no hanging of 'em,
They are too light to drown, they are cork and feathers;
To burn too cold, they live like salamanders;
Under huge heaps of stones to bury her,
And so depress her, as they did the giants?
She will move under more than built old Babel.
I must destroy her.

Enter CACAFOGO, with a Casket.

Caca. Be cozen'd by a thing of clouts, a she moth,
That ev'ry silkman's shop breeds; to be cheated,

And of a thousand ducats, by a whim-wham!

Per. Who's that is cheated? speak again, thou vision!

But art thou cheated? Minister some comfort:
Tell me, I conjure thee.

Caca. Then keep thy circle,
For I'm a spirit wild that flies about thee,
And whosoe'er thou art, if thou be'st human,
I'll let thee plainly know, I'm cheated damnably.

Per. Ha, ha, ha!

Caca. Dost thou laugh? Damnably, I say, most damnably.

Per. By whom, good spirit? speak, speak, ha, ha, ha!—

Caca. I'll utter, laugh till thy lungs crack, by a rascal woman,
A lewd, abominable, and plain woman.
Dost thou laugh still?

Per. I must laugh—pr'ythee, pardon me,
I shall laugh terribly.

Caca. I shall be angry,
Terribly angry. I have cause.

Per. That's it,
And 'tis no reason but thou should'st be angry,
Angry at heart, yet I must laugh still at thee.
By a woman cheated? art sure it was a woman?

Caca. I shall break thy head, my valour itches at thee.

Per. It is no matter: by a woman cozen'd,
A real woman?

Caca. By a real devil.
Plague of her jewels and her copper chains,
How rank they smell.

Per. Sweet cozen'd sir, let's see them.
I have been cheated too, I would have you note that,
And lewdly cheated, by a woman also,
A scurvy woman, I am undone, sweet sir,
Therefore I must have leave to laugh.

Caca. Pray ye take it,
You are the merriest undone man in Europe :
What need we fiddles, bawdy songs, and sherry,
When our own miseries can make us merry?

Per. Ha, ha, ha!
I've seen the jewels; what a notable pennyworth
Have you had! you will not take, sir,
Some twenty ducats?

Caca. Thou'rt deceiv'd, I will take—some ten,
Some any thing, some half ten, half a ducat.

Per. An excellent lapidary set these stones, sure;
D'ye mark their waters?

Caca. Quicksand choke their waters,
And hers that brought 'em too: but I shall find her.

Per. And so shall I, I hope; but do not hurt her;
You cannot find in all this kingdom,
A woman that can cozen you so neatly.
She has taken half mine anger off with this trick.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Chamber.

Enter LEON and MARGARITA.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your country house,
And there we'll learn to live contentedly;
This place is full of charge, and full of hurry,
No part of sweetness dwells about these cities.

Mar. Whither you will, I wait upon your pleasure;
Live in a hollow tree, sir, I'll live with ye.

Leon. Ay, now you strike a harmony, a true one,
When your obedience waits upon your husband.
Why, now I doat upon you, love you dearly,

And my rough nature falls like roaring streams,
Clearly and sweetly into your embraces.

Command you now, and ease me of that trouble ;
I'll be as humble to you as a servant,

Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,

They shall be welcome all ;—now experience

Has link'd you fast unto the chain of goodness !!

[*Clashing Swords. A Cry within, "Down with
their Swords."*]

What noise is this ? what dismal cry ?

Mar. 'Tis loud too :

Sure there's some mischief done i'th' street ; look out
there.

Leon. Look out, and help !

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. O, sir, the Duke Medina——

Leon. What of the Duke Medina ?

Lor. Oh, sweet gentleman,

Is almost slain.

Mar. Away ! away ! and help him !

All the house help !

[*Exeunt MARGARITA and LORENZO.*]

Leon. How ! slain ?—Why, Margarita !

Wife !—Sure some new device they have a-foot again,

Some trick upon my credit, I shall meet it ;

I'd rather guide a ship imperial,

Alone, and in a storm, than rule one woman.

Enter MARGARITA, SANCHE, DUKE, and ALONZO.

Mar. How came you hurt, sir ?

Duke. I fell out with my friend, the noble Co-
lonel.

My cause was naught, for 'twas against your honour :

And he that wrongs the innocent ne'er prospers.

For charity,

Lend me a bed to ease my tortur'd body;
That ere I perish I may show my penitence;
I fear I'm slain.

Leon. Help to bear him in,
There shall be nothing in this house, my lord,
But as your own.

Duke. I thank ye, noble sir.

Leon. To bed with him;—and, wife, give your attendance.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, SANCHE, ALONZO and,
MARGARITA.

Leon. Afore me, 'tis rarely counterfeited.

Enter JUAN.

Juan. True, it is so, sir.
He is not hurt, only we made a scuffle,
As tho' we purpos'd anger: that same scratch
On's hand he took, to colour all, and draw compassion,
That he might get into your house more cunningly.
I must not stay.—Stand now, and you're a brave fellow.

Leon. I thank ye, noble Colonel, and I honour ye.
Never be quiet! [*Exit* JUAN.

Enter MARGARITA.

Mar. He's most desperate ill, sir.
I do not think these ten months will recover him.

Leon. Does he hire my house to play the fool in,
Or does it stand on fairy ground? we're haunted:
Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams
thus?

Mar. What ail you, sir?

Leon. Nay, what ail you, sweet wife,
To put these daily pastimes on my patience?
What dost thou see in me, that I should suffer this?

Mar. Alas, I pity ye!

Leon. Thou'lt make me angry—
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.

Mar. You are always,
You carry a kind of Bedlam still about ye.

Leon. If thou pursu'st me further, I run stark
mad:

If you have more hurt dukes or gentlemen,
To lie here on your cure, I shall be desperate:
I know the trick, and you shall feel I know it.
Are ye so hot, that no hedge can contain ye?
I'll have thee let blood in the veins about thee;
I'll have thy thoughts found too, and have them
open'd;

Thy spirits purg'd, for those are they that fire ye:
The maid shall be thy mistress, thou the maid,
And all her servile labours thou shalt reach at,
And go through cheerfully, or else sleep empty.
That maid shall lie by me to teach you duty;
You in a pallet by, to humble ye,
And grieve for what you lose, thou foolish, wicked
woman.

Mar. I've lost myself, sir,
And all that was my base self, disobedience, [*Kneels.*
My wantonness, my stubbornness I've lost too:
And now, by that pure faith good wives are crown'd
with,

By your own nobleness——

Leon. Beware, beware!—have you no fetch now?

Mar. No, by my repentance, no.

Leon. But art thou truly, truly honest?

Mar. My tears will show it.

Leon. I take you up,

Enter ALTEA.

And wear you next my heart; see you be worth it,—
Now, what with you?

Alt. I come to tell my lady,

There is a fulsome fat fellow would fain speak with her.

Leon. 'Tis Cacafofo; keep him from the Duke; The Duke from him; anon, he'll yield us laughter.

Alt. Where is it, please you, that we shall detain him?

He seems at war with reason, full of wine.

Leon. To th' cellar with him, 'tis the drunkards' den;

Fit cover for such beasts;—should he be resty, Say I am at home; unwieldy as he is, He'll creep into an augre-hole to shun me.

Alt. I'll dispose of him there. [Exit ALTEA.]

Leon. Now, Margarita, comes your trial on; The Duke expects you, acquit yourself to him: I put you to the test; you have my trust, My confidence, my love.

Mar. I will deserve them. [Exit MARGARITA.]

Leon. My work is done, and now my heart's at ease.

I read in every look, she means me fairly,
And nobly shall my love reward her for it.—
He who betrays his rights, the husband's rights,
To pride and wantonness, or who denies
Affection to the heart he hath subdu'd,
Forfeits his claim to manhood and humanity. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Another Street.

Enter PEREZ and ESTIFANIA.

Per. Why, how dar'st thou meet me again, thou rebel,

And know'st how thou hast us'd me thrice, thou
rascal,

Were there not ways enough to fly my vengeance,
No holes, nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,
But thou must meet me face to face to kill thee?
I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly;
But now thou com'st t' invite me, com'st upon me;
How like a sheep-biting rogue, taken i'the manor,
And ready for a halter, dost thou look now?
Thou hast a hanging look, thou scurvy thing!
Hast ne'er a knife,
Nor e'er a string to lead thee to Elysium?
Be there no pitiful 'pothecaries in this town,
That have compassion upon wretched women,
That dare administer a dram of ratsbane,
But thou must fall to me?

Estif. I know you've mercy.

Per. If I had tons of mercy, thou deserv'st none.
What new trick's now a-foot and what new houses
Have you i'the air? what orchards in apparition?
What canst thou say for thy life?

Estif. Little or nothing.

I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis useless
To beg for mercy. Pray let me draw my book out,
And pray a little.

Per. Do, a very little;
For I have farther business than thy killing.
I have money yet to borrow. Speak, when you're
ready.

Estif. Now, now, sir, now [Shows a Pistol.
Come on. Do you start from me?
Do you sweat, great Captain? Have you seen a
spirit?

Per. Do you wear guns?

Estif. I am a soldier's wife, sir,
And by that privilege I may be arm'd.
Now what's the news, and let's discourse more friendly,
And talk of our affairs in peace.

Per. Let me see,
Pr'ythee let me see thy gun, 'tis a very pretty one.

Estif. No, no, sir, you shall feel.

Per. Hold, hold, ye villain; what, wou'd you
Kill your husband?

Estif. Let mine own husband then
Be in's own wits; there, there's a thousand ducats;
Who must provide for you? and yet you'll kill me.

Per. I will not hurt thee for ten thousand millions.

Estif. When will you redeem your jewels? I have
pawn'd them,
You see for what.

Per. I'll kiss thee;
And get as many more, I'll make thee famous.
Had we the house now!

Estif. Come along with me,
If that be vanish'd there be more to hire, sir.

Per. I see I am an ass when thou art near me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Another Chamber.

The DUKE discovered upon a Couch.

Duke. Why, now this is most excellent invention;
I shall succeed in spite of this huffing husband.

Enter MARGARITA.

Who's there—my love?

Mar. 'Tis I, my lord.

Duke. Are you alone, sweet friend?

Mar. Alone, and come to inquire how your
wounds are.

Duke. I have none, lady, not a hurt about me ;
My damages I did but counterfeit,
And feign'd the quarrel to possess you, lady.
I am as lusty and as full of health,
As high in blood.

Mar. As low in blood, you mean.
Dishonest thoughts debase the greatest birth ;
The man, that acts unworthily, though ennobled,
Sullies his honour.

Duke. Nay, nay, my Margarita,
Come to my couch, and there let's lisp love's
language.

Mar. Would you take that, which I've no right to
give ;
Steal wedlock's property, and in his house
Would you his wife betray ? will you become
Th' ungrateful viper, who, restor'd to life,
Venom'd the breast that sav'd him ?

Duke. Leave these dull thoughts to mortifying pen-
nance,
Let us, while love is lusty, prove its pow'r.

Mar. Ill wishes, once, my lord, my mind debas'd :
You found my weakness, wanted to ensnare it,
Shameful I own my fault, but 'tis repented ;
No more the wanton Margarita now,
But the chaste wife of Leon. His great merit,
His manly tenderness, his noble nature,
Commands from me affection in return,
Pure as esteem can offer. He has won me ;
I owe him all my heart.

Duke. No more mementos, let me press you to
me,
And stifle with my kisses——

Mar. Nay, then, within there !

Enter LEON, JUAN, ALONZO, SANCHE, and
ALTEA.

Leon. Did you call, my wife,—or you, my lord ?

Was it your grace that wanted me?—No answer!
What, out of bed! how do you, my good lord?
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter,
Has my wife wounded you? You were well before.

Duke. More hurt than ever, spare your reproach,
I feel too much already.

Leon. I see it, sir, and now your grace shall know,
I can as ready pardon as revenge.
Be comforted, all is forgotten.

Duke. I thank you, sir.

Leon. Wife, you are a right one;
And now, with unknown nations I dare trust ye.

Juan. No more feign'd fights, my lord, they never
prosper.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Please you, sir,
We cannot keep this gross fat man in order.
He swears he'll have admittance to my lady.
And reels about, and clamours most outrageously.

Leon. Let him come up. Wife, here's another
suitor,
We forgot, h'as been sighing in the cellar,
Making my casks his mistresses.

Will your grace permit us to produce a rival?

Duke. No more on that theme, I request, Don
Leon.

Leon. Here comes the porpoise; he's devilish
drunk;
Let me stand by.

Enter CACAFOGO, drunk.

Caca. Where is my bona roba? O you're all here.
Why I don't fear snap-dragons,
I'm full of greek wine, the true ancient courage.
Sweet Mrs. Margarita—Let me kiss thee.

Juan. Your colours you must wear, and wear them proudly,

Wear them before the bullet, and in blood too,
And all the world shall know we're Virtue's servants.

Duke. And all the world shall know, a noble mind
Makes women beautiful, and envy blind.

Leon. All you, who mean to lead a happy life,
First, learn to rule, and then to have a wife.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

THE END.

CHANCES



LANDLADY.—AS I LIVE, YOUR OWN EYES.

ACT. I.

SCENE. III.

PAINTED BY SINGLETON

PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO

ENGRAVED BY STEWART & BURNIT

THE CHANCES;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE CHANCES

OF

THE

WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
LONDON.

REMARKS.

The reader of this comedy will scarcely conceive the great entertainment which it can bestow in representation. But it requires peculiar powers of comic acting to make it please even on the stage, and therefore it is seldom performed.

Don John is the character, which, most of any in the piece, must be assisted with the actor's skill, or the whole drama sinks into insipidity.

The second Constantia ranks as a first comic character, but is too little seen to be of any high importance.

The Landlady to Don John is most excellently portrayed, but is one of those characters, however admirable, not sufficiently pleasing to be impressive. Old women, however well described by an author, or performed by an actress, have seldom more attractions on the stage than in real life.

The continual bustle, the contrivances, the hurry of intrigue, and the mistakes, in this comedy, are its best claims to the attention of an audience—in these occurrences a reader cannot so well partake; and, as humour is more its quality than wit, of that, again, the reader is denied his equal share with an auditor. Wit is ster-

ling coin, that passes for its genuine value in a book, as well as in a theatre; whilst humour depends upon a hundred accidents to make it current.

Garrick was perfectly humorous in Don John, and made the play a favourite, when he performed the part. So did Henderson. Elliston can do the same at present.

“The Chances” was the production of the noted friends, Beaumont and Fletcher, and was brought forth in the year 1643—its fable was taken from a novel, by Cervantes, called “Lady Cornelia.”—Becoming, in about forty years, somewhat old fashioned, the Duke of Buckingham undertook its alteration and improvement. Again, outliving the mode, Garrick, in 1773, new dressed it for the public, and, most efficacious service of all, performed the first character himself.

The task which Garrick had in his alteration of this comedy, was, no doubt, to curtail its wit; for never dramatists had greater fame for being witty, than both Fletcher and Buckingham, though, chiefly, in all the ancient indecorum of comic genius. That Garrick, to the delicacy of improved taste, was compelled to sacrifice much of their libertine dialogue, may be well suspected, by the remainder which he spared.

As, in a former preface to “Rule a Wife and have a Wife,” some account has been given of the lives and friendship of Beaumont and Fletcher, the biographical article before this play must be assigned to the noble peer, who, having altered and amended “The Chances,” published it under his own name.

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was born in Wallingford House, in the parish of St. Martin in the Fields, in 1624, just a year previous to the death of that great statesman, his father, by the hand of the assassin, Felton.

The young Duke obtained the first part of his education from private tutors: he was afterwards sent to the university of Cambridge; and, on the commencement of the civil wars, being presented to his Majesty, Charles the First, was received most graciously, as the son of his beloved and lamented minister.

The court residing at this time in Oxford, the Duke completed his studies there, in the college of Christ Church.—Upon the decline of the royal cause, he attended Prince Charles to Scotland, returned and fought with him at the battle of Worcester, and afterwards, making his escape from England, rejoined the heir apparent, in a foreign land.

Besides the festive accomplishments of Buckingham, there were other, and stronger, ties, to bind his royal master firmly to him, when he ascended the throne. The Duke had been the companion of Charles the Second, in battle and in exile; was endeared to him by the regard the late King had for his deceased father; and, though his brilliant wit and inspiring mirth might augment the partiality which his sovereign evinced, yet surely it was his early attachment to the royal cause and person of the Prince which mitigated the monarch's justice, when the dissolute life, and flagrant crimes, of the of-

fender, made him a proper object of royal indignation.

This nobleman lived at court the joy and hatred of his common associates—the delight and disgrace of his royal master—the envy of all bad, and the contempt of all good men.

The Duke possessed an estate of nearly fifty thousand pounds a year; was Knight of the Garter, Master of the Horse, Lord Lieutenant of Yorkshire; holding besides many other places, from the bounty of his grateful monarch. With all this cause to be satisfied, he was malicious towards his neighbours, and treacherous to the King.

Charles forgave his offences, and left his punishment to Heaven—Heaven inflicted it, by poverty and ignominy. Bereft of his only benefactor, by the sudden decease of his Majesty, his fortune squandered, health impaired, and character detested, the Duke sought shelter from a scornful nation, in a dreary house, situated in the Wolds of Yorkshire. Some accident having cast him on a bed of sickness, at a little inn, in the same county; of the miserable death of this great nobleman, and celebrated genius, Pope has given the following well-known description:—

“ In the worst inn’s worst room, with mat half hung,
“ The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
“ On once a flock-bed, but repair’d with straw,
“ With tape-ty’d curtains, never meant to draw,
“ The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
“ Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,

“ Great Villiers lies—Alas! how chang’d from him,
“ That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
“ Gallant and gay, in Cliveden’s proud alcove,
“ The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
“ Or just as gay in council, in the ring
“ Of mimick’d statesmen, and their merry king.
“ No wit to flatter left of all his store!
“ No fool to laugh at, which he valued more;
“ There, victor of his health, his fortune, friends,
“ And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.”

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY LANE.	COVENT GARDEN.
DON JOHN	<i>Mr. Elliston.</i>	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
DON FREDERICK	<i>Mr. Holland.</i>	<i>Mr. Brunton.</i>
DUKE	<i>Mr. Raymond.</i>	<i>Mr. Claremont.</i>
PETRUCHIO	<i>Mr. Putnam.</i>	<i>Mr. Chpaman.</i>
ANTONIO	<i>Mr. Downton.</i>	<i>Mr. Emery.</i>
PETER	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>	<i>Mr. Blanchard.</i>
ANTHONY	<i>Mr. Wewitzer.</i>	<i>Mr. Simmons.</i>
FRANCISCO	<i>Mr. Purser.</i>	<i>Mr. Harley.</i>
SURGEON	<i>Mr. Maddocks.</i>	<i>Mr. Bennett.</i>
MAN	<i>Mr. Webb.</i>	
SERVANT	<i>Mr. Evans.</i>	<i>Mr. Wilde.</i>
GENTLEMEN	<i>Mr. Cooke,</i>	<i>Mr. Atkins,</i>
	<i>Mr. Fisher,</i>	<i>Mr. Treby,</i>
	<i>Mr. Miller, &c.</i>	<i>Mr. Truman, &c.</i>
FIRST CONSTANTIA	<i>Mrs. Harlowe.</i>	<i>Miss Brunton.</i>
MOTHER-IN-LAW } TO CONSTANTIA }	<i>Miss Tidswell.</i>	<i>Mrs. Mattocks.</i>
KINSWOMAN	<i>Mrs. Scott.</i>	<i>Miss Cox.</i>
LANDLADY	<i>Mrs. Sparks.</i>	<i>Mrs. Davenport.</i>
NURSE	<i>Mrs. Maddocks.</i>	<i>Miss Leserve.</i>
SECOND CONSTANTIA	<i>Mrs. Jordan.</i>	<i>Mrs. Glover.</i>

THE CHANCES.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Chamber.

Enter PETER and ANTHONY.

Peter. 'Would we were remov'd from this town,
Anthony,
That we may taste some quiet ! for mine own part,
I'm almost melted with continual trotting
After inquiries, dreams, and revelations,
Of who knows whom, or where ? Serve wenching soldiers !

I'll serve a priest in lent first, and eat bell ropes.

Ant. Thou art the frowardest fool——

Peter. Why, good, tame Anthony,
Tell me but this ; to what end came we hither ?

Ant. To wait upon our masters.

Peter. But how, Anthony ?
Answer me that ; resolve me there, good Anthony.

Ant. To serve their uses.

Peter. Show your uses, Anthony.

Ant. To be employ'd in any thing.

Peter. No, Anthony,
Not any thing, I take it, nor that thing
We travel to discover, like a new island;
I'll give 'em warning.

Ant. Come, come, all will be mended: This invi-
sible woman,
Of infinite report for shape and beauty,
That bred all trouble to no purpose,
They are determin'd now no more to think on.

Peter. Were there ever
Men known to run mad with report before?
Or wander after that, they knew not where
To find; or, if found, how to enjoy? Are men's
brains

Made now-a-days with malt, that their affections
Are never sober?

I do believe,

That men in love are ever drunk, as drunken men
Are ever loving.

Ant. Pr'ythee be thou sober,
And know that they are none of those, not guilty
Of the least vanity of love; only a doubt
Fame might too far report, or rather, flatter
The graces of this woman, made them curious
To find the truth; which, since they find so
Lock'd up from their searches, they are now resolv'd
To give the wonder over.

Peter. 'Would they were resolv'd
To give me some new shoes too! for I'll be sworn,
These are e'en worn out to the reasonable soles,
In their good worships' business: And some sleep
Would not do much amiss, unless they mean
To make a watchman of me: here there come!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter DON JOHN and FREDERICK.

John. I would we could have seen her though: for
sure

She must be some rare creature, or report lies :
All men's reports too.

Fred. I could well wish I had seen Constantia :
But since she is so conceal'd, plac'd where
No knowledge can come near her, so guarded
As 'twere impossible, though known, to reach her,
I have made up my belief.

John. Hang me, from this hour,
If I more think upon her !
But as she came a strange report unto me,
So the next beauteous fame shall lose her.

Fred. 'Tis the next way ;
But whither are you walking ?

John. My old round,
After my supper, and then to bed.

Fred. Your servant then—

John. Will not you stir ?

Fred. I have a little business.

John. I'd lay my life, this lady still——

Fred. Then you would lose it.

John. Pray let's walk together.

Fred. Now I cannot.

John. I have something to impart.

Fred. An hour hence,
I will not miss to meet you.

John. Where ?

Fred. I'th' High Street :

For, not to lie, I have a few devotions
To do first, and then I am yours, Don John.

John. Devotions, Frederick ! well, I leave you to
them :

Speed you well—but remember——

Fred. I will not fail.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter PETRUCHIO, ANTONIO, SANCHIO, *and*
BAPTISTA.

Ant. Cut his windpipe, I say !

San. Fie, Antonio !

Ant. Or knock his brains out first, and then forgive him :

If you do thrust, be sure it be to th' hilts,
A surgeon may see through him.

San. You are too violent.

Bapt. Too open—indiscreet.

Petr. Am I not ruined ?

The honour of my house crack'd ? my blood poison'd ?
My credit and my name ?

Bapt. Be sure it be so,
Before you use this violence. Let not doubt,
And a suspecting anger, so much sway you ;
Your wisdom may be question'd.

Ant. I say, kill him,
And then dispute the cause.

Bapt. Hang up a true man,
Because 'tis possible he may be thievish ?
Is this good justice ?

Petr. I know, as certain
As day must come again, as clear as truth,
And open as belief can lay it to me,
That I am basely wrong'd, wrong'd above recompense,
Maliciously abus'd, blasted for ever
In name and honour, lost to all remembrance,

But what is smear'd and shameful: I must kill him,
Necessity compels me.

San. But think better.

Petr. There's no other cure left; yet, witness with
me,

All, that is fair in man, all, that is noble,
I am not greedy of his life I seek for,
Nor thirst to shed man's blood; and 'would 'twere
possible,—

I wish it from my soul,
My sword should only kill his crimes: no, 'tis
Honour—honour, my noble friends, that idol, honour,
That all the world now worships, not Petruchio,
Must do this justice.

Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter, whether you, or honour,
Or both, be accessory.

Bapt. Do you weigh, Petruchio,
The value of the person, power, and greatness,
And what this spark may kindle?

Petr. To perform it,
So much I am tied to reputation,
And credit of my house, let it raise wild-fires,
And storms, that toss me into everlasting ruin,
Yet, I must through; if you dare side me.

Ant. Dare!
Say we were all sure to die in this venture,
As I am confident against it! is there any
Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pamper'd,
Would chuse luxuriously to lie a-bed,
And purge away his spirit? send his soul out
In sugar sops, and syrups? give me dying,
As dying ought to be, upon my enemy;
Let them be all the world, and bring along
Cain's envy with them—I will on.

San. We'll follow.

Petr. You're friends, indeed!

Here is none will fly from you ;
Do it in what design you please, we'll back you.

Petr. That's spoken heartily.

Ant. And he, that flinches,
May he die, lousy, in a ditch !

San. Is the cause so mortal ? nothing but his life !

Petr. Believe me,
A less offence has been the desolation
Of a whole name.

San. No other way to purge it ?

Petr. There is, but never to be hop'd for.

Bapt. Think an hour more,
And if then you find no safer road to guide you,
We'll set our rest too.

Ant. Mine's up already,
And hang him, for my part, goes less than life.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter DON JOHN.

John. The civil order of this city, Naples,
Makes it belov'd and honour'd of all travellers,
As a most safe retirement in all troubles ;
Beside the wholesome seat, and noble temper
Of those minds that inhabit it, safely wise,
And to all strangers courteous. But I see
My admiration has drawn night upon me,
And longer to expect my friend, may pull me
Into suspicion of too late a stirrer,
Which all good governments are jealous of.
I'll home, and think at liberty : yet certain,
'Tis not so far night as I thought ; for see,
A fair house yet stands open, yet all about it
Are close, and no lights stirring ; there may be foul
play :
I'll venture to look in. If there be knaves,
I may do a good office.

Nurse. [*Within.*] Signior!

John. What? how is this?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Signior Fabritio!

John. This is a woman's tongue; here may be good done.

Nurse. [*Within.*] Who's there? Fabritio?

John. Ay.

Nurse. [*Within.*] Where are you?

John. Here.

Nurse. [*Within.*] O come, for Heaven's sake!

John. I must see what this means.

Enter NURSE, with a Child.

Nurse. I have stay'd this long hour for you, make no noise;

For things are in strange trouble—Here—be secret,
'Tis worth your care: begone now; more eyes watch us,

Than may be for our safeties.

John. Harkye——

Nurse. Peace! good night.

[Exit, shutting the Door.]

John. She's gone, and I am loaden—Fortune for me!

It weighs well, and it feels well; it may chance
To be some pack of worth: by th' mass, 'tis heavy!
If it be coin or jewels, it is worth welcome.

I'll ne'er refuse a fortune—I am confident
'Tis of no common price. Now to my lodging:
If it be right, I'll bless this night.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Another Street.

Enter DUKE, GUZMAN, PEDRO, and PEREZ.

Duke. Welcome to town. Are ye all fit?

Guz. To point, sir.

Duke. Where are the horses?

Pedro. Where they were appointed.

Duke. Be private all, and whatsoever fortune
Offer itself, let us stand sure.

Perez. Fear not,
Ere you shall be endanger'd, or deluded,
We'll make a black night on't.

Duke. No more, I know it;
You know your quarters.

Guz. Will you go alone, sir?

Duke. Ye shall not be far from me, the least noise
Shall bring you to my rescue.

Pedro. We are counsell'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter DON JOHN, with a Child, crying.

John. Was ever man so paid for being curious;
Ever so bobb'd for searching out adventures,
As I am! Did the devil lead me? Must I needs be
peeping

Into men's houses, where I had no business,
And make myself a mischief?

What have I got by this now?

A piece of pap and caudle-work—a child,
This comes of peeping!

What a figure do I make now!—good white bread,

Let's have no bawling wi' ye; 'sdeath, have I
Known wenches thus long, all the ways of wenches,
Their snares and subtilties,
And am I now bumfiddled with a bastard?
Well, Don John,
You'll be wiser one day, when you have paid dearly
For a collection of these butter prints.
'Twould not grieve me to keep this gingerbread,
Were it of my own baking; but to beggar
Myself in caudles, nurses, coral, bells and babies,
For other men's iniquities!
What shall I do with it now?
Should I be caught here dandling this pap-spoon,
I shall be sung in ballads;
No eyes are near—I'll drop it,
For the next curious coxcomb—how it smiles upon
me!
Ha! you little sugar-sop!—'tis a sweet baby;
'Twere barb'rous to leave it—ten to one would kill
it;
Worse sin than his who got it—Well, I'll take it,
And keep it as they keep death's head, in rings,
To cry memento to me—no more peeping!
Now all the danger is to qualify
The good old gentlewoman, at whose house we lodge;
For she will fall upon me with a catechism
Of four hours long: Come, good wonder,
Let you and I be jogging; your starved treble
Will waken the rude watch else. All that be
Curious night-walkers, may they find my fee! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

*A Street.**Enter DON FREDERICK.*

Fred. Sure he's gone home: I have beaten all the
purlieus,
But cannot bolt him: If he be a bobbing—what's
here?

Enter CONSTANTIA.

Con. I am ready,
And through a world of dangers am flown to you;
Be full of haste and care, we are undone else.
Where are your people? Which way must we travel?
For Heaven's sake, stay not here, sir!

Fred. What may this prove?

Con. Alas! I am mistaken, lost, undone,
For ever perish'd! Sir, for Heaven's sake tell me,
Are you a gentleman?

Fred. I am.

Con. Of this place?

Fred. No, born in Spain.

Con. As ever you lov'd honour,
As ever your desires may gain their ends,
Do a poor wretched woman but this benefit,
For I am forc'd to trust you.

Fred. You have charm'd me——
Humanity and honour bids me help you;
And if I fail your trust——

Con. The time's too dangerous
To stay your protestations: I believe you,
Alas! I must believe you: from this place,

Good, noble sir, remove me instantly.
And for a time, where nothing but yourself,
And honest conversation may come near me;
In some secure place settle me. What I am,
And why thus boldly I commit my credit
Into a stranger's hand, the fear and dangers
That force me to this wild course, at more leisure
I shall reveal unto you.

Fred. Come, be hearty;—
He must strike through my life, that takes you from
me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter PETRUCHIO, ANTONIO, SANCHIO, and
BAPTISTA.

Petr. He will sure come: Are ye all well arm'd?

Ant. Never fear us:

Here's that, will make them dance without a fiddle.

Petr. We are to look for no weak foes, my friends,
Nor unadvised ones.

Ant. Best gamesters make the best play;
We shall fight close, and home too.

San. Antonio,
You are a thought too bloody.

Ant. Why, all physicians
And penny almanacks allow the opening
Of veins this month. Why do you talk of bloody!
What come we for, to fall to cuffs for apples?
What, would you make the cause a cudgel quarrel?
On what terms stands this man? Is not his honour
Open'd t' his hand, and pick'd out like an oyster?
His credit like a quart pot knock'd together,
Able to hold no liquor?—Clear out this point.

Petr. Speak softly, gentle cousin.

Ant. I'll speak truly.

What should men do, ally'd to these disgraces,
Lick o'er his enemy, sit down, and dance him?
Cry, that's my fine boy, thou'lt do so no more, child.

Petr. Here are no such cold pities.

Ant. By St. Jaques,
They shall not find me one! Here's old tough An-
drew,

A special friend of mine, and he but hold,
I'll strike them such a hornpipe! Knocks I come for,
And the best blood I light on: I profess it,
Not to scare costermongers. If I lose my own,
My audit's cast, and farewell five and fifty.

Petr. Let's talk no longer, place yourself with si-
lence,

As I direct you; and when time calls us,
As ye are friends, so show yourselves.

Ant. So be it.

Oh, how my fingers tingle to be at them! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

A Chamber.

Enter DON JOHN and his LANDLADY.

Land. Nay, son, if this be your regard——

John. Good mother.

Land. Good me no goods—Your cousin and your-
self

Are welcome to me, whilst you bear yourselves
Like honest and true gentlemen. Bring hither,
To my house, that have ever been reputed

A gentlewoman of a decent and fair carriage,
And so behaved myself——

John. I know you have.

Land. Bring hither, as I say, to make my name
Stink in my neighbours' nostrils, your devices,
Your brats, got out of allicant and broken oaths;
Your linsey-wolsey work, your filch'd iniquities!
You're deceiv'd in me, sir, I am none
Of those receivers.

John. Have I not sworn unto you,
'Tis none of mine, and show'd you how I found it?

Land. You found an easy fool, that let you get it.

John. Will you hear me?

Land. Oaths! what care you for oaths, to gain your
ends;

When you are high and pamper'd? What saint knows
you?

Or what religion, but your wicked passions?
I'm sick to see this dealing.

John. Heaven forbid, mother!

Land. Nay, I am very sick.

John. Who waits there?

Peter. [*Within.*] Sir!

John. Bring a bottle of canary wine.

Land. Exceeding sick, Heaven help me!

John. Haste you, sirrah!

I must e'en make her drunk. Nay, gentle mother——

Land. Now fie upon you! was it for this purpose
You fetch'd your evening walks for your devotions,
For this pretended holiness? No weather,
Not before day, could hold you from the matins.
Were these your bo-peep prayers!
Still sicker, sicker!

Enter PETER, with a Bottle of Wine.

John. There is no talking to her, till I have drench'd
her:

Give me: here, mother, take a good round draught.

It will purge spleen from your spirits : deeper, mother.

Land. Ay, ay, son, you imagine this will mend all.

John. All, i'faith, mother.

Land. I confess the wine
Will do its part.

John. I'll pledge you.

Land. But, son John.

John. I know your meaning, mother, touch it once more.

Alas, you look not well ! take a round draught,
And then we'll talk at large.

Land. A civil gentleman !

A stranger ! one the town holds a good regard of !

John. Now we grow kind and maudlin. [*Aside.*

Land. One that should weigh his fair name !— Oh,
a stitch !

John. There's nothing better for a stitch, good mother,

Make no spare of it as you love your health ;
Mince not the matter.

Land. As I said, a gentleman lodge in my house !
Now Heaven's my comfort, signior !

John. And the wine, good mother——
I look'd for this.

Land. I did not think you would have us'd me
thus ;

A woman of credit ; one, Heaven knows,
That loves you but too tenderly !

John. The thunder ceases, and the rain descends.

Land. What do you say, son ?

John. I say, mother,
That I ever found your kindness, and acknowledge it.

Land. No, no, I am a fool to counsel you. Where's
the infant ?

Come, let's see your workmanship.

John. It is none of mine, mother, but I'll fetch it, —
Here it is, and a lusty one.

Land. O Heaven bless thee ! As I live,
Your own eyes, signior ; and the nether lip
As like you, as you had spit it.

John. I am glad on't.

Land. Bless me, what things are these ?

John. I thought my labour
Was not all lost ; 'tis gold, and these are jewels,
Both rich and right, I hope.

Land. Well, well, son John,
Here I am with you now, when, as they say,
Your pleasure comes with profit.

John. All this time, good mother,
The child wants looking to, wants meat and nurses.

Land. Now blessing o' thy heart, it shall have all,
And instantly ; I'll seek a nurse myself, son.
'Tis a sweet child ! Ah, my young Spaniard !
Take you no further care, sir.

John. Yes, of these jewels,
I must, by your good leave, mother ; these are mine :
The gold for bringing up on't, I freely render
To your charge : for the rest I'll find a master.
But where's Don Fred'rick, mother ?

Land. Ten to one,
About the like adventure ; he told me
He was to find you out.

John. Why should he stay thus ?
There may be some ill chance in't ; sleep I will not,
Before I have found him :
Well, my dear mother, let the child be look'd to ;
And look you to be rewarded ;—About it
Strait, good mother.

Land. No more words, nor no more children,
Good son, as you love me—this may do well :
This shall do well : Eh ? you little sweet cherub !

John. Away ; so, so, I thought the wine would do
its duty :
She'll kill the child, with kindness ; t'other glass,
And she had ravish'd me : There is no way

Of bringing women of her age to reason,
But by this—girls of fifteen are caught
Fifty ways, they bite as fast as you throw in;
But with the old cold 'tis a diff'rent dealing,
'Tis wine must warm them to their sense of feeling.
[Exit.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Chamber.

Enter FREDERICK, and ANTHONY with a Candle.

Fred. Give me the candle; so, go you out that way.

Ant. What have we now to do?

Fred. And on your life, sirrah,
Let none come near the door, without my knowledge;
No, not my landlady, nor my friend.

Ant. 'Tis done, sir.

Fred. Nor any serious business that concerns me.

Ant. Is the wind there again?

Fred. Begone.

Ant. I am, sir.

[Exit.

Fred. Now enter without fear.

Enter First CONSTANTIA:

And, noble lady,
That safety and civility, you wish for,
Shall truly here attend you:
No wishes,
Beyond the moderation of a man,
Dare enter here. Your own desires and innocence,
Join'd to my vow'd obedience, shall protect you.

Con. You are truly noble,
And worth a woman's trust: let it become me,
(I do beseech you, sir) for all your kindness,
To render with my thanks this worthless trifle:
[Offers a Ring.]

I may be longer troublesome.

Fred. Fair offices
Are still their own rewards; Heaven bless me, lady,
From selling civil courtesies. May it please you;
If you will force a favour, to oblige me,
Draw but that cloud aside, to satisfy me
For what good angel I am engag'd.

Con. It shall be;
For I am truly confident you are honest:
The piece is scarce worth looking on.

Fred. Trust me,
The abstract of all beauty, soul of sweetness!
What eyes are there!
Noble lady,

If there be any further service to cast on me,
Let it be worth my life, so much I honour you——

Con. Your service is too liberal, worthy sir.
Thus far I shall entreat——

Fred. Command me, lady:
You make your power too poor.

Con. That presently,
With all convenient haste, you will retire
Unto the street you found me in.
There, if you find a gentleman oppress'd

With force and violence, do a man's office,
And draw your sword, to rescue him.

Fred. He's safe,
Be what he will ; and let his foes be devils,
Arm'd with your beauty, I shall conjure them.
Retire, this key will guide you : all things necessary
Are there before you.

Con. All my prayers go with you. [Exit.

Fred. Men say, gold
Does all, engages all, works thro' all dangers :
Now I say, beauty can do more. The king's exchequer,
Nor all his wealthy Indies, could not draw me
Thro' half those miseries this piece of pleasure
Might make me leap into :
Yet I vow,
My hopes shall die, and my tongue rot within me,
Ere I infringe my faith—Now to my rescue—[Exit.

SCENE II.

A Street.

*Enter DUKE, pursued by PETRUCHIO, ANTONIO, and
that Party.*

Duke. You will not all oppress me ?

Ant. Kill him i'th' wanton eye.
Let me come to him.

Duke. Then you shall buy me dearly.

[*They fight ; the DUKE fights and retreats.*

Enter DON JOHN.

John. Sure 'tis fighting !
My friend may be engag'd : Fie, gentlemen,
This is unmanly odds. [*Duke falls.*] Press upon
A fall'n enemy ! it is cowardly—
Thus will I protect him. [DON JOHN bestrides him.

Ant. I'll stop your mouth, sir.

John. Nay, then have at thee freely.
There's a plumb, to satisfy your longing.

Peter. He's fallen; I hope I have sped him :
Where's Antonio ?

Ant. I must have one thrust more, sir.

John. Come up to me.

Ant. A mischief confound your fingers.
He's given me my *quietus est* : I felt him
In my small guts ; I'm sure he's feez'd me ;
This comes of siding with you.

Peter. I hear more rescue coming,

[*Trampling within.*]

Ant. Let's turn back then ;
My skull's uncloven yet, let me but kill somebody !—

Peter. Away, for Heaven's sake with him !

[*They hurry him off.*]

Enter the DUKE'S Party.

John. Help, gentlemen. How is it ?

Duke. Well, sir,
Only a little stagger'd.

Duke's Party. Let's pursue them.

Duke. No, not a man, I charge you.
My thanks to you, brave sir, whose timely valour,
And manly courtesy came to my rescue.

John. You had foul play offer'd you, and shame
befall him
That can pass by oppression.

Duke. May I crave, sir,
But this much honour more, to know your name,
And him I am so bound to ?

John. For the bond, sir,
'Tis every good man's tie : to know me further,
Will little profit you : I am a stranger,
My country Spain, my name Don John, a gentleman
That came abroad to travel.

Duke. I have heard, sir,

Much worthy mention of you, yet I find
Fame short of what you are.

John. You are pleas'd, sir,
To express your courtesy : may I demand
As freely what you are, and what mischance
Cast you into this danger?

Duke. For this present
I must desire your pardon : you shall know me
Ere it be long, sir, and nobler thanks,
Than now my will can render.

John. Your will's your own, sir, [Looking about.

Duke. What is't you look for, sir? Have you lost
any thing?

John. Only my hat i'th' scuffle ; sure these fellows
Were night snaps !

Duke. No, believe me, sir : pray use mine,
For 'twill be hard to find your own now.

John. Indeed, I cannot.

Duke. Indeed you shall : I can command another :
I do beseech you honour me.

John. Well, sir, then I will,
And so I'll take my leave.

Duke. Within these few days
I hope I shall be happy in your knowledge,
Till when, you live in my remembrance.

[Exit with his Party.

John. And you in mine.
This is some noble fellow !

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. 'Tis his tongue, sure.
Don John !

John. Don Frederick !

Fred. You're fairly met, sir !
Pr'ythee tell me what revelation hast thou had to-
night,

That home was never thought of?

John. Revelations !

I'll tell thee, Frederick : but before I tell thee,
Settle thy understanding.

Fred. 'Tis prepar'd, sir.

John. Why, then, mark what shall follow :
This night, Frederick, this wicked night—

Fred. I thought no less.

John. This blind night——
What dost thou think I have got !

Fred. What such wanton fellows ought to get.

John. 'Would 'twere no worse : you talk of revelations,

I have got a revelation, will reveal me
An errant coxcomb whilst I live.

Fred. What is't ?

Thou hast lost nothing ?

John. No, I have got, I tell thee.

Fred. What hast thou got ?

John. One of the infantry, a child.

Fred. How !

John. A chopping child, man.

Fred. 'Give you joy, sir.

John. I'll give it you, sir, if it is joy. Frederick,
This town's abominable, that's the truth on't !

Fred. I still told you, John,
Your wenching must come home ; I counsel'd you :
But where no grace is—

John. 'Tis none of mine, man.

Fred. Answer the parish so.

John. Cheated in troth :

Peeping into a house, by whom I know not,
Nor where to find the place again ; but, Frederick,
'Tis no poor one,
That's my best comfort, for't has brought about it
Enough to make it, man.

Fred. Where is't ?

John. At home.

Fred. A saving voyage ; but what will you say,
signior,

To him, that, searching out your serious worship,
Has met a stranger fortune?

John. How, good Frederick?

A little squeaking girl to this boy would hit it.

Fred. No, mine's a nobler venture: what do you
think, sir,

Of a distressed lady, one whose beauty
Would oversell all Italy?

John. Where is she?—

Fred. A woman of that rare behaviour,
So qualify'd, as love and admiration
Dwell round about her; of that perfect spirit——

John. Ay, marry, sir.

Fred. That admirable carriage,
That sweetness in discourse; young as the morning,
Her blushes staining his.

John. But where's this creature?
Show me but that.

Fred. That's all one, she's forthcoming.
I have her sure, boy.

John. Harkye, Frederick;
What truck betwixt my infant?

Fred. 'Tis too light, sir,
Stick to your charge, good Don John, I am well.

John. But is there such a wench?

Fred. First tell me this;
Did you not lately, as you walk'd along,
Discover people that were arm'd, and likely
To do offence?

John. Yes, marry, and they urg'd it,
As far as they had spirit.

Fred. Pray go forward.

John. A gentleman I found engag'd amongst them,
It seems of noble breeding, I'm sure brave metal;
As I return'd to look you, I set into him,
And without hurt, (I thank Heaven,) rescu'd him.
Ecce signum.

[*Showing the Hat.*]

Fred. What the devil's that, John?

John. Only the laurel I gain'd in the scuffle.

Fred. Bravo! then all my work is done.
And now to satisfy you, there is a woman—
Oh, John! there is a woman—

John. Oh, Frederick, where is she?

Fred. And one of no less worth than I assure you,
And, which is more, fall'n under my protection.

John. I'm glad of that; forward, sweet Frederick.

Fred. And which is most of all, she is at home, too,
sir.

John. Come, let's begone, sir.

Fred. Yes, but 'tis most certain,
You cannot see her, sir.

John. Why?

Fred. She has sworn me,
That none else shall come near her; not my mother,
Till some doubts are clear'd.

John. Not look upon her?—What chamber is she
in?

Fred. In ours.

John. Let's go, I say:
A woman's oaths are wafers, break with making,
They must for modesty a little: We all know it.
Let's go, I say.

Fred. No, I'll assure you, sir.

John. Not see her!
I smell an old dog trick of yours. Lookye, Frederick,
You talk'd to me of wenching, let's have fair play,
Square dealing I would wish you.

Fred. You may depend upon it, John.

John. Tell me,
And tell me true, is the cause honourable?
Or for your pleasure?

Fred. By all our friendship, John,
'Tis honest, and of great end.

John. I'm answer'd;
But let me see her thro'——

Fred. I can't.

John. Leave the door open, as you go in.

Fred. I dare not.

John. Not wide open, but a little, very little,
So as a jealous husband
Would level at his wanton wife through.

Fred. That courtesy,
If you desire no more—

John. No more.

Fred. And keep it strictly—

John. Upon my honour—

Fred. I dare afford you. Come, 'tis now near morn-
ing.

John. Along, along then, dear Frederick. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PETER and ANTHONY.

Peter. Nay, the old woman's gone too.

Ant. She's a cater-wauling
Amongst the gutters; But conceive me, Peter,
Where our good masters should be.

Peter. Where they should be,
I do conceive; but where they are, good Anthony—

Ant. Ay, there it goes. My master's bo-peep with
me,
With his sly popping in and out again,
Argu'd a cause—

Peter. My saint-like don has hir'd a-chapel
In the corner there, for his pious uses,
Where I, against my will, watch, fast, and pray.

Ant. Hark!

[*Lute sounds.*

Peter. What?

Ant. Dost not hear a noise?

Again!—'tis a lute.

Peter. Odd, it's a lute—or a drum—Where is it?

Ant. Above, in my master's chamber.

Peter. There is no creature: he hath the key him-
self, man.

Ant. Let him have it—this is his lute.

[*Singing within.*

Peter. I grant you ; but who strikes it ?

Ant. An admirable voice, too !—Hark you,

Peter. Anthony,

Art sure we are at home ?

Ant. Without all doubt, Peter.

Peter. Then this must be the devil.

Ant. Let it be.

Good devil, sing again : O, dainty devil,

Peter, believe it, a most delicate devil !

The sweetest devil !——

Enter FREDERICK and DON JOHN.

Fred. If you will be content with peeping ?

John. I will, I will.

Fred. Then come in softly ;

And, as you love your faith, presume no further
Then you have promis'd.

John. Basta.

Fred. What makes you up so early, sir ?

John. You, sir, in your contemplations !

Peter. O pray you, peace, sir.

Ant. Hush ! hush !

[*Lute sounds.*

Fred. Why peace, sir ?

Ant. Why, hush ! hush !

Peter. Do you hear ?

John. 'Tis your lute—she's playing on't.

Ant. The house is haunted, sir !

For this we have heard this half year.

Fred. You saw nothing ?

Ant. Not I.

Peter. Nor I, sir.

Fred. Get us our breakfast, then,

And make no words on't.

John. We'll undertake this spirit, if it be one.

Ant. This is no devil, Peter :

Mum ! there be bats abroad.

[*Exeunt ANTHONY and PETER.*

Fred. Stay, now she sings !

Fred. Why didst thou shrug so?
Either allay this heat, or, as I live, I will not trust
you.

John. Pass—I warrant you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Another Chamber.

Enter First CONSTANTIA, with a Lute.

1 *Con.* Thou friendly, soothing instrument, my
better
Genius has surely laid thee in my way,
That thy sweet melancholy strain might echo
To the sorrows of my heart, lest it, o'erburden'd,
Should, from reflection, sink into despair.
To curse those stars, that men say govern us,
To rail at fortune, to fall out with fate,
And tax the general world, will help me nothing:
Alas! our own desires
Are our own fates, our own stars all our fortunes,
Which, as we sway them, so abuse, or bless us.
[Retires and sits.]

Enter FREDERICK—DON JOHN peeping.

Fred. Peace to your meditations.

John. Pox on you,
Stand out of the light.

1 *Con.* I crave your mercy, sir.
My mind, o'ercharg'd with care, made me unman-
nerly.

Fred. Pray you set that mind at rest; all shall be
perfect.

John. I like the person rare: a handsome person,
A wondrous handsome body—would she would turn;
See, and that spiteful puppy be not got
Between me and my light again!

Fred. 'Tis done,
As all, that you command, shall be—The gentleman
Is safely off all danger.

John. What a rare creature!

1 Con. How shall I thank you, sir; how satisfy?

Fred. Gentle lady, all's rewarded.
Now does he melt like marmalade.

John. Nay, 'tis certain,
Thou art the sweetest woman, that eyes e'er look'd
on;—

'Pray Heaven, thou art not honest!

Fred. None disturb'd you?

1 Con. Not any, sir; nor any sound came near
me;

I thank your care.

Fred. 'Tis well.

Pull in your head, and be hang'd.

[To DON JOHN.

John. Harkye, Fred'rick,
I have brought you home your pack saddle.

Fred. Fie upon you!

[Shuts the Door.—Aside to DON JOHN.

1 Con. Nay, let him enter.—Fie, my lord the duke,
Stand peeping at your friends!

Fred. You are cozen'd, lady,
Here is no duke.

1 Con. I know him full well, signior.
I do beseech your grace, come in.

Fred. Shall he enter,
Whoe'er he be?

1 Con. With all my heart.

Fred. Come in then.

Enter DON JOHN.

John. Bless you lady. [CONSTANTIA starts.]

Fred. Nay, start not; though he be a stranger to you;

He's of a noble strain, my kinsman, lady,

My countryman, and fellow traveller.

He's truly honest.

John. That's a lie.

Fred. And trusty,

Beyond your wishes: valiant to defend,

And modest to converse with as your blushes.

John. Modest to converse with! Here's a fellow!

Now may I hang myself; this commendation

Has broke the neck of all my hopes; for now

Must I cry, "no forsooth," and "ay forsooth,"

"And truly as I live," and "as I am honest."

He's done these things on purpose; for he knows,

Like a most envious rascal as he is,

I am not honest this way—Oh, the traitor!

He has watch'd his time—I shall be quit with him.

1 Con. Sir, I credit you.

Fred. Go, salute her, John.

John. Plague o' your commendations.

1 Con. Sir, I shall now desire to be a trouble.

John. Never to me, sweet lady—Thus I seal
My faith, and all my services. [Kisses her Hand.]

1 Con. One word, signior. [To FREDERICK.]

John. What a hand the rogue has! softer than
down,

And whiter than the lily——and then, her eyes!

What points she at? my leg, I warrant; or

My well-knit body:—sit fast, Don Frederick.

Fred. 'Twas given him by that gentleman,
You took such care of, his own being lost i'th'
scuffle.

1 *Con.* With much joy may he wear it; 'tis a right one,

I can assure you, gentlemen; and right happy May he be, in all fights for that noble service.

Fred. Why do you blush?

1 *Con.* It had almost cozen'd me.

For, not to lie, when I saw that, I look'd for Another owner of it—But 'tis well.

Fred. Who's there? [Knocking.]

Pray you retire madam. [Exit First CONSTANTIA.]
Come in, sir.

Enter ANTHONY.

Now, what's the news with you?

Ant. There is a gentleman without,
Would speak with Don John.

Fred. [Speaking to DON JOHN, who is peeping after
CONSTANTIA.] Don John!

John. [Still peeping.] What's the matter?

Fred. Leave peeping, John; you are wanted.

John. Who is it?

Ant. I do not know, sir; but he shows a man
Of no mean reckoning.

John. Let him show his name,
And you return a little wiser. [Exit ANTHONY.]

Fred. How do you like her, John?

John. As well as you, Frederick,
For all I am honest; you shall find it too.

Fred. Art thou not honest?

John. Art thou an ass?

“And modest as her blushes!”—What a blockhead
Would e'er have popp'd out such a dry apology
For his dear friend? And to a gentlewoman,
A woman of her youth and delicacy!

They are arguments to draw them to abhor us.

An honest moral man! 'tis for a constable—

A handsome man, a wholesome man,

A liberal man, a likely man,

Stout, strong, and valiant—
These had been things to hearken to, things catching;
But you have such a spic'd consideration,
Such qualms upon your worship's conscience,
Such chilblains in your blood, that all things pinch
you,

Which nature and the liberal world makes custom;
And nothing but fair honour! dear honour! sweet
honour!—

O damn your watergruel honour!

Fred. I am sorry, John.

John. And so am I, Frederick; but what of that?
Fie upon thee, a man of thy discretion!—
That I was trusty and valiant, were things well put
in;—

But modest!—a modest gentleman!—

O wit! wit! where wast thou?

Fred. It shall be mended;
And henceforth you shall have your due.

Enter ANTHONY.

John. I look for't.—How now, who is't.

Ant. A gentleman of this city,
And calls himself Petruchio.

John. Petruchio! I'll attend him.

Enter First CONSTANTIA.

1 Con. How did he call himself?

Fred. Petruchio;

Does it concern you ought?

1 Con. O gentlemen,

The hour of my destruction is come on me,
I am discover'd, lost, left to my ruin:
As ever you had pity—

John. Do not fear;

Let the great devil come, he shall come through me
first:

Lost here, and we about you!

1 *Con.* To you, and your humanity, a hapless
Helpless creature, begs for safety—Oh, grant
Me your protection—to your honours, sirs,
I fly, as to the altar, for a refuge:

Be your nobleness

My sanctuary, and shield a woe-sick heart

From all its terrors and afflictions. [*Kneeling*

John. Pray rise. [*Kneels.*] I can't bear it!

Fred. Fall before us!

1 *Con.* Oh, my unfortunate estate; all anger
Compar'd to his, to his——

Fred. Let his and all men's,

Whilst we have power and life; bear up, for Heaven's
sake.

John. And for my sake, be comforted.

1 *Con.* I have offended Heaven too; yet Heav'n
knows——

John. Ay, Heav'n knows, that we are all evil;
Yet, Heav'n forbid! we should have our deserts.
What is he?

1 *Con.* Too, too near to my offence, sir—
Oh, he will cut me piece-meal?

Fred. 'Tis no treason?

John. Let it be what it will—if he cut here,
I'll find him cut-work.

Fred. He must buy you dear,
With more than common lives.

John. Fear not, nor weep not—
By Heav'n, I'll fire the town, before you perish!
And then the more the merrier; we'll jog with you.

Fred. Come in, and dry your eyes.

John. Pray, no more weeping:
Spoil a sweet face for nothing!—my return
Shall end all this, I warrant you.

1 *Con.* Heaven grant it!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in DON FREDERICK's Lodging.

Enter PETRUCHIO, with a Letter.

Petr. This man should be of quality and worth,
By Don Alvaro's letter ; for he gives
No slight recommendation of him :
I'll e'en make use of him.

Enter DON JOHN.

John. Save you, sir ; I am sorry
My business was so unmannerly, to make you
Wait thus long here.

Petr. Occasions must be serv'd, sir—
But, is your name Don John?

John. It is, sir.

Petr. Then,
First, for your own brave sake, I must embrace
you :—

Next, for the credit of your noble friend,
Hernanda de Alvaro, make you mine :
Who lays his charge upon me, in this letter,
To look you out, and for the virtue in you,
Whilst your occasion make you resident
In this place, to supply you, love and honour you ;
Which had I known sooner——

John. Noble sir,
You'll make my thanks too poor :—I wear a sword,
sir,
And have a service to be still dispos'd of,
As you shall please command it.

Petr. That manly courtesy, is half my business,
sir;

And, to be short, to make you know I honour you,
And in all points believe your worth-like oracle;—
This day, Petruchio,
One, that may command the strength of this place,
Hazard the boldest spirits, hath made choice
Only of you, and in a noble office.

John. Forward, I am free to entertain it.

Petr. Thus then,
I do beseech you, mark me.

John. I shall, sir.

Petr. Ferrara's duke, would I might call him
worthy,

But that he has raz'd out from his family,
As he has mine, with infamy—this man,
Rather, this powerful monster, we being left
But two, of all our house, to stock our memories,
My sister Constantia and myself; with arts and witch-
crafts,

Vows, and such oaths, Heav'n has no mercy for,
Drew to dishonour this weak maid, by stealth,
And secret passages, I knew not of.
Oft he obtain'd his wishes, oft abus'd her,
I am asham'd to say the rest. This purchas'd,
And his hot blood allay'd, he left her,
And all our name to ruin.

John. This was foul play,
And ought to be rewarded so.

Petr. I hope so,
He 'scap'd me yester-night—which, if he dare
Again adventure for, I will pardon him.

John. Sir, what commands have you to lay on
me?

Petr. Only thus;—by word of mouth, to carry
him

A challenge from me, that so (if he have honour in
him)

We may decide all difference betwixt us.

John. Fair and noble ;

And I will do it home. When shall I visit you ?

Peter. Please you, this afternoon, I will ride with you ;

For, at the castle, six miles hence, we are sure
To find him.

John. I'll be ready.

Petr. My man shall wait here,
And conduct you to my house.

John. I shall not fail you. [Exit PETRUCHIO.]

Enter DON FREDERICK.

Fred. How now ?

John. All's well, and better than thou couldst expect ; for this wench is certainly no vestal—But who do you think that she is ?—guess, an' thou canst.

Fred. I cannot.

John. Be it known then to all men, by these presents, this is she, she, and only she, our curious coxcombs have been so long hunting after.

Fred. Who, Constantia ? Thou talk'st of cocks and bulls, John.

John. I talk of wenches, Frederick !—This is the pullet we two have been crowing after.

Fred. It cannot be.

John. It can be, it shall be, and must be—Sister to Don Petruchio—her name, Constantia—I know all, man.

Fred. Now, I believe——

John. I both believe and hope it.

Fred. Why do you hope it ?

John. First, because she is handsome ; and next, because she is kind—there are two reasons for you. Now, do you find out a third, a better, if you can—for take this, Frederick, for a certain rule, since she

has once began, she'll never give it over:—ergo, if we have good luck, in time, she may fall to our share.

Fred. I can't believe her dishonest for all this—She has not one loose thought about her.

John. No matter for that, she's no saint—There has been fine work, dainty doings, Frederick !

Fred. How can you talk so ?

John. Because I think so—Now you think so, and talk otherwise ; therefore I am the honestest, though you may be the modester man.

Fred. Well, well, there may have been a slip.

John. Ay, and a tumble too, poor creature—I think the boy will prove her's, I took up last night.

Fred. The devil !

John. Ay, ay, he has been at work—Let us go in, and comfort her ; that she is here, is nothing yet suspected.—Anon, I'll tell you, why her brother came, (who, by this light, is a brave fellow), and what honour he has done me, in calling me to serve him.

Fred. There be irons heating for some, Don John.

John. Then we must take care not to burn our fingers, Frederick. [Exeunt.]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Chamber.

Enter LANDLADY and ANTHONY.

Land. Come, sir, who is it that keeps your master company?

Ant. I say to you, Don John.

Land. I say, what woman?

Ant. I say so too.

Land. I say again, I will know.

Ant. I say, 'tis fit you should.

Land. And I tell thee, he has a woman here.

Ant. I tell thee, 'tis then the better for him.

Land. Was ever gentlewoman
So frumpt up with a fool? Well, saucy sirrah,
I will know who it is, and to what purpose—
I pay the rent, and I will know how my house
Comes by these inflammations.

Ant. 'Twould be a great ease to your age.

Enter DON FREDERICK.

Fred. How now?

Why, what's the matter, Landlady?

Land. What's the matter!—

You use me decently among you, gentlemen.

Fred. Who has abus'd her—you, sir?

Land. Od's my witness,
I will not be thus treated, that I will not.

Ant. I gave her no ill language.

Land. Thou liest, sirrah!—
Thou took'st me up at every word I spoke,
As I had been a maukin, a flirt gillian:
And thou think'st, because thou canst write and
read,
Our noses must be under thee.

Fred. Dare you, sirrah?

Ant. Let but the truth be known, sir, I beseech
you;—

She raves of wenches, and I know not what, sir.

Land. Go to, thou know'st too well, thou wicked
varlet,

Thou instrument of evil.

Ant. As I live, sir, she's ever thus, till dinner.

Fred. Get you in, sir; I'll answer you anon.

[Exit ANTHONY.]

Now to your grief—what is't? for I can guess—

Land. You may, with shame enough, Don Fre-
derick,

If there were shame amongst you;—nothing thought
on,

But how you may abuse my house.

Fred. No more of these words,
Nor no more murm'rings, woman:

I did suspect your anger;

But turn it presently and handsomely,

And bear yourself discreetly to this lady;

For such a one there is indeed.

Land. 'Tis well, sir.

Fred. Leave off your devil's matins, and your me-
lancholies,
Or we shall leave our lodgings.

Land. But, mine honour—

And 'twere not for mine honour—

Fred. Come, your honour,

Your house, and you too, if you dare believe me,
Are well enough :—Sleek up yourself, leave crying,
For I must have you entertain this lady
With all civility. When you know her,
You'll find your own fault ;—no more words, but
do it.

Land. You know, you may command me.

Enter DON JOHN.

John. Worshipful landlady,
How does thy swanskin petticoat ?—By Heav'n,
Thou look'st most amiable !

Land. You'll leave this roguery,
When you come to my years.

John. By this light,
Thou art not above fifteen yet ! a mere girl !
Thou hast not half thy teeth ! [Knocking.]

Fred. Somebody knocks—
See who it is ; and do not mind this fellow.

Land. I beg, sir, that you'll use me with decorum.

John. Ay, ay, I'll promise you, with nothing else.
[Exit LANDLADY.]

Was there ever such a piece of touchwood ?

Fred. Pr'ythee, John, let her alone ; she has been
Well vex'd already—She'll grow stark mad, man.

John. I would fain see her mad—An old mad wo-
man—

Fred. Don't be a fool.

John. Is like a miller's mare, troubled with the
tooth-ache !

She makes the rarest faces—

Fred. Prythee, be sober.

Enter LANDLADY.

John. What, again !

Nay, then it is decreed, though hills were set on hills,
And seas met seas, to guard thee ! I would through !

Land. Od's my witness, if you ruffle me, I'll spoil your sweet face for you.

John. Oh raptures! raptures!

[*Kissing her.—She runs after him.*

What, will you hurt your own son?

[*She looks kind upon him.*

Land. Well, well, go, go to the door, there's a gentleman there would speak with you.

John. Upon my life, Petruchio;—good, dear landlady, carry him into the dining-room, and I'll wait upon him presently.

Land. Well, Don John, the time will come that I shall be even with you.

[*Exit LANDLADY.*

John. I must begone about this business—
Won't you go too, Frederick?

Fred. I am not requested you know—besides the Lady will want advice and consolation.

John. Yes; and I know too, with all your modesty, That you will be ready to give it her.

Fred. For shame, John, how can you ramble so?
You know you may trust me.

John. I had rather trust a cat with sweet milk,
Frederick.

Fred. I'll but speak to her, and follow you.

John. Indeed?

Fred. Indeed.

John. Upon your honour?

Fred. Upon my honour.

John. And your modesty?

Fred. Phoo! phoo! don't be a fool.

John. Well, well, I shall trust you—now I'm easy.

[*Exit DON JOHN.*

Enter First CONSTANTIA.

1 *Con.* What, no way to divert this certain danger?

Fred. Impossible! their honours are engag'd.

1 *Con.* Then there must be murder, and I the cause!

Which, gen'rous sir, I shall no sooner hear of,
Than make one in't. You may, if you please, sir,
Make all go less.—Do, sir, for Heaven's sake,
Let me request one favour.

Fred. It is granted.

1 Con. Your friend, sir, is I find, too resolute.
Too hot and fiery for the cause: as ever
You did a virtuous deed, for honour's sake,
Go with him, and allay him: your fair temper,
And noble disposition, like wish'd showers,
May quench those eating fires, that would spoil all
else.

I see in him destruction.

Fred. I will do it—And it is a wise consideration:
I'll after him, lady—
The old gentlewoman
Shall wait upon you; she is discreet and secret,
And you may trust her in all points.

1 Con. You are noble.

Fred. And so I take my leave.
I hope, lady, a happy issue for all this.

1 Con. All Heaven's care upon you, and my prayers.
[*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE II.

ANTONIO'S House.

Enter SURGEON, and a GENTLEMAN.

Gent. What symptoms do you find in him?

Surg. None, sir, dangerous, if he'd be ruled.

Gent. Why, what does he do?

Surg. Nothing that he should. First he will let

no liquor down but wine, and then he has a fancy that he must be dressed always to the tune of John Dory.

Gent. How to the tune of John Dory?

Surg. Why, he will have fiddlers, and make them play and sing it to him all the while.

Gent. An odd fancy, indeed!

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Give me some wine.

Surg. I told you so—"Tis death, sir.

Ant. 'Tis a horse, sir. Dost thou think I shall recover with the help of barley water only?

Gent. Fie, Antonio, you must be governed.

Ant. Why, sir, he feeds me with nothing but rotten roots, and drowned chickens, stewed pericraniums and pia-maters; and when I go to bed (by Heaven 'tis true, sir) he rolls me up in lints, with labels at them, that I am just, the man i'th' almanack, my head and face is in Aries' place.

Surg. Will it please you, to let your friends see you opened?

Ant. Will it please you, sir, to give me a brimmer? I feel my body open enough for that. Give it me, or I'll die upon thy hand, and spoil thy custom.

Surg. How, a brimmer?

Ant. Why look you, sir, thus I am used still; I can get nothing that I want. In how long time canst thou cure me?

Surg. In forty days.

Ant. I'll have a dog, shall lick me whole in twenty: In how long a time canst thou kill me?

Surg. Presently.

Ant. Do it; that's the shorter, and there's more delight in it.

Gent. You must have patience.

Ant. Man, I must have business; this foolish fellow hinders himself: I have a dozen rascals to hurt

within these five days. Good man-mender, stop me up with parsley, like stuffed beef, and let me walk abroad, and let me be dressed to that warlike tune, John Dory.

Surg. You shall walk shortly.

Ant. I will walk presently, sir, and leave your salads there, your green salves, and your oils; I'll to my old diet again, strong food, and rich wine, and see what that will do.

Surg. Well, go thy ways, thou art the maddest old fellow I ever met with! [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

DON FREDERICK'S Lodging.

Enter First CONSTANTIA and LANDLADY.

1 Con. I have told all I can, and more than yet Those gentlemen know of me, ever trusting Your concealment—but are they such strange creatures?

Land. There's the younger, ay, and the wildest, Don John, the arrant'st Jack in all this city: Has been a dragon in his days! the truth is, Whose chastity he chops upon, he cares not; He flies at all; bastards, upon my conscience, He has now a hundred of 'em. The last night He brought home one; I pity her that bore it, Some rich woman (For wise I dare not call her) was the mother, For it was hung with jewels; the bearing cloth No less than crimson velvet.

1 Con. How?

Land. 'Tis true, lady.

1 Con. Was it a boy too?

Land. A brave boy!

1 Con. May I see it?

For there is a neighbour of mine, a gentlewoman,
Has had a late mischance, which willingly
I would know further of; now if you please
To be so courteous to me.

Land. You shall see it:

But what do you think of these men, now you know
'em?

Be wise, or you may repent too late. I tell you
But for your own good, and as you will find it.

1 Con. I am advis'd.

Land. No more words then; do that
And instantly, I told you of: be ready:

Don John, I'll fit you for your frumps. [Aside.

1 Con. I will, dame:

But shall I see this child?

Land. Within this half hour.

Let's in, and then think better. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Near the Castle of the Duke.

Enter PETRUCHIO, DON JOHN, and FREDERICK.

John. Sir, he is worth your knowledge, and a gentleman

(If I that so much love him, may commend him)
That's full of honour: and one, if foul play
Should fall on us, will not fly back for fillips.

Petr. You much honour me,
And once more I pronounce you both mine.

Fred. Stay;

What troop is that below i'th' valley there?

John. Hawking, I take it.

Petr. They are so; 'tis the Duke, 'tis even he, gentlemen;

I know him by his company.

Fred. I think too,
He bends up this way.

Petr. So he does.

John. Stand you still,
Within that covert, till I call: you, Frederick,
By no means be not seen, unless they offer
To bring on odds upon us: He comes forward;
Here will I wait him fairly: To your places.

Petr. I need no more instruct you.

John. Fear me not.

[*PETRUCHIO and FREDERICK retire.*]

Enter DUKE and his Party.

Duke. Feed the hawks up,
We'll fly no more to-day; Oh, my blest fortune,
Have I so fairly met the man!

John. You have, sir,
And him you know by this. [Showing his Hat.

Duke. Sir, all the honour,
And love——

John. I do beseech your grace stay there.
Dismiss your train a little.

Duke. Walk aside,
And out of hearing, I command ye: now, sir,
Be plain.

John. I will, and short;
You have wrong'd a gentleman, beyond all justice,
Beyond the mediation of all friends.

Duke. The man, and manner of wrong?

John. Petruchio is the man;
The wrong is, you have dishonour'd his sister.

Duke. Now stay you, sir,
And hear me a little. This gentleman's
Sister, that you have nam'd, 'tis true I have long lov'd;

As true, I have possess'd her : no less truth,
I have a child by her. But that she, or he,
Or any of that family are tainted,
Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my pleasures,
I wear a sword to satisfy the world, no,
And him in this case when he pleases ; for know, sir,
She is my wife, contracted before Heaven;
(A witness I owe more tie to than her brother)
Nor will I fly from that name, which long since
Had had the church's seal and approbation,
But for his jealous nature.

John. Sir, your pardon ;
And all that was my anger, now my service.

Duke. Fair sir, I knew I should convert you ; had
we

But that rough man here now too——

John. You shall, sir.

What, ho, ho !

Duke. I hope you have laid no ambush ?

Enter PETRUCHIO.

John. Only friends.

Duke. My noble brother, welcome.
Come, put your anger off, we'll have no fighting,
Unless you will maintain I am unworthy
To bear that name.

Petr. Do you speak this heartily ?

Duke. Upon my soul, and truly : the first priest
Shall put you out of these doubts.

Petr. Now I love you,
And beseech you, pardon my suspicions ;
You are now more than a brother, a brave friend too.

John. The good man's overjoy'd. What ho
Mr. Modesty, you may come forth now——

Enter DON FREDERICK.

Fred. How goes it ?

John. Why the man has his mare again, and all's well.

The Duke professes freely he's her husband.

Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.

John. Yes, for modest gentlemen ;
I must present you—May it please your grace,
To number this brave gentleman, my friend,
And noble kinsman, among those your servants :
He is truly valiant, and modest to converse with.

Duke. Oh, my brave friend ! you shower your bounties on me.

Amongst my best thoughts, Signior, in which number
You being worthily dispos'd already,
May freely place your friend.

Fred. Your grace honours me.

Petr. Why, this is wondrous happy. But now,
brother,

Now comes the bitter to our sweet : Constantia !

Duke. Why, what of her ?

Petr. Nor what, nor where do I know :

Wing'd with her fears, last night beyond my knowledge,

She quit my house, but whither—

Fred. Let not that—

Duke. No more, good sir, I have heard too much.

Petr. Nay, sink not,
She cannot be so lost.

John. Nor shall not, gentlemen ;
Be free again, the lady's found : that smile, sir,
Shows you distrust your servant.

Duke. I do beseech you.

John. You shall believe me, by my soul she's safe.

Duke. Heaven knows I would believe, sir.

Fred. You may safely.

John. And under noble usage : This modest gentleman—

Speak, Frederick.—

Fred. I met her in all her doubts last night, and to my guard

(Her fears being strong upon her) she gave her person; I waited on her to our lodging; where all respect, Civil and honest service, now attend her.

Petr. You may believe now.

Duke. Yes, I do, and strongly:
Well, my good friends, or rather my good angels,
For you have both preserv'd me; when these virtues
Die in your friend's remembrance——

John. Good your grace,
Lose no more time in compliments, 'tis too precious;
I know it by myself, there can be no hell
To his that hangs upon his hopes.

Petr. He has hit it.

Fred. To horse again then, for this night I'll crown
you
With all the joys you wish for.

Petr. Happy gentlemen. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The Suburbs.

Enter FRANCISCO and a Man.

Fran. This is the maddest mischief—never fool
was so fobb'd off as I am, made ridiculous, and to
myself, mine own ass; trust a woman! I'll trust the
devil first, for he dares be better than his word some-
times: Pray tell me, in what observance have I ever
fail'd her?

Man. Nay you can tell that best yourself.

Fran. Let us consider.

Enter DON FREDERICK and DON JOHN.

Fred. Let them talk, we'll go on before.

Fran. Where didst thou meet Constantia, and this
woman?

Fred. Constantia ! What are these fellows ? Stay by all means. *[They listen.]*

Man. Why, sir, I met her in the great street that comes from the market-place, just at the turning by a goldsmith's shop.

Fred. Stand still, John.

Fran. Well, Constantia has spun herself a fine thread, now : what will her best friend think of this ?

Fred. John, I smell some juggling, John.

John. Yes, Frederick, I fear it will be proved so.

Fran. But what should the reason be, dost think, of this so sudden change in her ?

Fred. 'Tis she.

Man. Why, truly I suspect she has been entic'd to it by a stranger.

John. Did you mark that, Frederick ?

Fran. Stranger ! who ?

Man. A wild gentleman, that's newly come to town.

Fred. Mark that too.

John. Yes, sir.

Fran. Why do you think so ?

Man. I heard her grave conductress twattle something as they went along, that makes me guess it.

John. 'Tis she, Frederick.

Fred. But who that he is, John ?

Fran. I do not doubt to bolt them out, for they must certainly be about the town. Ha ! no more words. Come let's begone.

[FRANCISCO and Man, seeing DON JOHN and FREDERICK, they retire.]

Fred. Well.

John. Very well.

Fred. Discreetly.

John. Finely carried.

Fred. You have no more of these tricks ?

John. Ten to one, sir,
I shall meet with them if you have.

Fred. Is this fair ?

John. Was it in you a friend's part to deal double?
I am no ass, Don Frederick.

Fred. And, Don John,
It shall appear I am no fool: disgrace me
To make yourself thus every woman's courtesy?
'Tis boyish, 'tis base.

John. 'Tis false; I privy to this dog-trick!
Clear yourself, for I know where the wind sits;
Or, as I have a life— [Trampling within.

Fred. No more, they are coming; show no discontent,
let's quietly away. If she be at home, our jealousies
are over; if not, you and I must have a farther parley,
John.

John. Yes, Don Frederick, you may be sure we shall
But where are these fellows? Plague on 'em, we have
lost them too in our spleens, like fools.

Enter DUKE and PETRUCHIO.

Duke. Come, gentlemen, let's go a little faster;
Suppose you have all mistresses, and mend
Your pace accordingly.

John. Sir, I should be as glad of a mistress as another man.

Fred. Yes, o' my conscience wouldst thou, and of
any other man's mistress too, that I'll answer for.

John. You'll answer—Oh, you're a good one!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

ANTONIO'S House.

Enter ANTONIO and his MAN.

Ant. With all my gold?

Man. The trunk broken open, and all gone!

Ant. And the mother in the plot?

Man. And the mother and all.

Ant. And the devil and all; and all his imps go with them. Belike they thought I was no more of this world, and those trifles would but disturb my conscience.

Man. Sure they thought, sir, you would not live to disturb them.

Ant. Well, my sweet mistress, I'll try how handsomely your ladyship can caper in the air, there's your master-piece. No imaginations where they should be?

Man. None, sir; yet we have searched all places we suspected; I believe they have taken towards the port.

Ant. Give me then a water-conjurer, one that can raise water-devils! I'll port them—play at duck and drake with my money! Get me a conjurer, I say; inquire out a man that let's out devils.

Man. I don't know where.

Ant. In every street, Tom Fool; any blear-ey'd people with red heads and flat noses can perform it. Thou shalt know them by their half gowns, and no breeches. Find me out a conjurer, I say, and learn his price, how he will let his devils out by the day. I'll have them again, if they be above ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Street before DON FREDERICK'S Lodging.

Enter DUKE, PETRUCHIO, DON FREDERICK, and DON JOHN.

Petr. Your grace is welcome now to Naples; so you are all, gentlemen.

John. Don Frederick, will you step in, and give the lady notice who comes to visit her?

Petr. Bid her make haste; we come to see no stranger—a night gown will serve turn.

Fred. I'll tell her what you say, sir. [*Exit.*]

Petr. Now will the sport be, to observe her alterations, how betwixt fear and joy she will behave herself.

Duke. Dear brother, I must entreat you——

Petr. I conceive your mind, sir—I will not chide her, but like a summer's evening against heat——

Enter FREDERICK and PETER.

John. How now?

Fred. Not to abuse your patience longer, nor hold you off with tedious circumstances; for you must know——

John. What I knew before.

Petr. What?

Duke. Where is she?

Fred. Gone, sir.

Duke. How!

Petr. What did you say, sir?

Fred. Gone; by Heaven removed. The woman of the house too.

Petr. What, that reverend old woman, that tired me with compliments?

Fred. The very same.

John. Well, Don Frederick.

Fred. Don John, it is not well: But——

John. But what?

Petr. Gone!

Fred. This fellow can satisfy I lie not.

Peter. A little after my master was departed, sir, with this gentleman, my fellow and myself being sent, on business, as we must think on purpose——

John. Yes, yes, on purpose.

Petr. Hang these circumstances, they always serve to usher in ill ends.

John. Gone! Now could I eat that rogue, I am so angry. Gone?

Petr. Gone?

Fred. Directly gone, fled, shifted; what would you have me say?

Duke. Well, gentlemen, wrong not my good opinion.

Fred. For your dukedom, sir, I would not be a knave.

John. He that is, a rot run in his blood.

Petr. But, harkye, gentlemen, are ye sure you had her here? Did you not dream this?

John. Have you your nose, sir?

Petr. Yes, sir.

John. Then we had her.

Petr. Since you are so short, believe your having her shall suffer more construction.

John. Well, sir, let it suffer. [*Turns off peevishly.*]

Fred. How to convince you, sir, I can't imagine; but my life shall justify my innocence, or fall with it.

Duke. Thus, then—for we may be all abused.

Petr. 'Tis possible.

Duke. Here let's part until to-morrow this time; we to our way, to clear this doubt, and you to yours: pawning our honours then to meet again; when, if she be not found—

Fred. We stand engaged to answer any worthy way we are called to.

Duke. We ask no more.

Petr. To-morrow certain.

John. If we out-live this night, sir.

[*Exeunt DUKE and PETRUCHIO.*]

Fred. Very well, Don John!

John. Very ill, Don Frederick!

Fred. We have somewhat now to do.

John. With all my heart, I love to be doing.

Fred. If she be not found, we must fight.

John. I am glad on't; I have not fought a great while.

Fred. I am glad you are so merry, sir.

John. I am sorry you are so dull, sir.

Fred. Here let us part; and if the lady be Not forthcoming,

'Tis this, Don John, shall damp your levity!

[Clapping his Hand upon his Sword.

John. Or this shall tickle up your modesty!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Tavern.

Enter Second CONSTANTIA *and her* MOTHER.

Mother. Hold, Cons, hold; for goodness, hold! I am in that desertion of spirit, for want of breath, that I am almost reduced to the necessity of not being able to defend myself against the inconvenience of a fall.

2 Con. Dear mother, let us go a little faster, to secure ourselves from Antonio: for my part I am in that terrible fright, that I can neither think, speak, nor stand still, till we are safe a ship-board, and out of sight of the shore.

Mother. Out of sight of the shore! why, do you think I'll depatriate?

2 Con. Depatriate? what's that?

Mother. Why, you fool you, leave my country : what, will you never learn so speak out of the vulgar road ?

2 Con. O Lord, this hard word will undo us.

Mother. As I am a christian, if it were to save my honour (which is ten thousand times dearer to me than life) I would not be guilty of so odious a thought.

2 Con. Pray, mother, since your honour is so dear to you, consider that if we are taken, both it and we are lost for ever.

Mother. Ay, girl ; but what will the world say, if they should hear so odious a thing of us, as that we should depatriate ?

2 Con. Ay, there's it ; the world ! why, mother, the world does not care a pin, if both you and I were hang'd ; and that we shall be certainly, if Antonio takes us, for you have run away with his gold.

Mother. Did he not tell you that he kept it in his trunk for us ? and had not I a right to take it whenever I pleased : you have lost your reasoning faculty, Cons !

2 Con. Yes, mother, but you was to have it upon a certain condition, which condition I would sooner starve than agree to. I can't help my poverty, but I can keep my honour, and the richest old fellow in the kingdom shan't buy it : I'd sooner give it away than sell it, that's my spirit, mother.

Mother. But what will become of me, Cons ? I have so indeliable an idea of my dignity, that I must have the means to support it, those I have got, and I will ne'er depart from the demarches of a person of quality ; and let come what will, I shall rather chuse to submit myself to my fate, than strive to prevent it, by any deportment that is not congruous in every degree to the steps and measures of a strict practitioner of honour.

2 Con. Would not this make one stark mad ? your style is nomore out of the way, than your manner of

reasoning; you first sell me to an ugly old fellow, then you run away with me and all his gold; and now, like a strict practitioner of honour, resolve to be taken, rather than depatriate, as you call it.

Mother. As I am a christian, Cons, a tavern, and a very decent sign; I'll in, I am resolved, though by it I should run a risk of never so stupendous a nature!

2 *Con.* There's no stopping her. What shall I do?

[*Aside.*

Mother. I'll send for my kinswoman and some music, to revive me a little: for really, Cons, I am reduced to that sad imbecility, by the injury I have done my poor feet, that I am in a great incertitude, whether they will have liveliness sufficient to support me up to the top of the stairs, or no. [Exit MOTHER.

2 *Con.* I have a great mind to leave this fantastical mother-in-law of mine, with her stolen goods, take to my heels and seek my fortune; but to whom shall I apply?—Generosity and humanity are not to be met with at every corner of the street.—If any young fellow would but take a liking to me, and make an honest woman of me, I would make him the best wife in the world:—but what a fool am I to talk thus?—Young men think of young women now a days, as they do of their clothes: it is genteel to have them, to be vain of them, to show them to every body, and to change them often—when their novelty and fashion is over, they are turned out of doors, to be purchased and worn by the first buyer.—A wife, indeed, is not so easily got rid of: it is a suit of mourning, that lies neglected at the bottom of the chest, and only shows itself now and then upon melancholy occasions.—What a terrible prospect!—however, I do here swear and vow to live for ever chaste, till I find a young fellow who will take me for better and for worse.—Law! what a desperate oath have I taken!

Mother. [*Looking out of the Window.*] Come up, Cons, the fiddles are here.

2 Con. I come—[*MOTHER goes from the Window.*] I must begone, though whither I cannot tell; these fiddles, and her discreet companions, will quickly make an end of all she has stolen; and then for five hundred new pieces sell me to another old fellow, whom I will serve in the same manner. She has taken care not to leave me a farthing: yet I am so, better than under her conduct, 'twill be at worst but begging for my life:

And starving were to me an easier fate,
Than to be forc'd to live with one I hate.

Mother. Come, Cons, make haste.

[*Goes up to her MOTHER.*]

Enter DON JOHN.

John. It will not out of my head, but that Don Frederick has sent away this wench, for all he carries it so gravely; yet methinks he should be honester than so; but these grave men are never touched upon such occasions. [*Music above.*] What's here, music and women? the best mixture in the world!—'would I were among them—[*Music again, and a WOMAN appears in the Balcony.*] That's a right one, I know it by her smile. I have an eye, that never fails me—[*Another LADY appears.*] Ah, rogue! she's right too; I'm sure on't; here's a brave parcel of them!

[*Music still, and dancing.*]

Mother. Come, come, let's dance in t'other room, 'tis a great deal better.

John. Say you so? what, now, if I should go up and dance too? It is a tavern—rot this business! why should a man be hunting upon a cold scent, when

there is so much better sport near at hand? I'll in, I am resolved, and try my own fortune; 'tis hard luck if I don't get one of them. [*As he goes to the Door,*

Enter SECOND CONSTANTIA.

See, here's one bolted already! fair lady, whither so fast?

2 Con. I don't know, sir.

John. May I have the honour to wait upon you?

2 Con. Yes, if you please, sir.

John. Whither?

2 Con. I tell you, I don't know.

John. She's very quick. 'Would I might be so happy as to know you, lady!

2 Con. I dare not let you see my face, sir.

John. Why?

2 Con. For fear you should not like it, and then leave me; for, to tell you true, I have at this present, very great need of you.

John. Hast thou?—Then I declare myself thy champion: and let me tell thee, there is not a better knight-errant in all Christendom, than I am, to succour distressed damsels.

2 Con. What a proper, handsome, spirited fellow this is! if he'd love me now as he ought, I would never seek out further. Sir, I am young, and unexperienced in the world.

John. If thou art young, it's no great matter what thy face is.

2 Con. Perhaps this freedom in me may seem strange; but, sir, in short, I'm forced to fly from one I hate; will you protect me?

John. Yes, that I will, before I see your face; your shape has charmed me enough for that already.

2 Con. But if we should meet him, will you here promise me, he shall not take me from you?

John. If any one takes you from me, he shall take

my life too; if I lose one, I won't keep t'other—they shall go together.

2 Con. For Heaven's sake then conduct me to some place, where I may be secured a while from the sight of any one whatsoever.

John. By all the hopes I have to find thy face as lovely as thy shape, I will.

2 Con. Well, sir, I believe you; for you have an honest look.

John. An honest look, zounds! I am afraid Don Frederick has been giving her a character of me too. Come, pray, unveil.

2 Con. Then turn away your face, for I'm resolved you shall not see a bit of mine, till I have set it in order, and then——

John. What then?

2 Con. I'll strike you dead.

John. A mettled wench, I warrant her! If she be young now, and have but a nose on her face, she'll be as good as her word—Come, my dear, I'm e'en panting with impatience—Are you ready?—*[As he turns slowly round, she gets on the other Side.]*—'Sdeath, where is she?

2 Con. Here! stand your ground, if you dare!

John. By this light, a rare creature! ten thousand times handsomer than her we seek for! this can be sure no common one: 'pray Heaven she be a kind one!

2 Con. Well, sir, what say you now?

John. Nothing; I'm so amazed I'm not able to speak. Pr'ythee, my sweet creature, don't let us be talking in the street, but run home with me, that I may have a little private innocent conversation with you.

2 Con. No, sir, no private dealing, I beseech you.

John. 'Sheart, what shall I do? I'm out of my wits. Harkye, my dear soul, canst thou love me?

2 Con. If I could, what then?

John. Why then I should be the happiest man alive! [Kissing her Hand.]

2 Con. Nay, good sir, hold—remember the conditions.

John. Conditions! what conditions? I would not wrong thee for the universe!

2 Con. Then you'll promise?

John. What, what! I'll promise any thing, every thing, thou dear, sweet, bewitching, heavenly woman!

2 Con. To make me an honest woman.

John. How the devil, my angel, can I do that, if you are undone to my hands?

2 Con. Ay, but I am not—I am a poor innocent lamb, just escaped from the jaws of an old fox.

John. Art thou, my pretty lamb? then I'll be thy shepherd, and fold thee in these arms.

[Kisses her Hand.]

2 Con. Ay, but you must not eat the lamb yourself?

John. I like you so well, I will do any thing for thee, my dear delightful incognita! I love you so much, it is imposible to say how much I love thee! my heart, my mind, and my soul, are transported to such a degree, that—that—that—damn it, I can't talk—so let us run home, or the old fox, my lamb, will overtake us. [They run out.]

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter DON FREDERICK and FRANCISCO.

Fred. And art thou sure it was Constantia, say'st thou, that he was leading?

Fran. Am I sure I live, sir? Why, I dwelt in the house with her; how can I chuse but know her?

Fred. But didst thou see her face?

Fran. Lord, sir, I saw her face as plain as I see yours just now, not two streets off.

Fred. Yes, 'tis even so: I suspected it at first, but then he foreswore it with that confidence—Well, Don John, if these be your practices, you shall have no more a friend of me, sir, I assure you. Perhaps, though, he met her by chance, and intends to carry her to her brother, and the duke.

Fran. A little time will show—Gadso, here he is!

Fred. I'll step behind this shop, and observe him.

Enter DON JOHN and Second CONSTANTIA.

John. Here now go in, and let me see who will get you out again without my leave.

2 Con. Remember—You have given your honour.

John. And my love—and when they go together, you may always trust them.

Fred. Dear Don John!

[DON JOHN puts CONSTANTIA in, and locks the Door.]

John. Oh, how do you do, Frederick?—Damn him, now will he ask me forty foolish questions, and I have such a mind to talk to this wench, that I cannot think of one excuse for my life!

Fred. Your servant, sir : pray, who's that you locked in just now, at the door?

John. Why, a friend of mine, that's gone up to read a book.

Fred. A book ! that's a quaint one, i'faith ! pr'ythee, Don John, what library hast thou been buying this afternoon ? for i'the morning, to my knowledge, thou hadst never a book there, except it were an almanack, and that was none of thy own neither.

John. No, no, it's a book of his own, he brought along with him : a scholar, that's given to reading.

Fred. And do scholars, Don John, wear petticoats now-a-days ?

John. Plague on him, he has seen her !—Well, Don Frederick, thou know'st I am not good at lying ; 'tis a woman, I confess it, make your best on't : what then ?

Fred. Why, then, Don John, I desire you'll be pleased to let me see her.

John. Why, 'faith, Frederick, I should not be against the thing, but you know that a man must keep his word, and she has a mind to be private.

Fred. But, John, you may remember when I met a lady so before, this very self-same lady too, that I got leave for you to see her, John.

John. Why, do you think then, that this here is Constantia ?

Fred. I cannot properly say I think it, John, because I know it ; this fellow here, saw her, as you led her i'th'streets.

John. Well, and what then ? Who does he say it is ?

Fred. Ask him, sir, and he'll tell ye.

John. Harkye, friend, dost thou know this lady ?

Fran. I think I should, sir ; I have lived long enough in the house to know her, sure.

John. And how do they call her, pr'ythee ?

Fran. Constantia !

John. How! Constantia!

Fran. Yes, sir, the woman's name is Constantia, that's flat.

John. Is it so, sir? and so is this too. [*Strikes him.*]

Fran. Oh! oh! [*Runs out.*]

John. Now, sirrah, you may safely say you have not borne false witness for nothing.

Fred. Fie, Don John, why do you beat the poor fellow for doing his duty, and telling truth?

John. Telling truth! thou talk'st as if thou hadst been hired to bear false witness too: you are a very fine gentleman!

Fred. What a strange confidence he has! but is there no shame in thee? nor no consideration of what is just or honest, to keep a woman thus against her will, that thou knowest is in love with another man too? Dost think a judgment will not follow this?

John. Good, dear Frederick, do thou keep thy sentences and thy sentiments, which are now out of fashion, for some better opportunity; this here is not a fit subject for them: I tell thee, she is no more Constantia than thou art.

Fred. Why won't you let me see her then?

John. Because I can't: besides, she's not for thy taste.

Fred. How so?

John. Why, thy genius lies another way; thou art all for flames and darts, and those fine things! now I am for pure, plain, simple love, without any embroidery; I am not so curious, Frederick, as thou art.

Fred. Very well, sir; but is there no shame? but is this worthy in you to delude——

John. But is there no shame! but is this worthy! What a many buts are here! If I should tell thee now solemnly thou hast but one eye, and give thee reasons for it, wouldst thou believe me?

Fred. I think hardly, sir, against my own knowledge.

John. Then why dost thou, with that grave face, go about to persuade me against mine? You should do as you would be done by, Frederick.

Fred. And so I will, sir, in this very particular, since there's no other remedy; I shall do that for the duke and Petruchio, which I should expect from them upon the like occasion: in short, to let you see I am as sensible of my honour, as you can be careless of yours, I must tell you, sir, that I'm resolved to wait upon this lady to them.

John. Are you so, sir? Why, I must then, sweet sir, tell you again, I am resolved you shan't. Ne'er stare nor wonder! I have promised to preserve her from the sight of any one whatsoever, and with the hazard of my life will make it good: but that you may not think I mean an injury to Petruchio, or the duke, know, Don Frederick, that though I love a pretty girl perhaps a little better, I hate to do a thing that's base, as much as you do. Once more, upon my honour, this is not Constantia; let that satisfy you.

Fred. All that will not do. [*Goes to the Door.*]

John. No! why, then this shall. [*Draws.*] Come not one step nearer, for if thou dost, by Heaven, I'm through you!

Fred. This is an insolence beyond the temper of a man to suffer.—Thus, I throw off thy friendship; and since thy folly has provoked my patience beyond its natural bounds, know it is not in thy power now to save thyself.

John. That's to be tried, sir, though by your favour, [*Looks up at the Balcony.*] Mistress What d'ye-call-'em pr'ythee look out now a little, and see how I'll fight for thee.

Fred. Come, sir, are you ready?

John. O lord, sir, your servant! [*Fight.*]

Enter DUKE and PETRUCHIO.

Petr. What's here, fighting? Let's part them.—How! Don Frederick against Don John? How came you to fall out, gentlemen? What's the cause?

Fred. Why, sir, it is your quarrel, and not mine, that drew this on me: I saw him lock Constantia up into that house, and I desired to wait upon her to you; that's the cause.

Duke. Oh, it may be, he designed to lay the obligation upon us himself—Sir, we are beholden to you for this favour beyond all possibility of—

[*Approaching JOHN.*
John. Pray, your grace, keep back, and don't throw away your thanks, before you know whether I have deserved them or no. Oh, is that your design? Sir, you must not go in there.

[*PETRUCHIO is going to the Door.*
Petr. How, sir! not go in?

John. No sir, most certainly not go in.

Petr. She's my sister, and I will speak to her.

John. If she were your mother, sir, you should not, though it were but to ask her blessing.

Petr. Since you are so positive, I'll try.

John. You shall find me a man of my word, sir.

Duke. Nay, pray gentlemen, hold, let me compose this matter. Why do you make a scruple of letting us see Constantia?

John. Why, sir, 'twould turn a man's head round to hear these fellows talk so: there is not one word true of all that he has said.

Duke. Then you do not know where Constantia is?

John. Not I, by Heavens!

Fred. O monstrous impudence! Upon my life, sir, I saw him force her up into that house, lock her up, and the key is now in his pocket.

John. Now that is two lies; for, first, he did not see her; and next, all force is unnecessary, she is so very willing.

Duke. But lookye, sir, this doubt may easily be cleared; let either Petruchio or me but see her, and if she be not Constantia, we engage our honours (though we should know her) never to discover who she is.

John. Ay, but there's the point now, that I can never consent to.

Duke. Why?

John. Because I gave her my word to the contrary.

Petr. Pish! I won't be kept off thus any longer: Sir, either let me enter, or I'll force my way.

Fred. No, pray, sir, let that be my office: I will be revenged on him, for having betrayed me to his friendship.

[PETRUCHIO and FREDERICK offer to fight with JOHN.]

Duke. Nay, you shall not offer him foul play, neither. Hold, brother, pray a word; and with you too, sir.

John. Harkye, gentlemen, I'll make ye a fair proposition; leave off this ceremony among yourselves, and those dismal threats against me; fillip up, cross or pile, who shall begin first, and I'll do the best I can to entertain you all one after another.

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Now do my fingers itch to be about somebody's ears, for the loss of my gold. Ha! what's here to do, swords drawn! I must make one, though it cost me the singing of ten John Dories more. Courage, brave boy! I'll stand by you as long as this tool here lasts: and it was once a good one.

Petr. Who's this? Antonio! O, sir, you are welcome! you shall be even judge between us.

Ant. No, no, no, not I, sir, I thank you ; I'll make work for others to judge of, I'm resolved to fight.

Petr. But we won't fight with you.

Ant. Then put up your swords, or by this hand I'll lay about me ! [They put up their Swords.]

John. Well said, old Bilboa, i'faith !

Petr. Pray hear us, though : this gentleman saw him lock up my sister into this house, and he refuses to let us see her.

Ant. How, friend, is this true ? [Going to him.]

John. Not so hasty, I beseech you—Lookye, gentlemen, to show you that all are mistaken, and that my formal friend there, is an ass——

Fred. I thank you, sir.

John. I'll give you my consent, that this gentleman here shall see her, if his information can satisfy you.

Duke. Yes, yes, he knows her very well.

John. Then, sir, go in here, if you please : I dare trust him with her, for he is too old to do any mischief. [ANTONIO goes in.]

Fred. I wonder how my gentleman will get off from all this.

John. I shall be even with you, Don Frederick, another time, for all your grinning.—[Noise within.]—How now ! what noise is that ?

Enter PETER.

Peter. The gentleman !—

John. Where is he ?

Peter. He's run out of the back-door, sir.

John. How so ?

Peter. Why, sir, he's run after the gentlewoman you brought in.

John. 'Sdeath ? how durst you let her out ?

Peter. Why, sir, I knew nothing.

John. No, thou ignorant rascal, and therefore I'll

beat something into thee.—[*Beats him.*—Run after her, you dog, and bring her back, or—

[*PETER runs off.*

Fred. What, you won't kill him?

John. Nay, come not near me, for if thou dost, by Heavens, I'll give thee as much! and would do so however, but that I won't lose time from looking after my dear, sweet—a plague confound you all!

[*Goes in, and shuts the Door after him.*

Duke. What, he has shut the door!

Fred. It's no matter; I'll lead you to a private back way, by that corner, where we shall meet him.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter First CONSTANTIA.

1 Con. Oh, whither shall I run to hide myself! the constable has seized the landlady, and, I am afraid, the poor child too. How to return to Don Frederick's house, I know not; and, if I knew, I durst not, after those things the landlady has told me of him. I am faulty, I confess, but greater faults have often met with lighter punishments.

Enter DON JOHN.

John. I am almost dead with running, and will be so quite, but I will overtake her.

1 Con. Hold, Don John, hold!

John. Who's that? ha! is it you, my dear?

1 Con. For Heaven's sake, sir, carry me from hence, or I'm utterly undone.

John. Phoo, plague, this is the other! now could I almost beat her, for but making me the proposition. Madam, there are some a coming, that will do it a great deal better; but I am in such haste, that, I vow to gad, madam——

1 Con. Nay, pray, sir, stay; you are concerned in this as well as I; for your woman is taken.

John. Ha! my woman? [*Goes back to her.*] I vow

to gad, madam, I do so highly honour your ladyship, that I would venture my life, a thousand times, to do you service. But, pray, where is she?

1 Con. Why, sir, she is taken by the constable.

John. Constable! Which way went he?

1 Con. I cannot tell; for I ran out into the streets, just as he had seized upon your landlady.

John. Plague o' my landlady! I mean the other woman.

1 Con. Other woman, sir! I have seen no other woman, never since I left your house!

John. 'Sheart! what have I been doing here, then, all this while? Madam, your most humble——

1 Con. Good sir, be not so cruel, as to leave me in this distress.

John. No, no, no; I'm only going a little way, and will be back again presently.

1 Con. But, pray, sir, hear me; I'm in that danger——

John. No, no, no; I vow to gad, madam, no danger i'th' world. Let me alone, I warrant you.

[Hurries off.]

1 Con. He's gone, and I a lost, wretched, miserable creature, for ever!

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Oh, there she is!

1 Con. Who's this? Antonio! the fiercest enemy I have.

[Runs away.]

Ant. Are you so nimble footed, gentlewoman? A plague confound all whores!

[Exit.]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter MOTHER and KINSWOMAN.

Kins. But, madam, be not so angry ; perhaps she'll come again.

Mother. Oh, kinswoman, never speak of her more ; for she's an odious creature to leave me thus in the lurch. I have given her all her breeding, and instructed her with my own principles of education.

Kins. I protest, madam, I think she's a person that knows as much of all that as——

Mother. Knows, kinswoman ! there's ne'er a female in Italy, of thrice her years, knows so much the procedures of a true gallantry ; and the infallible principles of an honourable friendship, as she does.

Kins. And, therefore, madam, you ought to love her.

Mother. No, fie upon her ! nothing at all, as I am a christian. When once a person fails in fundamentals, she's at a period with me. Besides, with all her wit, Constantia is but a fool ; and calls all the *minauderies* of a *bonne mine*, affectation.

Kins. Bless me, sweet goodness ! But, pray, madam, how came Constantia to fall out with your ladyship ? Did she take any thing ill of you ?

Mother. As I am a christian, I can't resolve you, unless it were that I led the dance first: but for that she must excuse me; I know she dances well, but there are others, who, perhaps, understand the right swim of it as well as she——

Enter DON FREDERICK.

• And, though I love Constantia——

Fred. How's this? Constantia!

Mother. I know no reason why I should be debarred the privilege of showing my own geno too sometimes.

Fred. If I am not mistaken, that other woman is she Don John and I were directed to, when we came first to town, to bring us acquainted with Constantia. I'll try to get some intelligence from her. Pray, lady, have I never seen you before?

Kins. Yes, sir, I think you have, with another stranger, a friend of yours, one day, as I was coming out of the church.

Fred. I'm right then. And, pray, who were you talking of?

Mother. Why, sir, of an inconsiderate, inconsiderable person, that has at once both forfeited the honour of my concern, and the concern of her own honour.

Fred. Very fine, indeed! and is all this intended for the beautiful Constantia?

Mother. Oh, fie upon her, sir, an odious creature, as I'm a christian, no beauty at all.

Fred. Why, does not your ladyship think her handsome?

Mother. Seriously, sir, I don't think she's ugly; but, as I am a christian, my position is, that no true beauty can be lodged in that creature, who is not, in some measure, buoyed up with a just sense of what is incumbent to the devoir of a person of quality.

Fred. That position, madam, is a little severe; but

however she has been incumbent formerly, as your ladyship is pleased to say, now that she's married, and her husband owns the child, she is sufficiently justified for what she has done.

Mother. Sir, I must, blushing, beg leave to say, you are in an error. I know there has been the passion of love between them, but with a temperament so innocent and so refined, as it did impose a negative upon the very possibility of her being with child. No, sir, I assure you, my daughter Constantia has never had a child: A child! ha! ha! ha! Oh, goodness save us, a child!

Fred. Well, madam, I shall not dispute this with you any further; but give me leave to wait upon your daughter; for her friend, I assure you, is in great impatience to see her.

Mother. Friend, sir! I know none she has. I'm sure she loaths the very sight of him.

Fred. Of whom?

Mother. Why, of Antonio, sir; he that you were pleased to say——ha! ha! ha!

Fred. I tell you I do not know Antonio, nor never named him to you. I told you, that the Duke has owned Constantia for his wife, and that her brother and he are friends, and are now both in search after her.

Mother. Then, as I'm a christian, I suspect we have both been equally involved in the misfortune of a mistake. Sir, I am in the dernier confusion to avow, that, though my daughter, Constantia, has been liable to several addresses, yet she never had the honour to be produced to his grace.

Fred. So, now the thing is out, and I'm a damned rogue for what I did to Don John; for, o' my conscience, this is that Constantia the fellow told me of! I'll make him amends, whate'er it cost me. Lady, you must give me leave not to part with you, till you meet with your daughter, for some reasons I shall tell you hereafter.

Mother. Sir, I am so highly your *obligée* for the manner of your inquiries, and you have grounded your determinations upon so just a basis, that I shall not be ashamed to own myself a votary to all your commands. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Second CONSTANTIA.

2 *Con.* So, thanks to my youth and my heels, I am once more free from Antonio!—What an escape! and yet, what a misfortune! I have no great reason to rejoice—for, though I have got clear from the old fellow, I have lost the young one too.—I did not wish to out-run them both—but whither to go now? that's the question—I wish my spirited young Spaniard was here to answer it—but that this wild spark, whom I liked so well, and who swore he liked me, should send that old piece of mischief to distress me, and drive me out of the house, puzzles me exceedingly! I wish I could see him once more, to explain this matter to me.—May I never be married if he is not coming this way!—Should he prove false, my poor heart will have a terrible time of it—now for the proof—— [Walks aside.]

Enter DON JOHN, holding PETER.

John. Did you run after her, as I ordered you, sirrah?

Peter. Like any greyhound, sir.

John. And have you found her, rascal?

Peter. Not quite, sir.

John. Not quite, sir!—You are drunk, fellow!

Peter. A little, sir—I run the better for it.

John. Have you seen her? speak quickly, or speak no more.— [Shaking him.

Peter. Yes, yes, I have seen her.—

John. Where! where!

Peter. There! there!

John. Where's there, sirrah?

Peter. There where I saw her—in the street!

John. Did you overtake her?

Peter. I was overtaken myself, sir, and—hic—fell down.

John. Then she is gone! irrecoverably gone! and I shall run distracted! [*Second CONSTANTIA taps him on the Shoulder; he turns, and they gaze on each other.*] Heigho!

Peter. Never was so near death in all my life! [Exit.

John. Oh, my dear soul, take pity on me, and give me comfort; for I'm e'en dead for want of thee.

2 Con. O, you're a fine gentleman, indeed, to shut me up in your house, and send another man to me.

John. Pray hear me.

2 Con. No, I will never hear you more, after such an injury; what would you have done, if I had been kind to you, that you could use me thus before?

John. By my troth, that's shrewdly urged.

2 Con. Besides, you basely broke your word.

John. But will you hear nothing? nor did you hear nothing? I had three men upon me at once, and had I not consented to let that old fellow up, who came to my rescue, they had all broken in whether I would or no.

2 Con. It may be so, for I remember I heard a

noise ; but suppose it was not so, what then ? why, then, I'll love him, however. Harkye, sir, I ought now to use you very scurvily ; but I can't find in my heart to do so.

John. Then Heaven's blessing on thy heart for it.

2 Con. But a——

John. What ?

2 Con. I would fain know——

John. What, what ? I'll tell thee any thing, every thing.

2 Con. I would fain know, whether you can be kind to me.

John. Look in your glass, my charmer, and answer for me.

2 Con. You think me very vain.

John. I think you devilish handsome.

2 Con. I shall find you a rogue at last.

John. Then you shall hang me for a fool ; take your garters, and do it now, if you will. [*Sighing.*]

2 Con. You are no fool.

John. O yes, a loving fool.

2 Con. Will you love me for ever ?

John. I'll be bound to you for ever—you can't desire better security.

2 Con. I have better security.

John. What's that, my angel ?

2 Con. The tenderest affection for you now, and the kindest behaviour to you, for evermore.

John. And I, upon my knees, will swear, that, that—what shall I swear ?

2 Con. Nay, use what words you please, so they be but hearty.

John. I swear, then, by thy fair self, that looks so like a deity, and art the only thing I now can think of, that I'll adore you to my dying day.

2 Con. And here I vow, the minute thou dost leave me, I'll leave the world—that's, kill myself.

John. Oh, my dear heavenly creature ! we'll love as long as we live, and then we'll die together—and there's an end of both of us.—But who is this my old new friend has got there ?

Enter First CONSTANTIA and ANTONIO, who seizes her.

Ant. Oh, have I caught you, gentlewoman, at last ! —Come, give me my gold.

1 Con. I hope he takes me for another ; I won't answer, for I had rather you should take me for any one, than who I am.

John. Pray, sir, who is that you have there by the hand !

Ant. A person of honour—that has broke open my trunks, and run away with all my gold ; yet I'll hold ten pounds I'll have it whipped out of her again.

2 Con. Done, I'll hold you ten pounds of that now !

Ant. Ha ! by my troth, you have reason ; and, lady, I ask your pardon ; but I'll have it whipped out of you, then, gossip. *[Going to her.]*

John. Hold, sir, you must not meddle with my goods. *[Stopping him.]*

Ant. Your goods ! how came she to be yours ? I'm sure I bought her of her mother, for five hundred good pieces in gold.

John. Ay, sir, but that bargain won't hold good in our court : besides, sir, as I told you before, she's mine, Don.

Ant. Yours, sir ! by what right ?

John. The right of possession, sir, the law of love, and consent of the parties.

Ant. And is this so, young lady ?

2 Con. Yes, young gentleman, it is.—You purchase me !—And could you imagine, you old fool

you, that I would take up with you, while there was a young fellow to be had for love or money.—Purchase yourself a little wit, and a great deal of flannel, against the cold weather, or, on my word, you'll make a melancholy figure. Ha! ha! ha!

John. He does make a melancholy figure! ha! ha! You had better let her alone, Don; why, she's too hard for me——

Ant. Indeed, I think so—But, pray, sir, by your leave, I hope you will allow me the speech of one word to your goods here, as you call her; 'tis but a small request.

John. Ay, sir, with all my heart—how, Constantia!—Madam, now you have seen that lady, I hope you will pardon the haste you met me in a little while ago; if I committed a fault, you must thank her for it.

1 Con. Sir, I do know too well the power of love, by my own experience, not to pardon all the effects of it in another.

Ant. Well, then, I'll promise you, if you will but help me to recover my gold again, that I'll never trouble you more.

2 Con. A match; and 'tis the best that you and I could ever make.

John. Pray, madam, fear nothing; by my love, I'll stand by you, and see that your brother shall do you no harm.

2 Con. Harkye, sir, a word: how dare you talk of love to any lady but me, sir?

John. By my troth, that was a fault, but I meant it only civilly.

2 Con. Ay, but if you are so very civil a gentleman, we shall not be long friends: I scorn to share your love with any one whatsoever; and, for my part, I'm resolved either to have all or none.

John. Well, well, my dear, little, covetous rogue,

thou shalt have it all—thus I sign and seal—[*Kisses her Hand.*—and transfer all my stock of love to thee, for ever and for ever.

2 *Con.* I accept it in the warmest spirit of love and gratitude.

Enter DON FREDERICK and MOTHER.

Fred. Come now, madam, let us not speak one word more, but go quietly about our business; not but that I think it the greatest pleasure in the world to hear you talk, but——

Mother. Do you, indeed, sir! I swear, then, good wits jump, sir; for I have thought so myself a very great while.

Fred. You have all the reason imaginable. Oh, Don John, I ask thy pardon! but I hope I shall make thee amends, for I have found out the mother, and she has promised to help thee to thy mistress again.

John. Sir, you may save your labour; the business is done, and I am fully satisfied.

Fred. And dost thou know who she is?

John. No, 'faith, I never asked her name.

Fred. Why, then, I'll make thee yet more satisfied; this lady, here, is that very Constantia——

John. Ha! thou hast not a mind to be knocked o'er the pate too, hast thou?

Fred. No, sir; nor dare you do it neither; but, for certain, this is that very self-same Constantia that thou and I so long looked after.

John. I thought she was something more than ordinary: but shall I tell thee now a stranger thing than all this?

Fred. What's that?

John. Why, I will never more think of any other woman for her sake.

Fred. That, indeed, is strange; but you are much altered, John: it was but this morning that women were such hypocrites, that you would not trust a single mother's daughter of them.

John. Ay, but when things are at the worst, they'll mend—example does every thing, Frederick, and the fair sex will certainly grow better, whenever the greatest is the best woman in the kingdom—that's what I trust too.

Fred. Well parried, John!

John. See here, Frederick! the lost jewel is found.

[*Showing First* CONSTANTIA.

Fred. Madam, I am heartily glad to meet your ladyship here—we have been in very great disorder since we saw you.

2 Con. Come, mother, deliver your purse; I have delivered myself up to this young fellow, and the bargain's made with that old fellow—so he may have his gold again, that all shall be well.

Mother. As I am a christian, sir, I took it away, only to have the honour of restoring it again; for my hard fate having not bestowed upon me a fund which might capacitate me to make you presents of my own, I had no way left for the exercise of my generosity, but by putting myself into a condition of giving back what was yours.

Ant. A very generous design, indeed! So now I'll e'en turn a sober person, and leave off this wenching, and this fighting, for I begin to find it does not agree with me.

John. What's here? our landlady and the child again!

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* LANDLADY, *with the* CHILD.

Petr. Yes, we met her going to be whipped, in a drunken constable's hands, that took her for another.

John. Why, then, pray let her e'en be taken and whipped for herself, for, on my word, she deserves it.

Land. Yes, I'm sure of your good word at any time.

1 Con. Harkye, dear landlady.

Land. O, sweet goodness! is it you? I have been in such a pack of troubles since I saw you; they took me, and they tumbled me, and they hauled me, and they pulled me, and they called me painted Jezebel, and the poor little babe here did so take on!

Enter DUKE.

Come hither, my lord, come hither: here is Constantia!

1 Con. Yonder's my brother!

Duke. No, madam, there is no danger.

1 Con. Were there a thousand dangers in those arms, I would run thus to meet them.

Duke. O, my dear! it were not safe that any should be here at present; for now my heart is so o'erpress'd with joy, that I should scarce be able to defend thee.

Petr. Sister, I'm so ashamed of all my faults, which my mistake has made me guilty of, that I know not how to ask your pardon for them.

1 Con. No, brother, the fault was mine in mistaking you so much, as not to impart the whole truth to you at first; but, having begun my love without your consent, I never durst acquaint you with the progress of it.

Duke. Come, let the consummation of our present joys blot out the memory of all these past mistakes.

John. And when shall we consummate our joys?

2 Con. ————— Never:

We'll find out joys to make them last for ever.

John. A match, my girl—Come, let us all away,
And celebrate THE CHANCES of this day;
My former vanities are past and gone,
And now I fix to happiness and one,
Change the wild wanton, for the sober plan,
And, like my friend—become a *modest* man.

THE END.

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 Mary, Queen of Scots, a Tragedy, by Hon. Mr. St. John, 2s 6d
 The Stranger, a Play, as performed at Drury-Lane, 2s 6d
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 Raising the Wind, a Farce, by Mr. Kenney, 1s 6d
 Matrimony, a Petit Opera, by ditto, 1s 6d
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 Clementina, a Tragedy, by Kelly, 2s 6d
 Doctor and Apothecary, a Farce, 1s 6d
 Smugglers, a Farce, 1s 6d
 First Floor, a Farce, 1s 6d
 Tit for Tat, a Farce, 1s 6d
 Sultan, a Farce, 1s 6d
 Match for a Widow, an Opera, 1s 6d
 Turnpike Gate, a Farce, by Knight, 1s 6d
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 Hartford Bridge, a Farce, by Mr. Pearce, 1s 6d
 The Midnight Wanderers, an Opera, by ditto, 1s 6d
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 Marian, an Opera, by Mrs. Brookes, 1s 6d

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.



WELLBORN - HOW! THUNDERSTUCK!

ACT V.

SCENE I.

DRAWN BY SINGLETON.

PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO.

ENGRAVED BY WALKER.

A
NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By PHILIP MASSINGER, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

**PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.**

NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
LONDON.

REMARKS.

That the author of this comedy should have written no less than twenty-eight plays, seventeen of which are in print, and yet have no more than this one which holds possession of the stage—is a subject of much surprise! For that “A New Way to pay Old Debts” is the production of a man of genius, scarce any reader could doubt, though the name of Massinger were not affixed to the work: but, notwithstanding it is a very admirable play, it is not altogether a pleasing one. With excellent dialogue, and some most able characters, the fable does not excite interest; and the description of many passions, incident to human nature, in which the poet has been nicely accurate, is, nevertheless, calculated to give pain, rather than gratification.

Both readers and auditors, however they may revere the author for the masterly touches of his pen, in Sir Giles Overreach, must yet lament to behold in that character, courage, ambition, and indefatigable industry, united with the most vile, and the most wicked pursuits. Yet the author having made his usurer neither a miser, nor a coward, stamps his originality as a person of the drama, and renders him a still more exact copy of mankind; in whom vice and

virtue, the blameable and the laudable qualities, are generally combined.

Deficient as the part of Sir Giles is, in bestowing that kind of entertainment which an audience mostly seek, it is still the only attractive character in the play. The failure of many past dramatists, in the perfection of their art, has chiefly arisen from their bestowing spirit, fire, and every powerful emotion of the soul, upon the wicked, and making all their good people insipid. Such is the case in this comedy.— Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth, and every amiable character, is a dull one; whilst the amusement of the public is to depend upon the mean and the base.

It is certainly a more difficult task for a writer to give violent exertions of the mind to the good, than to the evil-disposed persons of his drama. The life of the vicious man is one continued round of agitation, whilst the man of virtue has not only fewer turbulent passions, but a higher degree of controul over those by which he is assailed; nor can they ever amount, in his breast, to those grand exhibitions for a theatre—remorse, or despair.

But, as the virtuous are the most placid, the higher skill of an author is shown, in depicting these characters under sensations which awaken interest, and yet do not impair their moral disposition. This can only be effected by the creation of events. Bold and unlooked for occurrences, will raise conflicts in the most peaceful bosom; and the best, among human kind, be surprised, by sudden temptation, into the path of evil. But thus to incite tumultuous eager-

ness in the tranquil mind, or draw, by casualty, the good to the commission of ill, requires such a fertile invention, the production of such a variety of cross or untoward accidents, such a number of perplexing or happy coincidences—that the modern author has too frequently failed in pursuing this excellent design, and lost his credit in the venturous enterprise.

To atone for the faults in this comedy, the reader will find, that, from the ingratitude of Tapwell in the first scene, to the feebleness of Sir Giles in the last, every circumstance that occurs is a highly finished moral, and almost every speech bestows some valuable instruction.

The enjoyment which Overreach professes to take in his own “dark and crooked ways,” might be an objection to the above remarks, if there were more than his own word in evidence of this criminal delight; but granting that he is *not* urged by pride to this boasting of his happiness, the time arrives which makes this very happiness a more sublime example.

Philip Massinger, the author of this play, was born in 1584, at the time of Queen Elizabeth’s reign.—He was entered a fellow commoner of St. Alban’s Hall, Oxford, where he remained several years: but his inclination having prompted him to the study of poetry and polite literature, in preference to logic and philosophy, he quitted the University without taking any degree; and, coming to London, immediately employed himself in writing for the stage.

The plays of Massinger were so warmly received

by the town, that his reputation as a dramatic poet, soon became very high, and yet never inclined him to think so proudly of his abilities, as to take from his demeanour and sentiments a peculiar modesty and diffidence, which rendered him admired and beloved even by his rival dramatists.

This author is placed, by some critics, as second only to Shakspeare; of course, in the same rank with Beaumont, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson: and, however, in some branches of dramatic science, Massinger may be inferior to those celebrated men, in purity of style, and delicacy of manners, he has surpassed them all.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD LOVELL
SIR GILES OVERREACH
JUSTICE GREEDY
WELLBORN
ALLWORTH
MARALL
ORDER
FURNACE
AMBLE
TAPWELL
WELLDON
WATCHALL
VINTNER
TAILOR

CREDITORS

LADY ALLWORTH
MARGARET
FROTH
BRIDGET
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Mr. Lewis.
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Mr. Powers.
Mr. Reeves.
Mr. Sarjant.

Mrs. St. Ledger.
Miss Brunton.
Mrs. Emery.
Miss Cox.
Mrs. Findlay.

NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Outside of a Village Alehouse.

Enter WELLBORN, TAPWELL, and FROTH, from the House.

Wellb. No liquor? nor no credit?

Tap. None, sir, for you;
Not the remainder of a single can,
Left by a drunken porter.

Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir:

'Tis verity, I assure you.

Wellb. Verity, you brach!
The devil turn'd precisian! Rogue, what am I?

Tap. Troth! durst I trust you with a looking-glass,
To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,
And take the name yourself.

Wellb. How? dog!

Tap. Even so, sir.

And I must tell you, if you but advance a foot,
There dwells, and within call (if it please your wor-
ship,)

A potent monarch, call'd the constable,
That does command a citadel, call'd the stocks;
Such as with great dexterity will haul
Your poor tatter'd——

Wellb. Rascal! slave!

Froth. No rage, sir.

Tap. At his own peril! Do not put yourself
In too much heat; there being no water near
To quench your thirst: and sure, for other liquor,
I take it,

You must no more remember; not in a dream, sir.

Wellb. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou
talk thus?

Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?

Tap. I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell
Does keep no other register.

Wellb. Am not I he

Whose riots fed and cloth'd thee? Wert thou not
Born on my father's land, and proud to be
A drudge in his house?

Tap. What I was, sir, it skills not;
What you are, is apparent. Now, for a farewell:
Since you talk of father, in my hope it will torment
you,

I'll briefly tell your story.—Your dead father,
My quondam master, was a man of worship;
Old Sir John Wellborn, justice of peace, and quorum;
And stood fair to be *custos rotulorum*:
Bore the whole sway of the shire; kept a great
house:

Reliev'd the poor, and so forth: but he dying,
And the twelve hundred a-year coming to you,
Late Mr. Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn——

Wellb. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.

Froth. Very hardly,
You cannot be out of your way.

Tap. But to my story—I shall proceed, sir :
You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,
And I your under-butler : note the change now ;—
You had a merry time of't :—Hawks and hounds ;
With choice of running horses ; mistresses,
And other such extravagancies ;
Which your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing,
Resolving not to lose so fair an opportunity,
On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds,
For a while supplied your lavishness ; and
Having got your land, then left you.
While I, honest Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage ;
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here ;
Gave entertainment——

Wellb. Yes, to whores and pickpockets.

Tap. True ; but they brought in profit ;
And had a gift to pay what they call'd for ;
And stuck not like your mastership. The poor in-
come

I glean'd from them, hath made me, in my parish,
Thought worthy to be scavenger ; and, in time,
May rise to be overseer of the poor :
Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn,
I may allow you thirteen-pence a quarter ;
And you shall thank my worship.

Wellb. Thus, you dog-bolt——
And thus——

[Beats him.

Tap. Cry out for help !

Wellb. Stir, and thou diest :
Your potent prince, the constable, shall not save you.
Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound !—Did not I
Make purses for you ? Then you lick'd my boots,
And thought your holiday coat too coarse to clean
them.

'Twas I, that when I heard thee swear, if ever

Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds, thou wouldst
Live like an emperor—'twas I that gave it,
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!

Tap. I cannot, sir.

Wellb. They are well rewarded
That beggar themselves to make such rascals rich.
Thou viper, thankless viper!
But since you are grown forgetful, I will help
Your memory, and beat thee into remembrance;
Not leave one bone unbroken.

Tap. Oh!

Enter ALLWORTH.

Allw. Hold; for my sake, hold!
Deny me, Frank? they are not worth your anger?

Wellb. For once thou hast redeem'd them from this
sceptre: [Shaking his Cudgel.

But let them vanish;
For if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.

Froth. This comes of your prating, husband! you
presum'd
On your ambling wit, and must use your glib tongue,
Though you are beaten lame for't.

Tap. Patience, Froth,
There's no law to cure our bruises.

[They go off into the House.

Wellb. Sent for to your mother?

Allw. My lady, Frank! my patroness! my all!
She's such a mourner for my father's death,
And, in her love to him, so favours me,
That I cannot pay too much observance to her.
There are few such stepdames.

Wellb. 'Tis a noble widow,
And keeps her reputation pure, and clear
From the least taint.

Pr'ythee, tell me—
Has she no suitors?

Allw. Even the best of the shire, Frank,

My lord excepted : Such as sue, and send,
And send, and sue again ; but to no purpose.
Their frequent visits have not gain'd her presence ;
Yet, she's so far from sullenness and pride,
That, I dare undertake, you shall meet from her
A liberal entertainment.

Wellb. I doubt it not : but hear me, Allworth,
And take from me good counsel—I am bound to
give it.—

Thy father was my friend ; and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee :
Thou art a handsome, and a hopeful youth,
Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee,
If I with any danger can prevent it.

Allw. I thank your noble care ; but, pray you, in
what

Do I run the hazard ?

Wellb. Art thou not in love ?

Put it not off with wonder.

Allw. In love ?

Wellb. You think you walk in clouds, but are
transparent.

I have heard all, and the choice that you have made ;
And, with my finger, can point out the north star,
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided.
And, to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair Margaret, the only child, and heir
Of cormorant Overreach ? Dost blush and start,
To hear her only nam'd ? Blush at your want
Of wit and reason.

Allw. Howe'er you have discover'd my intents,
You know my aims are lawful ; and if ever
The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer,
There's such disparity in their conditions,
Between the goddess of my soul, the daughter,
And the base churl her father.

Wellb. Grant this true,
As I believe it; canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father
Ruin'd thy state?

Allw. And yours, too.

Wellb. I confess it, Allworth. But,
I must tell you as a friend, and freely,
Where impossibilities are apparent.
Canst thou imagine (let not self-love blind thee)
That Sir Giles Overreach (that, to make her great
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience,
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and, I hope, his own
too)

Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
And prosper in it.

Allw. You have well advis'd me.—
But, in the meantime, you that are so studious
Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own.
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

Wellb. No matter! no matter!

Allw. Yes, 'tis much material:
You know my fortune, and my means; yet some-
thing
I can spare from myself, to help your wants.

Wellb. How's this?

Allw. Nay, be not angry. There's eight pieces
To put you in better fashion.

Wellb. Money from thee?
From a boy? a dependant? one that lives
At the devotion of a step-mother,
And the uncertain favour of a lord?—
I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind Fortune
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me;
Though I am thrust out of an alehouse,
And thus accoutred; know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy;
Although I thank thee, I disdain thy offer.

And as I, in my madness, broke my state,
Without the assistance of another's brain,
In my right wits I'll piece it.—At the worst,
Die thus, and be forgotten. [*Exeunt severally*]

SCENE II.

A Chamber in LADY ALLWORTH'S House.

Enter FURNACE, AMBLE, ORDER, and WATCHALL.

Order. Set all things right; or, as my name is
Order,

Whoever misses in his function,
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his breakfast,
And privilege in the wine-cellar.

Amble. You are merry,
Good master steward.

Fur. Let him; I'll be angry.

Amble. Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve o'clock
yet,
Nor dinner taking up: then, 'tis allow'd,
Cooks, by their places, may be choleric.

Fur. You think you have spoke wisely, Goodman
Amble,
My lady's go-before.

Order. Nay, nay, no wrangling.

Fur. Twit me with the authority of the kitchen?
At all hours, and at all places, I'll be angry:
And, thus provok'd, when I am at my prayers
I will be angry.

Amble. There was no hurt meant.

Fur. I am friends with thee, and yet I will be
angry.

Order. With whom?

Fur. No matter whom: yet, now I think on't,
I'm angry with my lady.

Amble. Heaven forbid, man!

Order. What cause has she given thee?

Fur. Cause enough, master steward:
I was entertain'd by her to please her palate;
And, till she foreswore eating, I perform'd it.
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,
Though I crack'd my brains to find out tempting
sauces,

And raise fortifications in the pastry—
When I am three parts roasted,
And the fourth part parboil'd, to prepare her viands,
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,
Or water-gruel, my skill never thought on.

Order. But your art is seen in the dining room.

Fur. By whom?
By such as pretend to love her; but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity
With none so much, as the thin-gutted squire,
That's stolen into commission.

Order. Justice Greedy?

Fur. The same, the same. Meat's cast away upon
him;
It never thrives. He holds this paradox,
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well.
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave.

Watch. One knocks.

[ALLWORTH knocks, and enters.]

Order. Our late young master!

Amble. Welcome, sir!

Fur. Your hand!—

If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.
We are all your servants.

All. At once, my thanks to all:
This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

Enter LADY ALLWORTH.

Order. Her presence answers for us.

Lady A. Sort those silks well.

I'll take the air alone.

Fur. You air, and air;

But will never taste but spoon meat more:

To what use serve I?

Lady A. Pr'ythee, be not angry,
I shall, ere long: i'th' mean time, there
Is gold for thee.

Fur. I am appeas'd—and Furnace now grows cold.

Lady A. And, as I gave directions, if this morning
I am visited by any, entertain them
As heretofore: but say, in my excuse,
I am indispos'd.

Order. I shall, madam.

Lady A. Do, and leave me.

[*Exeunt* ORDER, AMBLE, WATCHALL, and
FURNACE.

Nay, stay you, Allworth.

Allw. I shall gladly grow here,
To wait on your commands.

Lady A. So soon turn'd courtier!

Allw. Style not that courtship, madam, which is
duty,

Purchas'd on your part.

Lady A. Well, you shall o'ercome;
I'll not contend in words. How is it
With your noble master?

Allw. Ever like himself;
No scruple lessen'd in the full weight of honour:
He did command me (pardon my presumption),
As his unworthy deputy,
To kiss your ladyship's fair hands.

Lady A. I am honour'd in
His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose
For the Low Countries?

Allw. Constantly, good madam :
But he will, in person, first present his service.

Lady A. And how approve you of his course?—
You are yet
Like virgin parchment, capable of any
Inscription, vicious or honourable.
I will not force your will, but leave you free
To your own election.

Allw. Any form you please
I will put on: but might I make my choice,
With humble emulation, I would follow
The path my lord marks to me.

Lady A. 'Tis well answer'd,
And I commend your spirit: you had a father,
(Bless'd be his memory) that some few hours
Before the will of Heaven took him from me,
Did commend you, by the dearest ties
Of perfect love between us, to my charge:
And, therefore, what I speak, you are bound to hear
With such respect, as if he liv'd in me.

Allw. I have found you,
Most honour'd madam, the best mother to me;
And with my utmost strength of care and service,
Will labour that you never may repent
Your bounties show'r'd upon me.

Lady A. I much hope it.
These were your father's words: If e'er my son
Follow the war, tell him it is a school
Where all the principles tending to honour
Are taught, if truly follow'd: But for such
As repair thither, as a place in which
They do presume, they may with license practise
Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit
The noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly
In a fair cause, and for the country's safety,
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;
To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;
To bear with patience the winter's cold,

And summer's scorching heat—
Are the essential parts make up a soldier ;
Not swearing, dice, or drinking.

Allw. There's no syllable
You speak, but it is to me an oracle ;
Which but to doubt were impious.

Lady A. To conclude—
Beware ill company ; for, often, men
Are like to those with whom they do converse :
And from one man I warn you, and that's Wellborn :
Not 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity ;
But that he's in his manners so debauch'd,
And hath to vicious courses sold himself.
'Tis true your father lov'd him, while he was
Worthy the loving ; but, if he had liv'd
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off,
As you must do.

Allw. I shall obey in all things.

Lady A. Follow me to my chamber ; you shall
have gold
To furnish you like my son, and still supplied
As I hear from you. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Hall in Lady ALLWORTH'S House.

*Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, ORDER, AMBLE,
FURNACE, WATCHALL, and MARALL.*

Greedy. Not to be seen ?

Sir G. Still cloister'd up ?—Her reason,
I hope, assures her, though she makes herself
Close prisoner for ever for her husband's loss,
'Twill not recover him.

Order. Sir, it is her will ;
Which we, that are her servants, ought to serve,
And not dispute. Howe'er, you are nobly welcome :
And if you please to stay, that you may think so,
There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe
Of rich Canary ; which shall spend itself
For my lady's honour.

Greedy. Is it of the right race ?

Order. Yes, Mr. Greedy.

Amble. How his mouth runs o'er !

Fur. I'll make it run, and run. 'Save your good
worship !

Greedy. Honest Mr. Cook, thy hand ; again !—
How I love thee !

Are the good dishes still in being ? speak, boy.

Fur. If you have a mind to feed, there is a chine
Of beef, well season'd.

Greedy. Good.

Fur. A pheasant larded—

Greedy. That I might now give thanks for't !

Fur. Other kickshaws.

Besides, there came last night, from the forest of
Sherwood,

The fattest stag I ever cook'd.

Greedy. A stag, man ?

Fur. A stag, sir ; part of it is prepar'd for dinner,
And bak'd in puff-paste.

Greedy. Puff-paste too, Sir Giles !

A ponderous chine of beef ! a pheasant larded !

And red deer too, Sir Giles, and bak'd in puff-paste !

All business set aside, let us give thanks here.

Sir G. You know, we cannot.

Mar. Your worships are to sit on a commission,
And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.

Greedy. Cause me no causes : I'll prove't, for such
a dinner,

We may put off a commission ; you shall find it

Henrici decimo quarto.

Sir G. Fie, Mr. Greedy!
Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?
No more, for shame! We must forget the belly,
When we think of profit.

Greedy. Well, you shall o'er-rule me.
I could even cry now. Do you hear, Mr. Cook?
Send but a corner of that immortal pasty;
And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy,
Send you a brace of three-pences.

Fur. Will you be so prodigal?

Sir G. Remember me to your lady.—

Enter WELLBORN.

Who have we here?

Wellb. Don't you know me?

Sir G. I did once, but now I will not;
Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beggar!
If ever thou presume to own me more,
I'll have thee cag'd and whipp'd.

Greedy. I'll grant the warrant. *[Exit MARALL.*
I do love thee, Furnace,
E'en as I do malmsey in a morning.
Think of pye-corner, Furnace!

[Exeunt SIR GILES and GREEDY.

Watch. Will you out, sir?
I wonder how you durst creep in.

Order. This is rudeness,
And saucy impudence.

Amble. Cannot you stay
To be serv'd among your fellows from the basket,
But you must press into the hall?

Fur. Pr'ythee, vanish
Into some outhouse, though it be the pigsty;
My scullion shall come to thee.

Enter ALLWORTH.

Wellb. This is rare;
Oh, here is Tom Allworth! Tom!

Allw. We must be strangers ;
Nor would I have seen you here for a million. [*Exit.*
Wellb. Better and better. He contemns me too.

Enter WOMAN and CHAMBERMAID.

Woman. Oh ! what a smell's here ? What thing is this ?

Cham. Oh ! a filthy creature !
Let us hence, for love's sake, or I shall swoon !

Woman. I begin to faint, too. [*Exeunt.*

Watch. Will you know your way ?

Amble. Or shall we teach it you,
By the head and shoulders ?

Wellb. No ; I will not stir :
Do you mark, I will not. Let me see the wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,
Created only to make legs, and cringe ;
To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher ;
That have not souls to hope a blessing
Beyond your master's leavings ; you that were born
Only to consume meat and drink ;—
Who advances ?—Who shows me the way ?

Order. Here comes my lady.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH.

Lady A. What noise is this ?

Wellb. Madam, my designs bear me to you.

Lady A. To me ?

Wellb. And though I have met with
But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,
I hope from you to receive that noble usage,
As may become the true friend of your husband ;
And then I shall forget these.

Lady A. I am amaz'd,
To see and hear this rudeness. Dar'st thou think,
Though sworn, that it can ever find belief,
That I, who to the best men of this country

Denied my presence since my husband's death,
Can fall so low as to change words with thee?

Wellb. Scorn me not, good lady;
But, as in form you are angelical,
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe
At least awhile to hear me. You will grant,
The blood that runs in this arm is as noble
As that which fills your veins; your swelling titles,
Equipage and fortune; your men's observance,
And women's flattery, are in you no virtues;
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.
You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it;
Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more
Than in the pious sorrow you have shown
For your late noble husband.

Order. How she starts!

Wellb. That husband, madam, was once in his fortune,
Almost as low as I. Want, debts, and quarrels,
Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought
A boast in me, though I say, I reliev'd him.
'Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the sword
That did on all occasions second his;
I brought him on and off with honour, lady:
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,
And in his own hopes not to be buoyed up;
I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand,
And brought him to the shore.

Fur. Are not we base rogues
That could forget this?

Wellb. I confess you made him
Master of your estate; nor could your friends,
Though he brought no wealth with him, blame you
for't:

For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind
Made up of all parts, either great or noble,
So winning a behaviour, not to be
Resisted, madam.

Lady A. 'Tis most true, he had.

Wellb. For his sake then, in that I was his friend,
Do not contemn me.

Lady A. For what's past excuse me;
I will redeem it.

Order, give this gentleman an hundred pounds.

Wellb. Madam, on no terms:
I will not beg nor borrow sixpence of you;
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.
Only one suit I make, which you deny not
To strangers; and 'tis this: pray give me leave.

[*Whispers to her.*]

Order. [*Aside.*] What means this, I trow?

Fur. Mischief to us, if he has malice
To return our favour to him.

Order. Be still, and let us mark.

Lady A. Fie, nothing else?

Wellb. Nothing; unless you please to charge your
servants

To throw away a little respect upon me.

Lady A. What you demand is yours.
If you have said all,
When you please you may retire.

Wellb. I thank you, lady.

[*Exit LADY ALLWORTH.*]

Now what can be wrought out of such a suit,
Is yet in supposition.—[*SERVANTS bow.*]—Nay, all's
forgotten, all forgiven.

All. Good, dear, sweet, merry Mr. Wellborn!

[*Exit SERVANTS.*]

Wellb. 'Faith, a right worthy and a liberal lady,
Who can, at once, so kindly meet my purposes,
And brave the flouts of censure, to redeem
Her husband's friend! When, by this honest plot,
The world believes she means to heal my wants
With her extensive wealth, each noisy creditor
Will be struck mute, and I be left at large
To practise on my uncle Overreach;

Whose foul, rapacious spirit, (on the hearing
 Of my encouragement from this rich lady,)
 Again will court me to his house and patronage.
 Here I may work the measure to redeem
 My mortgag'd fortune, which he stripp'd me of,
 When youth and dissipation quell'd my reason.
 The fancy pleases—if the plot succeed,
 'Tis a new way to pay old debts indeed ! [Exit.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

SIR GILES'S House.

Enter SIR GILES OVERREACH and MARALL.

Sir G. He's gone, I warrant thee ; this commission
 crush'd him.

Mar. Your worship has the way on't, and ne'er
 miss

To squeeze these unthrifths into air ; and yet
 The chap-fallen justice did his part, returning
 For your advantage the certificate,
 Against his conscience and his knowledge too ;
 (With your good favour) to the utter ruin
 Of the poor farmer.

Sir G. 'Twas for these good ends

I made him a justice. He, that bribes his belly,
Is certain to command his soul.

Mar. I wonder,
Why, your worship having
The power to put this thin gut in commission.
You are not in't yourself.

Sir G. Thou art a fool :
In being out of office, I am out of danger ;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might, or out of wilfulness, or error,
Run myself finely into a præmunire :
And so become a prey to the informer.
No, I'll have none of't : 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion : so he serve
My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not ;
Friendship is but a word.

Mar. You are all wisdom.

Sir G. I would be worldly wise ; for the other wisdom,
That does prescribe us a well-govern'd life,
And to do right to others, as ourselves,
I value not an atom.

Mar. What course take you,
(With your good patience) to hedge in the manor
Of your neighbour, Mr. Frugal? As 'tis said,
He will not sell, nor borrow, nor exchange ;
And his land lying in the midst of your many lord-
ships,
Is a foul blemish.

Sir G. I have thought on't, Marall ;
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,
And I the only purchaser.

Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir.

Sir G. I'll, therefore, buy some cottage near his
manor ;
Which done, I'll make my men break ope' his fences,
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire to his barns, or break his cattle's legs.

These trespasses draw on suits, and suits, expenses ;
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.

When I have hurried him thus, two or three years,
Though he sue forma pauperis, in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind hand.

Mar. The best I ever heard ! I could adore you !

Sir G. Then, with the favour of my man of law,
I will pretend some title ; want will force him
To put it to arbitrement ; then, if he sell
For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess the land.

Mar. Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.

Sir G. Well thought on.
This varlet, Wellborn, lives too long, to upbraid me
With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor cold
Nor hunger kill him ?

Mar. I know not what to think on't.
I have us'd all means ; and the last night I caus'd
His host, the tapster, to turn him out of doors ;
And have been since with all your friends and te-
nants,

And on the forfeit of your favour, charg'd them,
Tho' a crust of mouldy bread would keep him from
starving,
Yet they should not relieve him.

Sir G. That was something, Marall, but thou
must go farther ;
And suddenly, Marall.

Mar. Where, and when you please, sir.

Sir G. I would have thee seek him out ; and, if
thou canst,
Persuade him, that 'tis better steal, than beg ;
Then, if I prove he has but robb'd a henroost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.
Do any thing to work him to despair,
And 'tis thy masterpiece.

Mar. I will do my best, sir.

Sir G. I am now on my main work, with the Lord Lovell ;
The gallant-minded, popular Lord Lovell,
The minion of the people's love. I hear
He's come into the country ; and my aims are
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.

Mar. I have you.
This points at my young mistress.

Sir G. She must part with
That humble title, and write honourable ;
Right honourable, Marall ; my right honourable
daughter ;
If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it.
I will have her well attended ; there are ladies
Of errant knights decay'd, and brought so low,
'That, for cast clothes, and meat, will gladly serve
her.

And 'tis my glory, tho' I come from the city,
To have their issue, whom I have undone,
To kneel to mine, as bond slaves.

Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.

Sir G. And, therefore, I'll not have a chamber-
maid
That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
But such, whose fathers were right worshipful.
'Tis a rich man's pride ! there having ever been
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
Between us, and true gentry.

Enter WELLBORN.

Mar. See ! who's here, sir ?

Sir G. Hence, monster ! prodigy !

Wellb. Call me what you will, I am your nephew,
sir.

Sir G. Avoid my sight ! thy breath's infectious,
rogue !

I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.

Come hither, Marall, this is the time to work him.

Mar. I warrant you, sir.

[Exit SIR GILES OVERREACH.

Wellb. By this light, I think he's mad.

Mar. Mad ! had you took compassion on yourself,
You long since had been mad.

Wellb. You have took a course,
Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.

Mar. The more pale-spirited you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply.

Wellb. By what?

Mar. By my religion.

Wellb. Thy religion !

The devil's creed ; but what would you have done ?

Mar. Before, like you, I had outliv'd my fortunes,
A with had serv'd my turn to hang myself.
I am zealous in your cause : 'pray you, hang your-
self ;

And presently, as you love your credit.

Wellb. I thank you.

Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch?
Or, if you dare not do the fate yourself,
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,
Is there no purse to be cut ? house to be broken ?
Or market-woman, with eggs, that you may murder,
And so despatch the business ?

Wellb. Here's variety,
I must confess ; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.

Mar. If you like not hanging, drown yourself ;
take some course

For your reputation.

Wellb. 'Twill not do, dear tempter,
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught you.
I am as far as thou art from despair.
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever.

Mar. Ha ! ha ! these castles you build in the air
Will not persuade me, or to give, or lend
A token to you.

Wellb. I'll be more kind to thee.
Come, thou shalt dine with me.

Mar. With you?

Wellb. Nay, more, dine gratis.

Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or, at whose
cost?

Are they padders, or gipsies, that are your consorts?

Wellb. Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt
dine,

Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;
With me, and with a lady.

Mar. Lady ! what lady?

With the lady of the lake, or queen of fairies?
For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.

Wellb. With the Lady Allworth, knave.

Mar. Nay, now there's hope
Thy brain is crack'd.

Wellb. Mark there, with what respect
I am entertain'd.

Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?

Wellb. 'Tis not far off, go with me: trust thine
own eyes,

Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my assurance, rather,
To see thee curvet, and mount like a dog in a blanket,
If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,
I will endure thy company.

Wellb. Come along. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Hall in LADY ALLWORTH'S House.

Enter ALLWORTH, ORDER, AMBLE, and WATCHALL.

Allw. Your courtesies overwhelm me: I much
grieve
To part from this house, and yet, I find comfort;
My attendance on my honourable lord,
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady,
Will speedily bring me back.

[*Knocking at the Gate.* *MARALL and WELL-*
BORN within.

Mar. Dar'st thou venture farther?

Wellb. Yes, yes, and knock again.

Order. 'Tis he; disperse; 'tis Mr. Wellborn.

Fur. I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.

[*Exeunt AMBLE and FURNACE.*

Enter MARALL and WELLBORN.

Order. You were long since expected.
Most welcome, sir.

Wellb. Say so much
To my friend, I pray you.

Order. For your sake, I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Mar. For his sake!

Wellb. Mum! this is nothing.

Mar. More than ever
I would have believed, though I had found it in my
Primmer.

Allw. When I have given you reasons for my late
harshness,
You'll pardon, and excuse me: for, believe me,

Tho' now I part abruptly in my service,
I will deserve it.

Mar. Service! with a vengeance!

Wellb. I am satisfied: farewell, Tom.

Allw. All joy stay with you. [Exit ALLWORTH.

Enter AMBLE.

Amble. You are happily encounter'd: I never yet
Presented one so welcome, as I know
You will be to my lady.

Mar. This is some vision;
Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dunghill;
It cannot be a truth.

Wellb. Be still a pagan,
An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant!
And meditate on blankets, and on dog-whips.

Enter FURNACE.

Fur. I am glad you are come; until I know your
pleasure,
I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.

Mar. His pleasure! is it possible? [Aside.

Wellb. What's thy will?

Fur. Marry, sir, I have some growse and turkey
chicken,
Some rails and quails; and my lady will'd me to ask
you,

What kind of sauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.

Mar. The devil's enter'd this cook: sauce for his
palate!

That on my knowledge, for a most this twelve-month,
Durst wish but cheese-parings, and brown bread on
Sundays.

Wellb. That way I like them best.

Fur. It shall be done, sir. [Exit FURNACE.

Wellb. What think you of the hedge we shall dine
under?

Shall we feed gratis?

Mar. I know not what to think:

Pray you, make me not mad.

Enter ORDER.

Order. This place becomes you not:

'Pray you, walk sir, to the dining room.

Wellb. I am well here,

Till her ladyship quits her chamber.

Mar. Well here, say you!

'Tis a rare change! but yesterday, you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapp'd up in pease straw.

Enter WOMAN and CHAMBERMAID.

Wom. O sir, you are wish'd for.

Chamb. My lady dreamt, sir, of you.

Wom. And the first command she gave
After she rose, was to give her notice
When you approached here.

Order. Sir, my lady.

[*Exit.*

Enter LADY ALLWORTH.—Salutes him.

Lady A. I come to meet you, and languish'd till I
saw you.

This first kiss for form: I allow a second,
As token of my friendship.

Mar. Heaven bless me!

Wellb. I am wholly yours; yet, madam, if you
please

To grace this gentleman with a salute——

Mar. Salute me at his bidding!

Wellb. I shall receive it

As a most high favour.

[*To MARALL.*

Lady A. Sir, your friends are welcome to me.

Wellb. Run backward from a lady! and such a
lady!

Mar. To kiss her foot, is to poor me, a favour
I am unworthy of.

[*Offers to kiss her Foot.*

Lady A. Nay, pray you rise;
And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:
You shall dine with me to-day at mine own table.

Mar. Your ladyship's table! I am not good enough
To sit at your steward's.

Lady A. You are too modest:
I will not be denied.

Enter ORDER.

Order. Dinner is ready for your ladyship.

Lady A. Your arm, Mr. Wellborn:
Nay, keep us company.

Mar. I was never so grac'd. Mercy on me!

[*Exeunt* WELLBORN, LADY ALLWORTH, AMBLE,
and MARALL.]

Enter FURNACE.

Order. So, we have play'd our parts, and are come
off well.

But if I know the mystery, why my lady
Consented to it, or why Mr. Wellborn
Desir'd it, may I perish!

Fur. 'Would I had
The roasting of his heart, that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I never met
A match to Sir Giles Overreach.

Watch. What will you take
To tell him so, fellow Furnace?

Fur. Just as much
As my throat is worth, for that would be the price
on't.

To have a usurer that starves himself,
And wears a cloak of one and twenty years
On a suit of fourteen groats, bought of the hangman,
To grow rich, is too common:
But this Sir Giles feeds high, keeps many servants,

Who must at his command do any outrage;
Rich in his habit; vast in his expenses;
Yet he to admiration still increases
In wealth and lordships.

Order. He frights men out of their estates,
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb ill
men,
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.
Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never
Lodg'd so unluckily.

Enter AMBLE.

Amble. Ha! ha! I shall burst.

Order. Contain thyself, man.

Fur. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.

Amble. Ha! ha! my lady has got
Such a guest at her table, this term-driver, Marall,
This snip of an attorney.

Fur. What of him, man?

Amble. The knave stinks, and feeds so slovenly!

Fur. Is this all?

Amble. My lady
Drank to him for fashion's sake, or to please Mr.
Wellborn,

As I live, he rises, and takes up a dish,
In which there were some remnants of a boil'd capon,
And pledges her in white broth.
And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his chair, and after a leg or two,
Most humbly thanks my worship.

Order. Rose already!

Amble. I shall be chid.

*Enter LADY ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, and
MARALL.*

Fur. My lady frowns.

Lady A. You attended us well!

Let me have no more of this : I observ'd your leering.
 Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy
 To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,
 When I am present, is not your companion.

Order. Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.

Lady A. You are master
 Of your own will. I know so much of manners
 As not to inquire your purposes ; in a word,
 To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
 That is your own.

Wellb. Mark that.

Mar. With reverence, sir,
 And it like your worship.

Wellb. Trouble yourself no farther,
 Dear madam ; my heart's full of zeal and service,
 However in my language I am sparing.
 Come, Mr. Marall.

Mar. I attend your worship.

[*Exeunt WELLBORN and MARALL.*

Lady A. I see in your looks you are sorry, and you
 know me

An easy mistress : be merry ! I have forgot all.

Order and Furnace, come with me ; I must give you
 Farther directions. [*Exit.*

Order. What you please.

Fur. We are ready. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Country.

Enter WELLBORN and MARALL.

Wellb. I think I am in a good way.

Mar. Good sir, the best way ;
 The certain best way.

Wellb. There are casualties
That men are subject to.

Mar. You are above 'em :
As you are already worshipful,
I hope, ere long, you will increase in worship,
And be right worshipful.

Wellb. Pr'ythee do not flout me,
What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease,
You keep your hat off.

Mar. Ease, and it like your worship !
I hope Jack Marall shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,
Though it hail hazel nuts, as to be covered,
When your worship's present.

Wellb. Is not this a true rogue, [Aside,
That out of mere hope of a future coz'nage
Can turn thus suddenly ? 'tis rank already.

Mar. I know your worship's wise, and needs no
counsel ;
Yet if in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice (but still
Under correction), I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.

Wellb. No ; speak freely.

Mar. Then in my judgment, sir, my simple judgment,
(Still with your worship's favour) I could wish you
A better habit, for this cannot be
But much distasteful to the noble lady
That loves you : I have twenty pounds here,
Which, out of my true love, I presently
Lay down at your worship's feet ; 'twill serve to buy
you
A riding suit.

Wellb. But where's the horse ?

Mar. My gelding
Is at your service : nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble

To walk a-foot. Alas! when you are lord
Of this lady's manor (as I know you will be),
You may with the lease of glebe land,
Requite your vassal.

Wellb. I thank thy love; but must make no use of
it.

What's twenty pounds?

Mar. 'Tis all that I can make, sir.

Wellb. Dost thou think, though I want clothes, I
could not have 'em,
For one word to my lady?

Mar. As I know not that——

Wellb. Come, I'll tell thee a secret, and so leave
thee.

I'll not give her the advantage, tho' she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we are married
To hit me in the teeth, and say she was forc'd
To buy my wedding clothes,
Or took me with a plain suit, and an ambling nag,
No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself.
And so farewell; for thy suit touching the glebe
land,
When it is mine, 'tis thine.

Mar. I thank your worship. [*Exit WELLBORN.*
How was I cozen'd in the calculation
Of this man's fortune! my master cozen'd too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;
For that is our profession. Well, well, Mr. Well-
born,

You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated:
Which, if the fates please, when you are possess'd
Of the land and lady, you, sans question, shall be.
I'll presently think of the means. [*Walks by, musing.*

Enter SIR GILES OVERREACH.

Sir G. Sirrah, take my horse;
I'll walk to get me an appetite. 'Tis but a mile;
And exercise will keep me from being pursy.

Ha! Marall! is he conjuring? Perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels
Compunction in his conscience for't: no matter,
So it be done. Marall!

Mar. Sir!

Sir G. How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn?

Mar. Never better, sir,

Sir G. Has he hang'd, or drown'd himself?

Mar. No sir, he lives,
Lives once more to be made a prey to you:
And greater prey than ever.

Sir G. Art thou in thy wits?
If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.

Mar. A lady, sir, has fall'n in love with him.

Sir G. With him! What lady?

Mar. The rich Lady Allworth.

Sir G. Thou dolt! how darst thou speak this?

Mar. I speak true;
And I do so but once a year: unless
It be to you, sir. We din'd with her ladyship:
I thank his worship.

Sir G. His worship!

Mar. As I live, sir,
I din'd with him, at the great lady's table,
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kiss'd
him;

And, at his request, welcom'd me too.

Sir G. Why, thou rascal,
To tell me these impossibilities:
Dine at her table! and kiss him!
Impudent varlet! Have not I myself,
To whom great countesses' doors have oft flown open,
Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,
In vain to see her, tho' I came—a suitor?
And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Wellborn,
Were brought into her presence, feasted with her.

But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush;
This most incredible lie would call up one into
Thy cheeks:

Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir?
Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.

Sir G. You shall feel me, if you give not over, sir—
rah!

Recover your brains again, and be no more gull'd
With a beggar's plot; assisted by the aids
Of serving men, and chambermaids; for, beyond
these,

Thou never saw'st a woman; or, I'll quit you
From my employments.

Mar. Will you credit this, yet?
On my confidence of their marriage, I offered Well-
born

(I would give a crown now, I durst say his worship)
[*Aside.*

My nag, and twenty pounds.

Sir G. Did you so? [Strikes him down.
Was this the way to work him to despair,
Or rather to cross me?

Mar. Will your worship kill me?

Sir G. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of
you.

Mar. He's gone.

Sir G. I have done, then. Now, forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady,
Know, my Lord Lovell dines with me to-morrow:
Be careful, not be wanting to receive him;
And bid my daughter's women trim her up;
Tho' they paint her, so she catch the lord, I'll thank
'em.

There's a piece for my late blows.

Mar. I must yet suffer:
But there may be a time——

[*Aside.*

Sir G. Do you grumble?

Mar. O no, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

*The Country.**Enter LOVELL and ALLWORTH.*

Lov. Drive the carriage down the hill : something
in private

I must impart to Allworth.

Allw. O, my lord !

What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching ;

Although I could put off the use of sleep,

And ever wait on your commands to serve 'em.

What danger, tho' in ne'er so horrid shapes,

Nay death itself, tho' I should run to meet it,

Can I, and with a thankful willingness, suffer :

But still the retribution will fall short

Of your bounties shower'd upon me.

Lov. Loving youth,

Till what I purpose be put into act,

Do not o'erprize it : since you have trusted me

With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,

Rest confident, 'tis in a cabinet lock'd

Treachery shall never open. I have found you

More zealous in your love and service to me,

Than I have been in my rewards.

Allw. Still great ones,

Above my merit. You have been

More like a father to me than a master.

'Pray you pardon the comparison.

Lov. I allow it ;

And give you assurance I'm pleas'd in't.

My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,

Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me,
I can command my passion:

Allw. 'Tis a conquest

Few lords can boast of when they are tempted.—Oh!

Lov. So young, and jealous!

Allw. Were you to encounter with a single foe,
The victory were certain: but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,
And those two seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hercules,
Hippolitus himself would leave Diana,
To follow such a Venus,

Lov. Love hath made you
Poetical, Allworth;
How far is it
To Overreach's?

Allw. At the most, some half hour's riding;
You'll soon be there.

Lov. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.

Allw. Oh that I durst but hope it! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Hall in SIR GILES'S House.

*Enter SIR GILES OVERREACH, GREEDY, and
MARALL.*

Sir G. Spare for no cost, let my dressers crack with
the weight
Of curious viands.

Greedy. Store indeed's no sore, sir.

Sir G. That proverb fits your stomach, Mr. Greedy.

Greedy. It does indeed, Sir Giles ;
I do not like to see a table ill spread,
Poor, meagre, just sprinkled o'er with salads,
Slic'd beef, giblets, and pigs' pettitoes.
But the substantials—Oh ! Sir Giles, the substan-
tials !

The state of a fat turkey now,
The decorum, the grandeur he marches in with.
Then his sauce, with oranges and onions,
O, I declare, I do much honour a chine of beef !
O, lord ! I do reverence a loin of veal !

Sir G. You shall have your will, Mr. Greedy,
And let no plate be seen, but what's pure gold,
Or such, whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of ; let my choicest linen
Perfume the room ; and when we wash, the water
With precious powders mix, to please my lord,
That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.

Mar. 'Twill be very chargeable.

Sir G. Avaunt, you drudge !
Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake,
Is't time to think of thrift ? Call in my daughter.
[Exit MARALL.]

And, master of justice, since you love choice dishes,
And plenty of 'em——

Greedy. As I do indeed, sir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for 'em——

Sir G. I do confer that province, with my power
Of absolute command, to have abundance,
To your best care,

Greedy. I'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best direction. [SIR GILES retires.]—

Now am I,
In mine own conceit, a monarch, at the least,
Arch president of the boil'd, the roast, the baked ;

I would not change my empire for the great Mogul's.
 Mercy on me, how I lack food ! my belly
 Is grown together like an empty satchell.
 What an excellent thing did Heav'n bestow on man,
 When she did give him a good stomach !
 It is of all blessings much the greatest.
 I will eat often, and give thanks
 When my belly's brac'd up like a drum, and that's
 pure justice. [Exit.]

Sir G. It must be so. Should the foolish girl
 prove modest,
 She may spoil all ; she had it not from me,
 But from her mother ; I was ever forward,
 As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her. *Margaret !*

Enter MARGARET.

Marg. Your pleasure, sir ?

Sir G. Ha ! this is a neat dressing !
 These orient pearls, and diamonds well plac'd too !
 The gown affects me not ; it should have been
 Embroider'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold ;
 But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help it.
 How like you your new woman, the Lady Down-
 fall'n ?

Marg. Well for a companion :
 Not as a servant.

Sir G. Is she humble, Meg ?
 And careful too, her ladyship forgotten ?

Marg. I pity her fortune.

Sir G. Pity her ! trample on her.
 I took her up in an old tatter'd gown
 (E'en starv'd for want of food), to serve thee ;
 And if I understand she but repines
 To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
 I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodg'd him,
 Into the counter ; and there let them howl together.

Marg. You know your own ways ; but for me, I
blush
When I command her, that was once attended
With persons not inferior to myself
In birth.

Sir G. In birth ! Why, art thou not my daughter,
The blest child of my industry and wealth ?
Why, foolish girl, was't not to make thee great,
That I have run, and still pursue those ways
That hale down curses on me, which I mind not ?
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself
To the noble state I labour to advance thee ;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
I will adopt a stranger to my heir,
And throw thee from my care ; do not provoke me.

Marg. I will not, sir ; mould me which way you
please.

Enter GREEDY.

Sir G. How ! interrupted ?

Greedy. 'Tis matter of importance.
The cook, sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn
From my experience. There's a fawn brought in, sir,
And for my life, I cannot make him roast it
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it :
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling
'Tis not worth three pence.

Sir G. 'Would it were whole in thy belly,
To stuff it out ; cook it any way—pr'ythee, leave me.

Greedy. Without order for the dumpling ?

Sir G. Let it be dumped
Which way thou wilt : or, tell him, I will scald him
In his own cauldron.

Greedy. I had lost my stomach,
Had I lost my mistress's dumpling ; I'll give ye
thanks for't. [Exit.

Sir G. But to our business, Meg ; you have heard
who dines here ?

Marg. I have, sir.

Sir G. 'Tis an honourable man.

A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers; and what's rare, is one himself;
A bold and understanding one; and to be
A lord, and a good leader in one volume,
Is granted unto few, but such as rise up,
The kingdom's glory.

Enter GREEDY.

Greedy. I'll resign my office,
If I be not better obey'd.

Sir G. 'Slight, art thou frantic?

Greedy. Frantic! 'twould make me frantic, and
stark mad,
Were I not a justice of peace, and quorum too,
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks,
For which he has found out
A new device for sauce, and will not dish 'em
With toast and butter.

Sir G. Cook, rogue, obey him.
I have given the word, pray you, now, remove your-
self
To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no farther.

Greedy. I will; and meditate what to eat at din-
ner,
For my guts have been in the kitchen this half hour.
[Exit.]

Sir G. And, as I said, Meg, when this gull disturb'd
us,
This honourable lord, this colonel,
I would have thy husband.

Marg. There's too much disparity
Between his quality and mine, to hope it.

Sir G. I more than hope it, and doubt not to ef-
fect it.
Be thou no enemy to thyself; my wealth

Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.
Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me;
Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with; and therefore, when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it.
This mincing modesty hath spoil'd many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hop'd for.

Marg. You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance
that

Confines a virgin?

Sir G. Virgin me no virgins.

I will have you lose that name, or you lose me;
I will have you private; start not, I say, private;

Marg. Though you can dispense
With your honour, I must guard my own.
This is not the way to make me his wife.

My modest breeding yielded up so soon,
Cannot but assure him,
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight
When tempted by others: so in judgment,
When to his will I have given up my honour,
He must, and will, forsake me.

Sir G. How! forsake thee?

Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm
Shrunk up, or wither'd? Does there live a man
Of that large list I have encounter'd with,
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground,
Not purchas'd with his blood that did oppose me?
Forsake thee when the thing is done! he dares not.
Though all his captains, echoes to his will,
Stood arm'd by his side, to justify the wrong,
Spite of his lordship, I will make him render
A bloody and a strict account; and force him,
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour:
I have said it.

Enter MARALL.

Mar. Sir, the man of honour's come,
Newly alighted.

Sir G. In, without reply,
And do as I command, or thou art lost.

[Exit MARGARET.]

Is the loud music, I gave order for,
Ready to receive him?

Mar. 'Tis, sir.

Sir G. Let 'em sound
A princely welcome. *[Exit MARALL.]* Roughness
awhile leave me;

For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,
Must make way for me,

*Enter LOVELL, ALLWORTH, MARALL, and
GREEDY.*

Lov. Sir, you meet your trouble.

Sir G. What you are pleas'd to style so, is an ho-
nour

Above my worth and fortunes.

Allw. Strange! so humble.

Sir G. A justice of peace, my lord.

[Presents GREEDY to him.]

Lov. Your hand, good sir.

Greedy. This is a lord; and some think this is a
favour;

But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling.

[Aside.]

Sir G. Room for my lord.

Lov. I miss, sir, your fair daughter,
To crown my welcome.

Sir G. May it please my lord
To taste a glass of Greek wine first; and suddenly
She shall attend my lord.

Lov. You'll be obey'd, sir.

[Exeunt all but SIR GILES.]

Sir G. 'Tis to my wish; as soon as come, ask for her!

Why, Meg! Meg Overreach!

Enter MARGARET.

How! tears in your eyes?

Hah! dry 'em quickly, or I'll dig 'em out.

Is this a time to whimper? Meet that greatness

That flies into thy bosom; think what 'tis

For me to say, my honourable daughter:

No more, but be instructed, or expect——

He comes.

Enter LOVELL and GREEDY.

A black-brow'd girl, my lord.

Lov. As I live, a rare one!

Sir G. That kiss

Came twanging off, I like it: quit the room.

[*Exit GREEDY.*]

A little bashful, my good lord; but you,

I hope, will teach her boldness.

Lov. I am happy

In such a scholar; but——

Sir G. I am past learning,

And therefore leave you to yourselves: remember——

[*Exit SIR GILES.*]

Lov. You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous

To have you change the barren name of virgin

Into a hopeful wife.

Marg. His haste, my lord,

Holds no power o'er my will.

Lov. But o'er your duty——

Marg. Which, forc'd too much, may break.

Lov. Bend rather, sweetest:

Think of your years.

Marg. Too few to match with yours:

Lov. Do you think I am old?

Marg. I am sure, I am too young.

Lov. I can advance you.

Marg. To a hill of sorrow;
Where every hour I may expect to fall,
But never hope firm footing. You are noble;
I of low descent, however rich.

O my good lord, I could say more, but that
I dare not trust these walls.

Lov. 'Pray you, trust my ear, then.

Enter SIR GILES OVERREACH, listening.

Sir G. Close at it! whispering! this is excellent!
And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Enter GREEDY.

Greedy. Sir Giles! Sir Giles!

Sir G. The great fiend stop that clapper!

Greedy. It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings
noon.

The bak'd meats are ran out, the roast turn'd powder.

Sir G. Stop your insatiate jaws, or
I shall powder you.

Greedy. Beat me to dust, I care not;
In such a cause as this, I'll die a martyr.

Sir G. Disturb my lord, when he is in discourse?

Greedy. Is't a time to talk
When we should have been munching?

Sir G. Peace, villain! peace! shall we break a
bargain

Almost made up? Vanish I say.

[*Thrusts GREEDY off.*

Lov. Lady, I understand you: Overreach,
Rest most happy in your choice. Believe it,
I'll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

Marg. So shall your honour save two lives, and
bind us

Your slaves for ever.

Lov. I am in the act rewarded,

Since it is good ; howe'er you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me, to delude
Your subtle father.

Marg. I am bound to that.

Lov. Now break off our conference.--Sir Giles,
Where is Sir Giles?

*Enter SIR GILES OVERREACH, GREEDY, ALL-
WORTH, and MARALL.*

Sir G. My noble lord ; and how
Does your lordship find her ?

Lov. Apt, Sir Giles, and coming,
And I like her the better.

Sir G. So do I too.

Lov. Yet, should we take forts at the first assault,
'Twere poor in the defendant. I must confirm her
With a love-letter or two, which I must have
Deliver'd by my page, and you give way to't.

Sir G. With all my soul.—A towardly gentleman !
Your hand, good Mr. Allworth ; know, my house
Is ever open to you.

Allw. 'Twas still shut till now. [Aside.

Sir G. Well done, well done, my honourable
daughter,
Thou'rt so already : know this gentle youth,
And cherish him, my honourable daughter.

Sir G. What noise ?

Greedy. More stops
Before we go to dinner ! O my guts !

Enter LADY ALLWORTH and WELLBORN.

Lady A. If I find welcome,
You share in it ; if not, I'll back again,
Now I know your ends ! for I come arm'd for all
Can be objected.

Lov. How ! the Lady Allworth ?

Sir G. And thus attended !

Mar. No, I am a dolt;
The spirit of lies had enter'd me!

[*LOVELL salutes LADY ALLWORTH, who salutes MARGARET.*

Sir G. Peace, patch,
'Tis more than wonder, an astonishment
That does possess me wholly.

Lov. Noble lady,
This is a favour to prevent my visit,
The service of my life can never equal.

Lady A. My lord, I laid wait for you, and much
hop'd
You would have made my poor house your first inn:
And therefore, doubting that you might forget me,
Or too long dwell here, having such ample cause,
In this unequall'd beauty, for your stay;
And fearing to trust any but myself
With the relation of my service to you,
I borrow'd so much from my long restraint,
And took the air in person to invite you.

Lov. Your bounties are so great, they rob me, ma-
dam,
Of words to give you thanks.

Lady A. Good Sir Giles Overreach! [*Salutes him.*
How dost thou, Marall? Lik'd you my meat so ill,
You'll dine no more with me?

Greedy. I will when you please,
And it like your ladyship.

Lady A. When you please, Mr. Greedy;
If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied;
And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge
This gentleman; howe'er his outside's coarse,

[*Presents WELLBORN.*

His inward linings are as fine and fair
As any man's. Wonder not I speak at large:
And howsoe'er his humour carries him
To be thus accouter'd; or what taint soe'er,

For his wild life has stuck upon his fame ;
He may, ere long, with boldness rank himself
With some that have condemn'd him. Sir Giles
Overreach,

If I am welcome, bid him so.

Sir G. My nephew !
He hath been too long a stranger : 'faith you have.
Pray let it be mended.

[*LOVELL conferring with WELLBORN.*

Mar. Why, sir, what do you mean ?
This is rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,
That should hang or drown himself, no man of wor-
ship,
Much less your nephew.

Sir G. Well, sirrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter.

Mar. I'll not lose my jeer,
Though I be beaten dead for it.

Wellb. Let my silence plead
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
Offer itself, to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes.

Lov. I would hear and help them. [*Bell rings.*

Sir G. Your dinner waits you.

Lov. 'Pray you, lead, we follow.

Lady A. Nay, you are my guest ? Come, dear Mr.
Wellborn. [*Exeunt all but GREEDY.*

Greedy. Dear Mr. Wellborn ! so she said ; Heav'n !
heav'n !

If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate
All day on this : I have granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all prisons in the shire,
To Nottingham jail ! and now, dear Mr. Wellborn !
And my good nephew !—But I play the fool
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

Enter MARALL.

Are they set, Marall ?

Mar. Long since; pray you a word, sir.

Greedy. No wording now.

Mar. In troth, I must: my master,
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with
you,

And does entreat you, more guests being come in
Than he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being too full, you would excuse him,
And sup with him on the cold meat.

Greedy. How! no dinner
After all my care?

Mar. 'Tis but a penance for
A meal; besides, you have broke your fast.

Greedy. That was
But a bit to stay my stomach. A man in commis-
sion

Give place to a tatterdemallion!

Mar. No big words, sir;
Should his worship hear you——

Greedy. Lose my dumpling too;
And butter'd toasts and woodcocks?

Mar. Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your justiceship,
And sit with the waiting woman, you'll have dump-
ling,
Woodcock, and butter'd toasts too.

Greedy. This revives me:
I will gorge there sufficiently.

Enter SIR GILES OVERREACH, as from Dinner.

Sir G. She's caught! O woman! she neglect my
lord,
And all her compliments apply to Wellborn!
The garment of her widowhood laid by,
She now appears as glorious as the spring.
Her eyes fix'd on him; in the wine she drinks,
He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,
She leaves my meat, to feed upon his looks;

And, if in our discourse he be but nain'd,
From her a deep sigh follows. But why grieve I
At this? It makes for me; if she prove his,
All that is hers, is mine, as I will work him.

Enter MARALL.

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.

Sir G. No matter, I'll excuse it; pr'ythee, Marall,
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
To speak with me in private.

Mar. Who? the rogue,
The lady scorn'd to look on?

Sir G. Hold your peace!
My good lord,
Excuse my manners.

Enter LOVELL, MARGARET, and ALLWORTH.

Lov. There needs none, Sir Giles;
I may ere long say father, when it please
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

Sir G. She shall seal to it my lord, and make me
happy.

Marg. My lady——

Enter WELLBORN and LADY ALLWORTH.

Lady A. My thanks, Sir Giles,
For my entertainment.

Sir G. 'Tis your nobleness
To think it such.

Lady A. I must do you a farther wrong,
In taking away your honourable guest.

Lov. I wait on you, madam: farewell, good Sir
Giles.

Lady A. Nay, come, Mr. Wellborn,
I must not leave you behind, in sooth, I must not.

Sir G. Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once.

Let my nephew stay behind : he shall have my coach,
And, after some small conference between us,
Soon overtake your ladyship.

Lady A. Stay not long, sir.

Lov. You shall every day hear from me,
By my faithful page. [To MARGARET.

Allw. 'Tis a service I am proud of.

[*Exeunt* LOVELL, LADY ALLWORTH, ALLWORTH,
and MARALL.

Sir G. Daughter, to your chamber.

[*Exit* MARGARET.

You may wonder, nephew,
After so long an enmity between us,
I shall desire your friendship.

Wellb. So I do, sir :

'Tis strange to me.

Sir G. But I'll make it no wonder ;
And, what is more, unfold my nature to you.
We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen
Past hope, sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift 'em up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press 'em to the bottom ;
As I must yield, with you I practis'd it :
But now I see you in a way to rise,
I can and will, assist you. This rich lady
(And I am glad of't) is enamour'd of you.

Wellb. No such thing :
Compassion, rather, sir.

Sir G. Well, in a word,
Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen
No more in this base shape ; nor shall she say,
She married you like a beggar, or in debt.

Wellb. He'll run into the noose, and save my labour ! [Aside.

Sir G. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far
hence,
In pawn ; I will redeem 'em : and, that no clamour

May taint your credit for your debts,
You shall have a thousand pounds to cut 'em off,
And go a freeman to the wealthy lady.

Wellb. This done, sir, out of love, and no ends
else—

Sir G. As it is, nephew.

Wellb. Binds me still your servant.

Sir G. No compliments; you are staid for: ere
you've supp'd,
You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves! for my
nephew:

To-morrow I will visit you.

Wellb. Here's an uncle
In a man's extremes? how much they do belie you,
That say you are hard hearted!

Sir G. My deeds, nephew,
Shall speak my love; what men report, I weigh not.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Chamber in LADY ALLWORTH'S House.

LOVELL and ALLWORTH discovered.

Lov. 'Tis well. I now discharge you
From farther service. Mind your own affairs;
I hope they will prove successful.

Allw. What is blest
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.
Let after-times report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engag'd; for I want language
To speak my debt: yet if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could——

Lov. Nay, do not melt:
This ceremonial of thanks to me's superfluous.

Sir G. [*Within.*] Is my lord stirring?

Lov. 'Tis he! Oh, here's your letter; let him in.

Enter SIR GILES, GREEDY, and MARALL.

Sir G. A good day to my lord.

Lov. You are an early riser,

Sir Giles.

Sir G. And reason, to attend your lordship.

Lov. And you too, Mr. Greedy, up so soon?

Greedy. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up
I cannot sleep; for I have a foolish stomach,
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's fa-
vour,

I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend, Sir Giles.

Lov. 'Pray you, use your pleasure.

Greedy. How far, Sir Giles, and 'pray you, answer
me

Upon your credit, hold you it to be,
From your manor-house, to this of my Lady All-
worth's?

Sir G. Why, some four miles.

Greedy. How! four miles, good Sir Giles?
Upon your reputation think better;
For four miles riding
Could not have rais'd so huge an appetite
As I feel gnawing on me.

Mar. Whether you ride

Or go a-foot, you are that way still provided,
And it please your worship.

Sir G. How now, sirrah ! prating
Before my lord ? no difference ? go to my nephew,
See all his debts discharg'd, and help his worship
To fit on his rich suit.

Mar. I may fit you too. [Exit MARALL.

Lov. I have writ this morning
A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.

Sir G. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly yours already.

Sweet Mr. Allworth, take my ring ; 'twill carry
To her presence, I warrant you ; and there plead
For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.
That done, pray ride to Nottingham ; get a licence,
Still, by this token. I'll have it despatch'd,
And suddenly, my lord : that I may say,
My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Take my advice, young gentleman ; get
your breakfast.

'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting. I'll eat with you ;
And that abundantly.

Sir G. Some fury's in that gut :
Hungry again ? Did you not devour this morning
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters ?

Greedy. Why, that was, sir, only to scour my stomach,

A kind of preparative.

I am no camelion, to feed on air ; but love
To see the board well spread,
Groaning under the heavy burden of the beast
That cheweth the cud, and the fowl
That cleaveth air. Come, young gentleman,
I will not have you feed alone, while I am here.

Lov. Haste your return.

Allw. I will not fail, my lord.

Greedy. Nor I, to line
My Christmas coffer.

[*Exeunt GREEDY and ALLWORTH.*]

Sir G. To my wish, we're private,
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion; that were poor and trivial;
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands, or leases, ready coin, or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you
have

One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

Lov. You are a right kind father.

Sir G. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well wooded, and well water'd, the acres
Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer's progress?
What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well built; and she, that's mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.

Sir G. She the mistress?
It may be so for a time; but let my lord
Say only, that he but like it, and would have it,
I say, ere long 'tis his.

Lov. Impossible!

Sir G. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands; for those, once Well-
born's

(As by her dotage on him I know they will be),
Shall soon be mine. But point out any man's,
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient,
And useful for your lordship, and once more

I say aloud, they are yours.

Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted:
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than to expose 'em to be censur'd by
The public voice.

Sir G. You run, my lord, no hazard;
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good men's opinions, as now:
Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For though I do condemn report myself,
As a mere sound; I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot;
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable, which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.

Lov. Are you not frightened with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By such practices?

Sir G. Yes, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is mov'd,
When wolves, with hunger pin'd, howl at her bright-
ness.

I am of a solid temper, and like these
Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,
If call'd into the field, I can make that right,
Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.
Nay, when my ears are pierc'd with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis, to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm,

Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

In one word, therefore,
Is it a match, my lord?

Lov. I hope that is past doubt now.

Sir G. Then rest secure; not the hate of all man-
kind here,

Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One story higher. An earl! if gold can do it:
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith,
Though I am borne thus headlong to my will;
You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me they are equal; so, my lord, good morrow.

[*Exit.*

Lov. He's gone; I wonder how the earth can bear
Such a monster! I, that have liv'd a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this horrid beast, I'm bath'd all over
In a cold sweat; yet, like a mountain, he
Is no more shaken than Olympus is,
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH.

Lady A. 'Save you, my lord.
Disturb I not your privacy?

Lov. No, good madam;
For your own sake, I am glad you came no sooner,
Since this bold, bad man, Sir Giles Overreach,
Made such a plain discovery of himself,
And read this morning such a devilish mattins,
That I should think it a sin, next to his,
But to repeat it.

Lady A. I ne'er press'd, my lord,
On other's privacies; yet, against my will,
Walking, for health's sake, in the gallery
Adjoining to our lodgings, I was made

(So loud and vehement he was) partaker
Of his tempting offers. But,
My good lord, if I may use my freedom,
As to an honour'd friend——

Lov. You lessen else
Your favour to me.

Lady A. I dare then say thus:
(However common men
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims), 'twill not agree
With those of noble blood, of fame and honour.

Lov. Madam, 'tis confess'd;
But what infer you from it?

Lady A. This, my lord: I allow
The heir of Sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified, and the richest match
Our north part can boast of; yet she cannot,
With all she brings with her, fill their mouths,
That never will forget who was her father;
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Well-
born's,

(How wrung from both needs no repetition,)
Were real motives, that more work'd your lordship
To join your families, than her form and virtues.
You may conceive the rest.

Lov. I do, sweet madam;
And long since have consider'd it.
And this my resolution, mark me, madam;
Were Overreach's 'states thrice centupled; his daugh-
ter

Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,
I would not so adulterate my blood
By marrying Margaret. In my own tomb
I will inter my name first.

Lady A. Why then, my lord, pretend you marriage
to her?
Dissimulation but ties false knots

On that straight line, by which you hitherto
Have measur'd all your actions.

Lov. I make answer,
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,
That since your husband's death have liv'd a strict
And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself
To visits and entertainments? Think you, madam,
'Tis not grown public conference? or the favours
Which you too prodigally have thrown on Wellborn,
Incur not censure?

Lady A. I am innocent here; and, on my life, I
swear
My ends are good.

Lov. On my soul, so are mine
To Margaret; but leave both to the event:
And now this friendly privacy does serve
But as an offer'd means unto ourselves
To search each other farther; you have shown
Your care of me, I my respect to you.
Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam,
An afternoon's discourse.

Lady A. Affected modesty might deny your suit,
But such your honour; I accept it, lord.
My tongue unworthy can't belie my heart.
I shall attend your lordship. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Landscape before TAPWELL'S House.

Enter TAPWELL and FROTH.

Tap. Undone, undone! this was your counsel,
Froth.

Froth. Mine! I defy thee: did not Master Marall
(He has marr'd all, I am sure) strictly command us
(On pain of Sir Giles Overreach's displeasure)
To turn the gentleman out of doors?

Tap. 'Tis true;
But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got
Master Justice Greedy (since he fill'd his belly)
At his commandment to do any thing;
Woe, woe to us!

Froth. He may prove merciful.

Tap. Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands:
Though he knew all the passages of our house,
As the receiving of stolen goods;
When he was rogue Wellborn, no man would believe

him,
And then his information could not hurt us:
But now he is right worshipful again,
Who dares but doubt his testimony? Methinks
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart,
And my hand hissing (if I 'scape the halter)
With the letter R printed upon it.

Froth. 'Would that were the worst!
'That were but nine days wonder: as for credit,
We have none to lose; but we shall lose the money
He owes us, and his custom; there's the worst on't.

Tap. He has summon'd all his creditors by the
drum,
And they swarm about him like so many soldiers
On the pay day; and has found such a new way
To pay his old debts, as, 'tis very likely,
He shall be chronicled for it.

Froth. He deserves it
More than ten pageants. But are you sure his wor-
ship
Comes this way to my lady's?

[*A Cry Within, Brave Mr. Wellborn!*]

Tap. Yes, I hear him.

Froth. Be ready with your petition, and present it
To his good grace.

*Enter WELLBORN, in a rich Habit; GREEDY, MAR-
ALL, AMBLE, ORDER, FURNACE, and Three
CREDITORS; TAPWELL, kneeling, delivers his Bill
of Debt.*

Wellb. How's this! petitioned too?
But note what miracles the payment of
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes,
Can work upon these rascals. I shall be,
I think, Prince Wellborn.

Mar. When your worship's married,
You may be—I know what I hope to see you.

Wellb. Then look thou for advancement.

Mar. To be known
Your worship's bailiff, is the mark I shoot at.

Wellb. And thou shalt hit it.

Mar. Pray you, sir, despatch,
And for my admittance,

*[In this Interim, TAPWELL and FROTH flat-
tering and bribing JUSTICE GREEDY.*

(Provided you'll defend me from Sir Giles,
Whose service I am weary of) I'll say something
You shall give thanks for.

Wellb. Fear him not.

Greedy. Who, Tapwell? I remember thy wife
brought me,
Last new year's tide, a couple of fat turkeys.

Tap. And shall do every Christmas, let your wor-
ship

But stand my friend now.

Greedy. How! with Mr. Wellborn?
I can do any thing with him, on such terms—
See you this honest couple? they are good souls
As ever drew out spigot; have they not
A pair of honest faces?

Wellb. I o'erheard you,

And the bribe he promis'd; you are cozen'd in them;
For of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,
This for a most unthankful knave, and this
For a base quean, have worse deserv'd;
And therefore speak not for them. By your place,
You are rather to do me justice; lend me your ear,
Forget his turkeys, and call in his license,
And every season I will send you venison,
Shall feast a mayor and the corporation.

Greedy. I am changed on the sudden
In my opinion——Mum! my passion is great!
I fry like a burnt marrowbone—Come nearer, rascal!
And now I view him better, did you e'er see
One look so like an arch knave? his very counte-
nance,
Should an understanding judge but look upon him,
Would hang him, though he were innocent.

Tap and Froth. Worshipful sir!

Greedy. No; though the great Turk came instead
of turkeys,
To beg my favour, I am inexorable.
Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay men's sto-
machs,
A piece of Suffolk cheese, or gammon of bacon,
Or any esculent, as the learned call it,
For their emolument, but sheer drink only.
For which gross fault, I here do damn thy license,
Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;
For instantly, I will, in mine own person,
Command the constable to pull down thy sign;
And do it before I eat.

Froth. No mercy?

Greedy. Vanish.

If I show any, may my promis'd venison choke me.

Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.

[*Exeunt TAPWELL and FROTH.*

Wellb. Speak; what are you?

1 Cred. A decayed vintner, sir,

That might have thriv'd, but that your worship broke
me,

With trusting you with muscadine and eggs,
And five pound suppers, with your after-drinkings,
When you lodged upon the bankside.

Wellb. I remember.

1 *Cred.* I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid to ar-
rest you ;

And therefore, sir——

Wellb. Thou art an honest fellow :
I'll set thee up again ; see this bill paid.
What are you ?

2 *Cred.* A tailor once, but now mere botcher.
I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,
Which was all my stock ; but you failing in payment,
I was remov'd from the shop-board, and confin'd
Under a stall.

Wellb. See him paid ; and botch no more.

2 *Cred.* I ask no interest, sir.

Wellb. Such tailors need not ;
If their bills are paid in one and twenty years,
They are seldom losers.
See all men else discharg'd ;
And since old debts are clear'd by a new way,
A little bounty will not misbecome me.
Pray you, on before.
I'll attend you at dinner.

Greedy. For Heaven's sake, don't stay long ;
It is almost ready.

[*Exeunt* GREEDY, ORDER, FURNACE, AM-
BLE, and CREDITORS.]

Wellb. Now, Mr. Marall, what's the weighty se-
cret,

You promis'd to impart ?

Mar. Sir, time nor place
Allow me to relate each circumstance ;
This only in a word : I know Sir Giles
Will come upon you for security

For his thousand pounds; which you must not consent to.

As he grows in heat (as I am sure he will),
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land:
I had a hand in't (I speak it to my shame)
When you were defeated of it.

Wellb. That's forgiven.

Mar. I shall deserve then——urge him to produce
The deed in which you pass'd it over to him,
Which I know he'll have about him to deliver
To the Lord Lovell.

I'll instruct you farther,
As I wait on your worship; if I play not my part
To your full content, and your uncle's much vexa-
tion,

Hang up Jack Marall.

Wellb. I rely upon thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Chamber in SIR GILES'S House.

Enter ALLWORTH and MARGARET.

Allw. Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's
Unequal'd temperance, or your constant sweetness,
I yet rest doubtful.

Marg. Give it to Lord Lovell;
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.
I make but payment of a debt, to which
My vows, in that high office register'd,
Are faithful witnesses.

Allw. 'Tis true, my dearest ;
Yet, when I call to mind, how many fair ones
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths and oaths,
To fill the arms of greatness ;
And you, with matchless virtue, thus to hold out,
Against the stern authority of a father,
And spurn at honour, when it comes to court you ;
I am so tender of your good, that I can hardly
Wish myself that right you are pleas'd to do me.

Marg. To me what's title, when content is wanting ?
Or wealth, when the heart pines
In being dispossess'd of what it longs for ?
Or the smooth brow
Of a pleas'd sire, that slaves me to his will ?
And, so his ravenous humour may be feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
To make her own election.

Allw. But the dangers
That follow the repulse.

Marg. To me they are nothing :
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst, that in his rage he kill me ;
A tear or two by you dropp'd on my hearse,
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life,
So far as but to say, that I die yours,
I then shall rest in peace.

Allw. Heaven avert
Such trials of your true affection to me !
Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,
Show so much rigour. But since we must run
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
To steer between them.

Marg. Lord Lovell is your friend ;
And, though but a young actor, second me,
In doing to the life what he has plotted.

Enter SIR GILES OVERREACH.

The end may yet prove happy: now, my Allworth.

Allw. To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.

Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title.
And, when, with terms not taking from his honour,
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him:
But in this peremptory, nay, commanding, way,
T' appoint a meeting, and without my knowledge;
A priest to tie the knot, can ne'er be undone
Till death unloose it, is a confidence
In his lordship that will deceive him.

Allw. I hope better, good lady.

Marg. Hope, sir, what you please: for me,
I must take a safe and secure course; I have
A father, and without his full consent,
Though all lords of the land kneel'd for my favour,
I can grant nothing.

Sir G. I like this obedience.
But whatsoever my lord writes, must and shall be
Accepted and embrac'd. [*Aside.*—Sweet Mr. All-

worth,
You show yourself a true and faithful servant
To your good lord; he has a jewel of you.
How! frowning, Meg! are these looks to receive
A messenger from my lord? What's this? give me it.

Marg. A piece of arrogant paper, like th' inscriptions.

[*SIR GILES reads the Letter.*

*Fair mistress, from your servant learn, all joys
That we can hope for, if deferr'd, prove toys;
Therefore this instant, and in private, meet
A husband, that will gladly at your feet
Lay down his honours, tend'ring them to you
With all content, the church being paid her due.*

Sir G. Is this the arrogant piece of paper? fool!

Will you still be one? In the name of madness, what
 Could his good honour write more to content you?
 Is there aught else to be wish'd after these two
 That are already offer'd?
 What would you more?

Marg. Why, sir, I would be married like your
 daughter,
 Not hurried away i'th' night, I know not whither,
 Without all ceremony; no friends invited,
 To honour the solemnity.

Allw. An't please your honour,
 (For so before to-morrow I must style you,)
 My lord desires this privacy, in respect
 His honourable kinsmen are far off,
 And his desires to have it done brook not
 So long delay as to expect their coming;
 And yet he stands resolv'd, with all due pomp,
 To have his marriage at court celebrated,
 When he has brought your honour up to London.

Sir G. He tells you true; 'tis the fashion, on my
 knowledge:
 Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,
 Must put it off, forsooth.

Marg. I could be contented,
 Were you but by, to do a father's part,
 And give me in the church.

Sir G. So my lord have you,
 What do I care who gives you? since my lord
 Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.
 I know not, Mr. Allworth, how my lord
 May be provided, and therefore there's a purse
 Of gold: 'twill serve this night's expense; to-morrow
 I'll furnish him with any sums. In the meantime,
 Use my ring to my chaplain; he is benefic'd
 At my manor of Gotham, and call'd Parson Welldo:
 'Tis no matter for a license, I'll bear him out in't.

Marg. With your favour, sir, what warrant is your
 ring?

He may suppose I got that twenty ways,
Without your knowledge; and then to be refus'd,
Were such a stain upon me—If you please, sir,
Your presence would be better.

Sir G. Still perverse?

I say again, I will not cross my lord,
Yet I'll prevent you too—Paper and ink there.

Allw. I can furnish you.

Sir G. I thank you, I can write then.

[*Writes on his Book.*

Allw. You may, if you please, leave out the name
of my lord,

In respect he comes disguis'd, and only write,
Marry her to this gentleman.

Sir G. Well advis'd.

[*MARGARET kneels.*

'Tis done: away—my blessing, girl? thou hast it.

Nay, no reply—begone, good Mr. Allworth;

This shall be the best night's work you ever made.

Allw. I hope so, sir.

[*Exeunt ALLWORTH and MARGARET.*

Sir G. Farewell. Now all's cock-sure.

Methinks I hear already knights and ladies

Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with

Your honourable daughter? has her honour

Slept well to-night? or, will her honour please

To accept this monkey, dog, or paroquet?

(This is state in ladies) or my eldest son

To be her page, to wait upon her?—

My ends, my ends are compass'd!—then for Well-
born

And the lands; were he once married to the widow—

I have him here—I can scarce contain myself,

I am so full of joy; nay, joy all over!

[*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Chamber in LADY ALLWORTH'S House.

Enter LOVELL and LADY ALLWORTH.

Lady A. By this you know how strong the motives
were

That did, my lord, induce me to dispense
A little with my gravity, to advance
The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.
Nor shall I e'er repent the action,
For he, that ventur'd all for my dear husband,
Might justly claim an obligation from me,
To pay him such a courtesy: which had I
Coyly, or over curiously deny'd,
It might have argued me of little love
To the deceas'd.

Lov. What you intended, madam,
For the poor gentleman, hath found good success;
For, as I understand, his debts are paid,
And he once more furnish'd for fair employment:
But all the arts that I have us'd to raise
The fortunes of your joy and mine, young Allworth,
Stand yet in supposition, though I hope well.
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant
Than their years can promise; and for their desires,
On my knowledge they equal.

Lady A. Though my wishes
Are with yours, my lord; yet give me leave to fear

The building, though well grounded. To deceive Sir Giles (that's both a lion and a fox in his proceedings), were a work beyond The strongest undertakers ; not the trial Of two weak innocents.

Lov. Despair not, madam :
Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means.
The cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft overreach'd.

Lady A. May be so.
The young ones have my warmest wishes.

Lov. O, gentle lady, let them prove kind to me
You've kindly heard—now grant my suit.
What say you, lady?

Lady A. Troth, my lord,
My own unworthiness may answer for me ;
For had you, when I was in my prime,
Presented me with this great favour,
I could not but have thought it as a blessing,
Far, far beyond my merit.

Lov. You are too modest.
In a word,
Our years, our states, our births, are not unequal.
If then you may be won to make me happy,
But join your hand to mine, and that shall be
A solemn contract.

Lady A. I were blind to my own good,
Should I refuse it ; yet, my lord, receive me
As such a one, the study of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.

Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness,
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched !

Lady A. There needs no protestation, my lord,
To her, that cannot doubt——You are welcome, sir.

Enter WELLBORN.

Now you look like yourself.

Wellb. And will continue that I am,
Your creature, madam, and will never hold
My life mine own, when you please to demand it.

Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes you ;
You could not make choice of a better shape
To dress your mind in.

Lady A. For me, I am happy
That my endeavours prosper'd. Saw you of late
Sir Giles, your uncle?

Wellb. I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, Marall: he's grown into strange
passions

About his daughter. This last night he look'd for
Your lordship, at his house; but, missing you,
And she not yet appearing, his wise head
Is much perplex'd and troubled.

Lov. I hope my project took.

Lady A. I strongly hope.

Sir G. [*Without.*] Ha! find her, booby; thou huge
lump of nothing,
I'll bore thine eyes out else.

Wellb. May it please your lordship,
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not of hearing.—
You may, perhaps, have sport.

Lov. You shall direct me. [*Exit.*

Enter OVERREACH, drawing in MARALL.

Sir G. I shall sol fa you, rogue!

Mar. Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?

Sir G. Cause, slave! why, I am angry;
And thou a subject only fit for beating;
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;
Let but the seal be broke upon the box,
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.

Mar. I may yet cry 'quittance;
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. [*Aside.*

Sir G. Lady, by your leave, did you see my daughter, lady?

And the lord her husband? Are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy:
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See your ladyship on her left hand.

Lady A. When I know, Sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;
But, in the meantime,
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.

Sir G. When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better.—Nephew!

Wellb. Well.

Sir G. No more!

Wellb. 'Tis all I owe you.

Sir G. Have your redeem'd rags
Made you thus insolent?

Wellb. Insolent to you? [*In scorn.*
Why, what are you, sir, unless in years, more than
myself?

Sir G. His fortune swells him;
'Tis rank—he's married.

Lady A. This is excellent!

Sir G. Sir, in calm language (though I seldom use
it),
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buz
Of a stolen marriage; Do you hear? of a stolen
marriage;
In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been co-
zen'd,

I name no parties. [*LADY ALLWORTH turns away.*

Wellb. Well, sir; and what follows?

Sir G. Marry, this: since you are peremptory, remember,

Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds; put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragg'd in your lavender robe, to the jail; you know
me,

And therefore do not trifle.

Wellb. Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise? Was this the courtesy
You did me in pure love, and no ends else?

Sir G. End me no ends; engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it: you shall have
Three or four thousand more to roar and swagger,
And revel in bawdy taverns.

Wellb. And beg after:
Mean you not so?

Sir G. My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?

Wellb. No, indeed, you shall not:
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment.
Your great looks fright not me.

Sir G. But my deeds shall.—
Out-brav'd?

[*They both draw.*]

Enter TWO SERVANTS.

Lady A. Help! murder! murder!

Wellb. Let him come on;
With all his wrongs and injuries about him,
Arm'd with his cut-throat practices to guard him:
The right I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.

Sir G. That I had thee
But single in the field!

Lady A. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.

Sir G. Were't in a church,
By heaven and hell, I'll do't.

Mar. Now put him to
The showing of the deed.

Wellb. This rage is vain, sir;
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full,
Upon the least incitement: And whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds;
If there be law (howe'er you have no conscience),
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt, that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.

Sir G. I in thy debt! oh, impudence! Did I not
purchase
The land left by thy father? that rich land,
That had continued in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here
The deed that does confirm it mine?

Mar. Now, now!

Wellb. I do acknowledge none; I ne'er pass'd o'er
Such land: I grant, for a year or two,
You had it in trust; which, if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself, and me, of chargeable suits in law;
Which, if you prove not honest (as I doubt it),
Must, of necessity, follow.

Lady A. In my judgment,
He does advise you well.

Sir G. Good, good! conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices; but, when
'This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.

Wellb. Let despair first seize me.

Sir G. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee
give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie—I draw out

The precious evidence ; If thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of
Thy ears to the pillory—see, here's that will make
My interest clear. [*Shows the Deed out of his Pocket.*
Ha!—

Lady A. A fair skin of parchment!

Wellb. Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax, nor words. How? thunder-struck!
Is this your precious evidence? Is this that makes
Your interest clear?

Sir G. I am o'erwhelm'd with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil
Hath raz'd out the inscription? the wax
Turn'd into dust,
Made nothing! do you deal with witches, rascal?
There's a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in a hempen circle;

[*Throws away the Deed.*

Yes, there is,
And now, 'tis better thought; for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.

Wellb. To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy.

Sir G. Marall!

Mar. Sir!

Sir G. Though the witnesses are dead,
[*Flattering him.*

Your testimony,
Help with an oath or two; and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know you will swear any thing, to dash
This cunning slight: besides, I know thou art
A public notary, and such stands in law
For a dozen witnesses; the deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marall, and deliver'd
When thou wert present, will make good my title:
Wilt thou not swear this?

Mar. I! No, I assure you.

I have a conscience not sear'd up like yours;
I know no deeds.

Sir G. Wilt thou betray me?

Mar. Keep him

From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue
To his no little torment.

Sir G. Mine own varlet
Rebel against me?

Mar. Yes, and uncase you too.
The idiot! the patch! the slave! the booby!
The property fit only to be beaten
For your morning exercise? your football, or
Th' unprofitable lump of flesh, your drudge,
Can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your black plots; level with the earth
Your hill of pride, and shake,
Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you.

Lady A. How he foams at the mouth with rage!

Sir G. O, that I had thee in my gripe, I would
tear thee
Joint after joint!

Mar. I know you are a tearer.
But I'll have first your fangs pared off; and then
Come nearer to you; when I have discover'd,
And made it good before the judge, what ways
And devilish practices you us'd to cozen with.

Wellb. [*Keeps between them.*] All will come out.

Sir G. But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain to die;
I play the fool, and make my anger but ridiculous.
There will be a time, and place, there will be cow-
ards,

When you shall feel what I dare do.

Wellb. I think so:
You dare do any ill; yet want true valour
To be honest, and repent.

Sir G. They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

Shall find no harbour here.—After these storms,
At length a calm appears.

Enter GREEDY and PARSON WELLD.

Welcome, most welcome:
There's comfort in thy looks; is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.

Welld. Married? yes, I assure you!

Sir G. Then vanish all sad thoughts!
My doubts and fears are in the title drown'd
Of my right honourable, right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Here will be feasting, at least for a month!

Sir G. Instantly be here?

[*Whispering to WELLD.*

To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot against
me,

And hoped to trip my heels up; that contemn'd me;
Think on't, and tremble. [*Loud Music.*] They come,
I hear the music.

A lane there!

Make way there for my lord.

[*Music.*

Enter ALLWORTH and MARGARET.

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing,
with

Your full allowance of the choice I have made.

As ever you could make use of your reason,

[*Kneels.*

Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is so strongly fasten'd.

Not to dwell too long on words,

This is my husband.

Sir G. How!

Allw. So I assure you; all the rites of marriage,
With every circumstance are past.

And, for right honourable son-in-law, you may say
Your dutiful daughter.

Sir G. Devil! are they married?

Welldo. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give
them joy!

Sir G. Confusion and ruin! Speak, and speak
quickly.

Or thou art dead.

Welldo. They are married.

Sir G. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends
Than these.—My brain turns!

Welldo. Why this rage to me?
Is not this your letter, sir? and these the words?
Marry her to this gentleman.

Sir G. It cannot;
Nor will I ever believe it: 'sdeath! I will not.
That I, that in all passages I touch'd
At worldly profit, have not left a print
Where I have trod, for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps; should be gull'd by children!
Baffled and fool'd; and all my hopes and labours
Defeated, and made void.

Wellb. As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle.

Sir G. Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
A syllable, but thus I take the life
Which wretched I gave to thee.

[Offers to kill MARGARET.]

Lov. Hold, for your own sake!
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?

Sir G. Lord! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,
As thou art a soldier, if thy valour
Dares show itself where multitude and example

Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.

Lov. I am ready.

Wellb. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.

Sir G. Are you pale?
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both.

Say, they were a squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot; when I am
mounted

Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them?
No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,

[*Flourishing his Sword, sheathed.*

I'll fall to execution.—Ha! I am feeble:

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glew'd to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. [SERVANTS hold him.

Ha! what are these?—Sure, hangmen,
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment seat.—Now, they are new
shapes,

And do appear like furies, with steel whips,
To scourge my ulcerous soul: Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield? No: spite of fate
I will be forc'd to hell like to myself;
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.—

[*Dragged off by ORDER and AMBLE.*

Mar. It's brave sport!

Greedy. Brave sport? I'm sure it has ta'en away
my stomach.

I do not like the sauce!

Allw. Nay, weep not, my dearest,

[*To MARGARET.*

Though it express your pity! what's decreed
Above, we cannot alter.

Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
(An't please your worship) to make the deed nothing?

Wellb. I pray thee discover, what cunning
Means you us'd to raze out the conveyance.

Mar. Certain minerals I us'd,
Incorporated in the ink and wax.
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows: and that was the inducement
To this conundrum.

If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caus'd me
To urge you to drown or hang yourself;
I'll do the like to him if you command me.

Wellb. You are a rascal. He that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other. Look not for reward,
Or favour from me; I will shun thy sight,
As I would do a basilisk's.

Greedy. I'll commit him,
If you'll have me, sir.

Wellb. Not a word,

But instantly be gone.

[Exit MARALL.]

Lov. Here is a precedent to teach wicked men;
That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them. Pray you take com-
fort,

I will endeavour you shall be his guardians
In his distraction: and for your land, Mr. Wellborn,
Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire
Between you, and this the undoubted heir
Of Sir Giles Overreach: for me, here's the anchor
That I must fix on.

[Takes LADY ALLWORTH'S Hand.]

Allw. What you shall determine,
My lord, I will allow of.

Wellb. It is a time of action; if your lordship
Will please to confer a company upon me
In your command, I doubt not, in my service,

To my king and country, but I shall do something
That may make me right again.

Lov. Your suit is granted,
And you lov'd for the motion.

Wellb. Nothing wants then [To the Audience.
But your allowance—and, in that, our all
Is comprehended; it being known, nor we,
Nor even the comedy itself is free,
Without your manumission. That
Obtain'd,

Our utmost wish we hold, and from the store
Of ancient wit, produce one genius more;
While honest Massinger himself, to night
Shall teach our modern witlings how to write.

THE END.

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ALEXANDER THE GREAT



ROXANA — MY WRONGS CRY OUT, AND VENGEANCE WILL HAVE WAY.

ACT V.

SCENE 1.

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THE
RIVAL QUEENS;

OR, THE DEATH OF
ALEXANDER THE GREAT;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By NATHANIEL LEE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,
DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS
FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS
BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

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LONDON.

REMARKS.

Nathaniel Lee, the author of this tragedy, was the son of Dr. Lee, minister of Hatfield. He received his early education under Busby, at Wesminster School, and was afterwards a student at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Disappointed in some hopes which he had formed upon the munificence of King Charles the Second, he turned his thoughts towards the stage for his support, and ventured his abilities as a performer. Discouraged in this attempt, yet enthralled by the charms of a theatre, he encountered the perils of a dramatist, and was successful.

Cibber has mentioned, with wonder, the talents which Lee discovered in reading, as he was wholly destitute of eloquence in public speaking. He was so excellent a reader of his own plays at the rehearsals, Cibber says,—that the very first actors have thrown down their parts, in despair of giving equal force or pathos in performing them; yet, as an actor, he had neither the one requisite nor the other. To persons well acquainted with theatrical qualifications, there is nothing wonderful in this intelligence.

The relater of it himself must have known, from long experience, that many a fine reader cannot act; and that many a fine actor cannot read. This observation, of course, applies to a superlative degree of excellence in either art.

Amongst all the plays, which this author produced, "The Rival Queens, or Alexander the Great," has been, and still remains, the most popular: there is popularity even in its high sounding title; nor do these outside words give an unsuitable specimen of those which are contained within.

This tragedy is calculated for representation, rather than the amusement of the closet;—for, though it is graced with some beautiful poetry, it is likewise deformed by an extravagance, both in thought and in language, that at times verges upon the ludicrous. Actors, eminent in their art, know how to temper those failings in a tragic author: they give rapidity to their utterance in the mock sublime, and lengthen their cadence upon every poetic beauty.

Lee and Dryden sometimes united their labours in the production of a drama. This play, and "All for Love," were written by each separately, and yet there is a near resemblance of the one to the other.—The characters and events are historical in both; and Clytus in this, and Ventidius in that, play, form such an equal contrast to the tragic scenes, that it appears the two poets thought alike, though they wrote asunder.

Dryden's Octavia is, however, much less refined than Lee's Statira. The first pardons her husband's

love to Cleopatra, and is willing to accept his reluctant return, with an alienated heart;—whilst the last makes a solemn vow, never more to behold the man who loves her to distraction, because he has given her one proof of incontinence. There is deep knowledge of the female heart evinced in both these incidents. A woman is glad to be reconciled to the husband, who does not love her, upon any conditions—whilst the wife, who is beloved, is outrageous if she be not adored. Yet Lee should have considered, that such delicate expectations of perpetual constancy, as he has given to his pagan queen, Statira, were not, so late as his own time, prevalent, even among christian queens. The consorts of Charles the Second and Louis the Fourteenth, saw as many partakers of their royal spouses' love, as the Sultana of Constantinople,—and with equal patience.

Barry was the last actor who acquired fame in the part of Alexander—he had every qualification, both in person and voice, for a hero and a lover. The play never failed of attraction in his youthful days; and its importance on the stage would be renewed by any performer of his peculiar abilities.

Yet all Barry's endowments for this character appear to have fallen infinitely beneath those of Hart, the original hero.

This Hart, it is reported by his biographers, made love, in Alexander, “with such godlike ardour, that spectators could scarcely once doubt of his immediate descent from Jupiter.” Nor was this performer's warmth of passion confined to his fictitious charac-

ters; he possessed it as a quality of his own, and was the man who beguiled poor Nell Gwyn from selling oranges at the playhouse door, and instructed her to become an actress. But soon she forsook the counterfeit King of Macedon, for the real King of England,—and became mother of the Duke of St. Albans.

The dreadful calamity which befel Lee, soon after the writing of this tragedy, is well known; yet no particular cause has been assigned for the affliction with which he was visited! Having progressively fallen into a state of insanity, he was confined in Bedlam for four years. In his lucid intervals, he had industry, and followed his wonted occupation of writing plays; and his description of a madman, in one of those productions, is surely, considering his own situation at the time, the most curious and interesting passage he ever wrote.

Description of a Madman, by LEE.

- “ To my charm’d ears no more of woman tell :
 “ Name not a woman, and I shall be well.
 “ Like a poor lunatic, that makes his moan,
 “ And for a while beguiles his lookers on,
 “ He reasons well—his eyes their wildness lose,
 “ He vows the keepers his wrong’d sense abuse.
 “ But if you hint the cause that hurt his brain,
 “ Then his teeth gnash, he foams, he shakes his
 chain,
 “ His eyeballs roll, and he is mad again.”

Lee was, happily, restored to society from his miserable confinement, though he did not long enjoy his liberty.

He died suddenly in the streets, at the age of thirty-four.

The severe indisposition, to which he was subject, may possibly have had influence in guiding his pen to some of those flights of imagination, called by the sober critic—phrenzy. But thus the great Dryden speaks of those flights, and of those critics who censure them.

“Despise those drones, who praise, while they accuse,

“The too much vigour of your youthful muse:

“That humble style, which they their virtue make,

“Is in your power—you need but stoop and take.

“Your beauteous images must be allow’d

“By all, but some vile poets of the crowd:

“But how should any sign-post dauber know

“The worth of Titian, or of Angelo?”

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SCENE—*Babylon.*

THE

RIVAL QUEENS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Gardens of Semiramis.

*Enter HEPHESTION and LYSIMACHUS, fighting;
CLYTUS parting them.*

Clyt. What! are ye madmen? This a time for
quarrel?

Put up, I say—or, by the gods, that formed me,
He, who refuses, makes a foe of Clytus.

Lys. I have his sword.

Clyt. But must not have his life.

Lys. Must not, old Clytus!

Clyt. Hair-brained boy, you must not.

Heph. Lend me thy sword, thou father of the war,
Thou far-famed guard of Alexander's life:

Curse on this weak, unexecuting arm!

Lend it, old Clytus, to redeem my fame;

Lysimachus is brave, and else will scorn me.

Lys. There, take thy sword; and, since thou'rt
bent on death,

Know, 'tis thy glory, that thou dy'st by me.

Clyt. Stay thee, Lysimachus; Hephestion, hold;
I bar you both. My body interposed,
Now let me see, which of you dares to strike.
By Jove, you have stirred the old man! That rash
arm,
That first advances, moves against the gods,
And our great king, whose deputy I stand.

Lys. Some properer time must terminate our quarrel.

Heph. And cure the bleeding wounds my honour bears.

Clyt. Some properer time! 'tis false—no hour is proper;

No time should see a brave man do amiss.—
Say, what's the noble cause of all this madness,
What vast ambition blows the dangerous fire?
Why, a vain, smiling, whining, cozening, woman!
By all my triumphs in the heat of youth,
When towns were sack'd, and beauties prostrate lay,
When my blood boiled, and nature worked me high,
Clytus ne'er bow'd his body to such shame;
I knew them, and despised their cobweb arts—
The whole sex is not worth a soldier's thought.

Lys. Our cause of quarrel may to thee seem light,
But know, a less hath set the world in arms.

Clyt. Yes, Troy, they tell us, by a woman fell;
Curse on the sex, they are the bane of virtue!
Death! I had rather this right arm were lost,
Than that the king should hear of your imprudence—
What, on a day thus set apart for triumph!

Lys. Clytus, thou art right—put up thy sword,
Hephestion:

Had passion not eclipsed the light of reason,
Untold we might this consequence have seen.

Heph. Why has not reason power to conquer love?
Why are we thus enslaved?

Clyt. Because unmanned;
Because ye follow Alexander's steps.

Heavens ! that a face should thus bewitch his soul,
And ruin all that's great and godlike in it !
Talk be my bane—yet the old man must talk.
Not so he loved, when he at Issus fought,
And joined in mighty combat with Darius,
Whom, from his chariot, flaming all with gems,
He hurled to earth, and caught th' imperial crown.
'Twas not the shaft of love performed that feat ;
He knew no Cupids then. Now, mark the change ;
A brace of rival queens embroil the court,
And, while each hand is thus employed in beauty,
Where has he room for glory ?

Heph. In his heart.

Clyt. Well said, young minion !—I indeed forgot
To whom I spoke—But Sysigambis comes :
Now is your time, for with her comes an idol,
That claims homage.—I'll attend the king. [*Exit.*

Enter SYSIGAMBIS, *with a Letter*, and PARISATIS.

Sys. Why will ye wound me with your fond complaints,
And urge a suit, that I can never grant ?
You know, my child, 'tis Alexander's will ;
Here he demands you for his loved Hephestion ;
To disobey him might inflame his wrath,
And plunge our house in ruins yet unknown.

Par. To sooth this god, and charm him into temper,
Is there no victim, none but Parisatis ?
Must I be doomed to wretchedness and woe,
That others may enjoy the conqueror's smiles ?
Oh ! if you ever loved my royal father—
And sure you did, your gushing tears proclaim it—
If still his name be dear, have pity on me !
He would not thus have forced me to despair ;
Indeed he would not—Had I begged him thus,
He would have heard me, ere my heart was broke.

Sys. When will my sufferings end? Oh, when, ye gods!

For sixty rolling years my soul has stood
The dread vicissitudes of fate unmoved;
I thought them your decrees, and therefore yielded:
But this last trial, as it springs from folly,
Exceeds my sufferance, and I must complain.

Lys. When Sysigambis mourns, no common woe
Can be the cause—'tis misery indeed!
Yet pardon, mighty queen! a wretched prince,
Who thus presumes to plead the cause of love,
Beyond my life, beyond the world, [*Kneeling.*] I prize
Fair Parisatis.—Hear me, I conjure you!
As you have authorised Hephestion's vows,
Reject not mine—grant me but equal leave
To serve the princess, and let love decide.

Heph. A blessing like the beauteous Parisatis
Whole years of service, and the world's wide empire,
With all the blood, that circles in our veins,
Can never merit, therefore in my favour
I begged the king to interpose his interest,
Therefore I begged your majesty's assistance;
Your word is past, and all my hopes rest on it.

Lys. [*Rising.*] Perish such hopes! for love's a generous passion,
Which seeks the happiness of her, we love,
Beyond the enjoyment of our own desires;
Nor kings nor parents here have aught to do:
Love owns no influence, and disdains controul;
Let them stand neuter—'tis all I ask.

Heph. Such arrogance, did Alexander woo,
Would lose him all the conquests he has won.

Lys. To talk of conquests well becomes the man,
Whose life and sword are but his rival's gift!

Sys. It grieves me, brave Lysimachus, to find
My power fall short of my desires to serve you:
You know Hephestion first declared his love,

And 'tis as true I promised him my aid;
Your glorious king, his mighty advocate,
Became himself an humble suppliant for him.
Forget her, prince, and triumph o'er your passion,
A conquest worthy of a soul like thine.

Lys. Forget her, madam! sooner shall the sun
Forget to shine, and tumble from his sphere,
Alas! the stream, that circles through my heart,
Is less than love essential to my being!
Farewell, great queen—my honour now demands,
That Alexander should himself explain
That wondrous merit, which exalts his favourite,
And casts Lysimachus at such a distance. [*Exit.*

Sys. In this wild transport of ungoverned passion,
Too far, I fear, he will incense the king.
Is Alexander yet, my lord, arrived?

Heph. Madam, I know not; but Cassander comes;
He may perhaps inform us.

Sys. I would shun him:
Something there is, I know not why, that shocks me,
Something my nature shrinks at, when I see him.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CASSANDER.

Cas. The face of day now blushes scarlet deep,
Now blackens into night; the low'ring sun,
As if the dreadful business he foreknew,
Drives heavily his sable chariot on. [*Thunder.*
How fierce it lightens! how it thunders round me!
All nature seems alarmed for Alexander.
Why, be it so: her pangs proclaim my triumph.
A mad Chaldean, with a flaming torch,
Came to my bed last night, and bellowing o'er me,
'Well had it been,' he cry'd, 'for Babylon,
'If curst Cassander never had been born.'

Enter THESSALUS, with a Packet.

How now? dear Thessalus! what packet's that?

Thes. From Macedon; a trusty slave just brought it.

Your father chides us for our cold delay;
He says Craterus, by the king's appointment,
Comes in his room to govern Macedon,
Which nothing but the tyrant's death can hinder;
Therefore he bids us boldly strike,
Or quit our purpose, and confess our fears.

Cas. Is not his fate resolved? this night he dies,
And thus my father but forestalls my purpose.
How am I slow then? If I rode on thunder,
Winged as the lightning, it would ask some moments,
Ere I could blast the growth of this Colossus.

Thes. Mark where the haughty Polyperchon comes!
Some new affront, by Alexander given,
Swells in his heart, and stings him into madness.

Cas. Now, now's our time; he must, he shall, be ours:
His haughty soul will kindle at his wrongs,
Blaze into rage, and glory in revenge.

Enter POLYPERCHON.

Poly. Still as I pass, fresh murmurs fill my ears;
All talk of wrongs, and mutter their complaints.
Poor soulless reptiles!—their revenge expires
In idle threats—the fortitude of cowards!
Their province is to talk, 'tis mine to act,
And show this tyrant, when he dared to wrong me,
He wronged a man, whose attribute is vengeance.

Cas. All nations bow their heads with servile homage,
And kiss the feet of this exalted man.
The name, the shout, the blast from every mouth,
Is Alexander! Alexander stuns
The listening ear, and drowns the voice of Heaven!
The earth's commanders fawnlike crouching spaniels;
And, if the hunter of the barbarous world

But wind himself a god, all echo him
With universal cry.

Poly. I fawn or echo him!

Cassander, no; my soul disdains the thought!
Let eastern slaves or prostituted Greeks
Crouch at his feet, or tremble if he frown;
When Polyperchon can descend so low,
False to that honour, which thro' fields of death
I still have courted, where the fight was fiercest,
Be scorn my portion, infamy my lot.

Thes. The king may doom me to a thousand tortures,
Ply me with fire, and rack me like Philotas,
Ere I shall stoop to idolize his pride.

Cas. Not Aristadner, had he raised all hell,
Could more have shocked my soul than thou hast done,
By the bare mention of Philotas' murder.
Oh Polyperchon! how shall I describe it!
Did not your eyes rain blood, to see the hero,
Did not your spirits burst with smothered vengeance,
To see thy noble fellow-warrior tortured,
Yet without groaning or a tear endure
The torments of the damned? Oh! death to think it!
We saw him bruised, we saw his bones laid bare,
His veins wide laced, and the poor quivering flesh
With fiery pincers from his bosom torn,
Till all beheld, where the great heart lay panting.

Poly. Yet all like statues stood!—cold, lifeless statues!

As if the sight had froze us into marble,
When with collected rage we should have flown
To instant vengeance on the ruthless cause,
And plunged a thousand daggers in his heart.

Cas. At our last banquet, when the bowl had gone
The giddy round, and wine inflamed my spirits,
I saw Craterus and Hephestion enter
In Persian robes; to Alexander's health
They largely drank, and falling at his feet
With impious adoration, thus addressed

Their idol god : ' Hail, son of thundering Jove !
Hail, first of kings ! young Ammon, live for ever !'
Then kissed the ground ; on which I laughed aloud,
And scoffing asked them, why they kissed no harder ?
Whereon the tyrant, starting from his throne,
Spurned me to earth, and stamping on my neck,
Learn thou to kiss it, was his fierce reply,
While with his foot he pressed me to the earth,
Till I lay weltering in a foam of blood.

Poly. Thus, when I mocked the Persians, that
adored him,
He struck me on the face,
And bid his guards chastise me like a slave :
But, if he 'scape my vengeance, may he live
Great as that god, whose name he thus profanes,
And like a slave may I again be beaten,
Scoffed as I pass, and branded for a coward !

Cas. There spoke the spirit of Calisthenes.
Remember he's a man, his flesh as penetrable
As any girl's, and wounded too as soon ;
To give him death no thunders are required :
Struck by a stone young Jupiter has fallen,
A sword has pierced him, and the blood has followed,
Nay, we have seen an hundred common aliments
Bring this immortal to the gates of death.

Poly. Oh let us not delay the glorious business !
Our wrongs are great, and honour calls for vengeance.
Are your hearts firm ?

Thes. As Heaven or hell can make them.

Poly. Take then my hand, and, if you doubt my
truth,
Rip up my breast, and lay my heart upon it.

Cas. While thus we join our hands and hearts to-
gether,
Remember Hermolaus, and be hushed.

Poly. Hush'd as the eve before an hurricane,
Or baneful planets, when they shed their poisons.

Cas. This day exulting Babylon receives

The mighty robber—with him comes Roxana,
Fierce haughty fair ! on his return from India,
Artful she met him in the height of triumph ;
And by a thousand wiles at Susa kept him
In all the luxury of eastern revels.

Poly. How bore Statira his revolted love ?
For, if I err not, ere the king espoused her,
She made him promise to renounce Roxana.

Thes. No words can paint the anguish it occasioned ;

Ev'n Sysigambis wept, while the wronged queen,
Struck to the heart, fell lifeless on the ground.

Cas. When the first tumult of her grief was laid,
I sought to fire her into wild revenge,
And to that end with all the art I could
Described his passion for the bright Roxana ;
But though I could not to my wish inflame her,
Thus far at least her jealousy will help,
She'll give him troubles, that perhaps may end him,
And set the court in universal uproar:
But, see, she comes. Our plots begin to ripen ;
Now change the vizer, every one disperse,
And with a face of friendship meet the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter SYSIGAMBIS, STATIRA, and PARISATIS.

Stat. Oh for a dagger, a draught of poison, flames !
Swell heart ! break, break, thou wretched stubborn
thing !

Sys. Is there no reverence to my person due ?
Trust me, Statira, had thy father lived,
Darius would have heard me.

Stat. Oh, he's false !
This glorious man, this wonder of the world,
Is to his love and every god foresworn !
Oh ! I have heard him breathe such ardent vows,
Outweep the morning with his dewy eyes,
And sigh and swear the listening stars away !

Sys. Believe not rumour; 'tis impossible:
Thy Alexander is renowned for truth,
Above deceit——

Stat. Away, and let me die:
Are not his falsehoods and Statira's wrongs
A subject canvassed in the mouths of millions?
The babbling world can talk of nothing else.
Why, Alexander, why wouldst thou deceive me!
Have I not loved thee, cruel as thou art!
Have I not kissed thy wounds with dying fondness,
Bathed them in tears, and bound them with my hair!
Whole nights I have sat and watched thee as a child,
Lulled thy fierce pains, and sung thee to repose!

Par. If man can thus renounce the solemn ties
Of sacred love, who would regard his vows?

Stat. Regard his vows! the monster, traitor! Oh!
I will forsake the haunts of men, converse
No more with aught that's human, dwell with dark-
ness;

For since the sight of him is now unwelcome,
What has the world to give Statira joy?
Yet I must tell thee, perjured as he is,
Not the soft breezes of the genial spring,
The fragrant violet, or opening rose,
Are half so sweet as Alexander's breath.
Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk!
He speaks the kindest words, and looks such things,
Vows with such passion, and swears with such a grace,
That it is heaven to be deluded by him!

Sys. Her sorrows must have way.

Stat. Roxana then enjoys my perjured love,
Roxana clasps my monarch in her arms,
Dotes on my conqueror, my dear lord, my king!
Oh, 'tis too much! by Heaven I cannot bear it!
She clasps him all—she, the curst happy she——
I'll die, or rid me of the burning torture!
Hear me, bright god of day! hear every god!

Sys. Take heed, Statira, weigh it well, my child,
Ere desperate love enforces you to swear.

Stat. Oh! fear not that, already have I weighed it.
And in the presence here of Heaven and you,
Renounce all converse with perfidious man.

Farewell, ye cozeners of our easy sex!
And thou, the falsest of the faithless kind,
Farewell for ever! Oh, farewell! farewell!
If I but mention him, the tears will flow!
How couldst thou, cruel, wrong a heart like mine,
Thus fond, thus doting, even to madness, on thee!

Sys. Clear up thy griefs, thy Alexander comes,
Triumphant in the spoils of conquered India;
This day the hero enters Babylon.

Stat. Why, let him come; all eyes will gaze with
rapture,
All hearts will joy to see the victor pass,
All but the wretched, the forlorn Statira.

Sys. Wilt thou not see him then?

Stat. I swear, and Heaven be witness to my vow!

[*Kneels.*

Never from this sad hour, never to see
Nor speak, no, nor, if possible, to think
Of Alexander more. This is my vow,
And when I break it——

Sys. Do not ruin all.

Stat. May I again be perjured and deluded!
May furies rend my heart! may lightnings blast me!

Sys. Recall, my child, the dreadful imprecation.

Stat. No, I will publish it through all the court;
Then to the bowers of great Semiramis
Retire for ever from the treacherous world;
There from man's sight will I conceal my woes,
And seek in solitude a calm repose;
Nor prayers nor tears shall my resolves controul,
Nor love itself, that tyrant of the soul. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Triumphal Arch.

Enter CASSANDER and POLYPERCHON.

Cas. He comes, the headlong Alexander comes;
The gods forbid him Babylon in vain;
In vain do prodigies foretel his fall.
Attended by a throng of scepter'd slaves
This rapid conqueror of the ravag'd globe
Makes his appearance, and defies the danger.

Poly. Why all this noise—ye partial powers declare—
These starts of nature, at a tyrant's doom?
Is Alexander of such wondrous moment
That heaven should feel the wild alarms of fear,
And fate itself become a babbler for him!

Cas. Cas'd in the very arms we saw him wear,
The spirit of his father haunts the court,
In all the majesty of solemn sorrow;
The awful spectre fix'd his eyes upon me,
Wav'd his pale hand—and threatful shook his head,
Groan'd out Forbear—and vanish'd from my view.
A fear till then unknown possess'd my soul,
And sick'ning nature trembled at the sight!

Poly. Why should you tremble?—Had the yawning
earth

Laid all the tortures of the damn'd before me,
My soul, unshaken in her firm resolve,
Would brave these tortures, and pursue the tyrant.

Cas. Yes, Polyperchon, he this night shall die;
Our plots, in spite of prodigies, advance;
Success attends us.—Oh, it joys my soul
To deal destruction like the hand of Heaven,
Felt while unseen!

Poly. The Persians all dissatisfied appear,
Loudly they murmur at Statira's wrongs,
And fiercely censure Alexander's falsehood.

Cas. I know he loves Statira more than life;
And when he hears the solemn vow she made,
The oath that bars her from his sight for ever,
Remorse and horror will at once invade him,
Rend his rack'd soul, and rush him into madness.

Poly. Of that anon—the court begins to thicken;
From ev'ry province of the wide spread earth
Ambassadors in Babylon are met;
As if mankind had previously agreed
To compliment the tyrant's boundless pride,
And hold a solemn synod of the world,
Where Alexander like a god should dictate.

Cas. We must away, or mingle with the crowd.
Adore this god till apt occasion calls
To make him what he would be thought—immortal.
[*Exeunt.*

A Symphony of warlike music.

*Enter ALEXANDER, in a Triumphal Car drawn by
BLACK SLAVES; Trophies and Warlike Ensigns in
Procession before him: CLYTUS, HEPHESTION,
LYSIMACHUS, ARISTANDER, CAPTIVES, GUARDS,
and ATTENDANTS.*

*See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;*

*Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Sports of triumph to him sing.*

*See the godlike youth advance,
Breathe the flute, and lead the dance ;
Myrtle, wreath, and roses twine
To deck the hero's brow divine.*

Heph. Hail, son of Jove ! great Alexander, hail !

Alex. Rise all ; and thou, my second self, my friend ;
Oh, my Hephestion ! raise thee from the earth :
Come to my arms, and hide thee in my heart ;
Nearer, yet nearer, else thou lov'st me not.

Heph. Not love my king ! bear witness, all ye
powers,
And let your thunder nail me to the centre,
If sacred friendship ever burn'd more brightly !
Immortal bosoms can alone admit

A flame more pure more permanent than mine.

Alex. Thou dearer to me than my groves of laurel ;
I know thou lov'st thy Alexander more
Than Clytus does the king.

Lys. I see that death awaits me—yet I'll on.
Dread sir ! I cast me at your royal feet.

Alex. Rise, my Lysimachus ; thy veins and mine
From the same fountain have deriv'd their streams ;
Rise to my arms, and let thy king embrace thee.
Is not that Clytus ?

Clyt. Your old faithful soldier.

Alex. Clytus, thy hand—thy hand, Lysimachus ;
Thus doubly arm'd, methinks
I stand tremendous as the Lybian god,
Who, while the priests and I quaff'd sacred blood,
Acknowledg'd me his son ; my lightning thou,
And thou my mighty thunder. I have seen
Thy glitt'ring sword outfly celestial fire :
And when I 'ave cry'd begone and execute,

I've seen him run swifter than starting hinds,
Nor bent the tender grass beneath his feet.

Lys. When fame invites, and Alexander leads,
Dangers and toils but animate the brave.

Clyt. Perish the soldier, inglorious and despis'd,
Who starts from either when the king cries—On.

Alex. Oh, Clytus ! oh, my noble veteran !
'Twas I remember when I pass'd the Granicus,
His arm preserv'd me from the unequal force ;
When fierce Itanor and the bold Rhesaces,
Fell both upon me with two mighty blows,
And clove my temper'd helmet quite asunder ;
Then like a god flew Clytus to my aid,
Thy thunder struck Rhesaces to the ground,
And turn'd with ready vengeance on Itanor.

Clyt. To your own deeds that victory you owe ;
And sure your arms did never boast a nobler.

Alex. By Heaven they never did ; they never can ;
And I more glory to have pass'd that stream,
Than to have drove a million o'er the plain.
Can none remember, yes—I know all must,
When glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood
Perch'd on my beaver in the Granick flood,
When fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
And the pale fates stood frightened on the shore ;
When each immortal on the billows rode,
And I myself appear'd the leading god !

Arist. Haste, first of heroes, from this fatal place ;
Far, far from Babylon enjoy your triumph,
Or all the glories which your youth has won
Are blasted ere they spring.

Alex. What mean thy fears ?
And why that wild distraction on thy brow ?

Arist. This morn, great king ! I view'd the angry
sky.

And frightened at the direful prodigies,
To Orosmades for instructions flew ;
But, as I prayed, deep echoing groans I heard,

And shrieks as of the damn'd that howl for sin:
 Shock'd at the omen, while amaz'd I lay
 In prostrate rev'ence on the trembling floor,
 Thus spoke the god ;
 The brightest glory of imperial man,
 The pride of nations, and the boast of fame ;
 Remorseless fate in Babylon has doom'd
 To sudden and irrevocable ruin.

Alex. If Heaven ordains that Babylon must fall,
 Can I prevent th' immutable decree ?

Enter PERDICCAS.

Per. O horror ! horror ! dreadful and portentous !

Alex. How now, Perdiccas ! whence this exclamation ?

Per. As Meleager and myself this morn
 Led forth the Persian horse to exercise,
 We heard a noise, as of a rushing wind ;
 When suddenly a flight of baleful birds,
 Like a thick cloud, obscur'd the face of heaven,
 On sounding wings from diff'rent parts they flew,
 Encount'ring met, and battled in the air—
 Their talons clash'd, their beaks gave mighty blows,
 And showers of blood fell copious from their wounds !

Alex. Tho' all the curtains of the sky were drawn,
 And the stars wink, young Ammon shall go on.
 While my Statira shines, I cannot stray,
 Love lifts his torch, to light me on my way,
 And her bright eyes create another day.

Lys. Vouchsafe, dread sir ! to hear my humble
 suit ;

A prince entreats it, and what's more your kinsman.

Alex. A soldier asks it—that's the noblest claim.

Lys. For all the services my sword has done,
 Humbly I beg the Princess Parisatis.

Alex. Lysimachus, no more—it is not well —

My word, you know, was to Hephestion given ;
How dare you then——

Lys. At your command to scale th' embattled
wall,
Or fetch the gore-dy'd standard from the foe,
When has Hephestion flown with warmer zeal?
When did he leave Lysimachus behind?
These I have done, for these were in my power ;
But when you charge me to renounce my love,
And from my thoughts to banish Parisatis,
Obedience there becomes impossible,
Nature revolts, and my whole soul rebels.

Alex. It does, brave sir !—Now hear me, and be
dumb ;
When by my order curst Calisthenes
Was as a traitor doom'd to live in torments,
Your pity sped him in despite of me ;
Think not I have forgot your insolence,
No, tho' I pardon'd it—Yet, if again
Thou dar'st to cross me with another crime,
The bolts of fury shall be doubled on thee.
In the mean time—think not of Parisatis ;
For, if thou dost—by the immortal Ammon
I'll not regard the blood of mine thou shar'st,
But use thee as the vilest Macedonian.

Lys. I knew you partial ere I mov'd my suit :
Yet know it shakes not my determin'd purpose ;
While I have life and strength to wield a sword,
I never will forego the glorious claim.

Alex. Against my life ! ha ! traitor, was it so ?
'Tis said that I am rash, of hasty humour ;
But I appeal to the immortal gods
If every petty, poor, provincial lord
Had temper like to mine ! My slave, whom I
Could tread to clay, dares utter bloody threats !

Clyt. Forgive, dread sir, the frantic warmth of
love ;

The noble prince, I read it in his eyes,
Would die a thousand deaths to serve his king,
And justify his loyalty and truth.

Lys. I meant his minion there should feel my arm,
Love claims his blood, nor shall he live to triumph
In that destruction that awaits his rival.

Alex. I pardon thee for my old Clytus' sake ;
But if once more thou mention thy rash love,
Or dar'st attempt Hephestion's precious life ;
I'll pour such storms of indignation on thee,
Philotas rack, Calisthenes' disgrace,
Shall be delight to what thou shalt endure.

Clyt. My lord, the aged queen, with Parisatis,
Come to congratulate your safe arrival.

Enter SYSIGAMBIS and PARISATIS.

Alex. Oh thou, the best of women, Sysigambis !
Source of my joy, blest parent of my love !

Sys. In humble duty to the gods and you,
Permit us, sir, with gratitude to kneel.
Thro' you the royal house of Persia shines,
Rais'd from the depth of wretchedness and ruin,
In all the splendour of imperial greatness.

Alex. To meet me thus was generously done :
But still there wants, to crown my happiness,
That treasure of my soul, the dear Statira !
Had she but come to meet her Alexander,
I had been blest indeed !

Clyt. Now who shall dare
To tell him of the queen's vow ?

Alex. How fares
My love ?—Ha ! neither answer me ! all silent !
A sudden horror, like a bolt of ice,
Shoots to my heart, and 'numbs the seat of life.

Heph. I would relate it, but my courage fails me.

Alex. Why stand you all as you were rooted here ?
What ! will none answer ? my Hephestion silent !

If thou hast any love for Alexander,
If ever I obliged thee by my care.
When thro' the field of death my eye has watch'd
thee,

Resolve my doubts, and rescue me from madness.

Heph. Your mourning queen has no disease but
grief,

Occasion'd by the jealous pangs of love :
She heard, dread sir (for what can 'scape a lover ?)
That you, regardless of your vows, at Susa
Had to Roxana's charms resign'd your heart,
And revell'd in the joys you once foreswore.

Alex. I own the subtle sorceress in my riot,
My reason gone, seduc'd me to her bed,
But when I wak'd I shook the Circe off,
Tho' the enchantress held me by the arm,
And wept and gaz'd with all the force of love ;
Nor griev'd I less for that which I had done,
Than when at Thais' suit, enrag'd with wine,
I set the fam'd Persepolis on fire.

Heph. Your queen, Statira, in the rage of grief,
And agony of deperate love, has sworn
Never to see your majesty again.

Alex. Oh, madam ! has she ? has Statira sworn
Never to see her Alexander more ?
Impossible ! she could not, would not, swear it.
Is she not gentle as the guileless infant ;
Mild as the genial breezes of the spring,
And softer than the melting sighs of love ?

Par. With sorrow, sir, I heard the solemn vow,
My mother heard it, and in vain adjur'd her,
By every tender motive to recall it.

Sys. But with that fierceness she resents her
wrongs,
Dwells on your fault, and heightens the offence,
That I could wish your majesty forget her,

Alex. Ha ! could you wish me to forget Statira !
 The star which brightens Alexander's life,
 His guide by day, and goddess of his nights !
 I feel her now, she beats in every pulse,
 Throbs at my heart, and circles with my blood !

Sys. Have patience, son, and trust to Heaven and me ;

If my authority has any influence,
 I will exert it, and she shall be yours.

Alex. Haste, madam, haste, if you would have me live ;

Fly, ere for ever she abjure the world,
 And stop the sad procession : [*Exit SYSIGAMBIS.*]
 and Parisatis,

Hang thou about her, wash her feet with tears—
 Nay haste ; the breath of gods, and eloquence
 Of angels go along with you. [*Exit PARISATIS.*
 Oh my heart !

Lys. Now let your majesty, who feels the pangs
 Of disappointed love, reflect on mine.

Alex. Ha !

Clyt. What ! are you mad ? is this a time to plead ?

Lys. The properest time ; he dares not now be partial,
 Lest Heaven in justice should avenge my wrongs,
 And double every pang which he feels now.

Alex. Why dost thou tempt me thus to thy undoing ?

Death thou shouldst have, were it not courted so.
 But know, to thy confusion, that my word,
 Like destiny, admits of no repeal ;
 Therefore in chains shall thou behold the nuptials
 Of my Hephestion. Guards, take him prisoner.

[*The GUARDS seize LYSIMACHUS.*

Lys. Away, ye slaves ! I'll not resign my sword,
 Till first I've drench'd it in my rival's blood.

Alex. I charge you kill him not ; take him alive,
The dignity of kings is now concern'd,
And I will find a way to tame this rebel.

Clyt. Kneel, for I see rage lightning in his eyes.

Lys. I neither hope, nor will I sue for pardon.
Had I my sword and liberty again,
Again I would attempt his favourite's heart.

Alex. Hence from my sight, and bear him to a
dungeon.

Perdiccas, give this lion to a lion :
None speak for him ; fly, stop his mouth ; away.

[*Exit* LYSIMACHUS, PERDICCAS, and GUARDS.]

Clyt. This comes of women—the result of love,
'Tis folly all, 'tis phrenzy and distraction ;
Yet were I heated now with wine, I doubt
I should be preaching in this fool's behalf.

Alex. Come hither, Clytus, and my friend Hephe-
stion ;

Lend me your arms ;
I fear betwixt Statira's cruel vows
And fond Roxana's arts your king will fall.

Clyt. Better the race of women were destroy'd,
And Persia sunk in everlasting ruin !

Heph. Look up, my lord, and bend not thus your
head,

As if you purpos'd to forsake the world,
Which you have greatly won.

Alex. 'Would I had not ;
There is no true joy in such unwieldy fortune.
Eternal gazers lasting troubles make ;
All find my spots, but few observe my brightness.
Stand from about me all, and give me air.
Yes, I will shake this Cupid from my soul,
I'll fright the feeble god with war's alarms,
Or drown his power in floods of hostile blood.
Grant me, great Mars, once more in arms to shine,
And break like lightning thro' the embattled line ;

Thro' fields of death to whirl the rapid car,
 And blaze amidst the thunder of the war,
 Resistless as the bolt that rends the grove ;
 Or greatly perish, like the son of Jove. [Exeunt.]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

An Open Court.

Trumpets sounding a Dead March ; **LYSIMACHUS** *led Prisoner ;* **EUMENES, PERDICCAS, PARISATIS, and GUARDS.**

Par. Stay, my Lysimachus ! a moment stay !
 Oh, whither art thou going !—hold a moment !
 Unkind ! Thou know'st my life was wrapt in thine,
 Why wouldst thou then to worse than death expose
 me ?

Lys. Oh, may'st thou live in joys without allay !
 Grant it, ye gods ! a better fortune waits thee ;
 Live and enjoy it—'tis my dying wish,
 While to the grave the lost Lysimachus
 Alone retires, and bids the world adieu.

Par. Even in the grave will Parisatis join thee :
 Yes, cruel man ! nor death itself shall part us,
 A mother's power, a sister's softening tears,
 With all the fury of a tyrant's frown,
 Shall not compel me to outlive thy loss.

Lys. Were I to live till nature's self decay'd,
This wondrous waste of unexampled love
I never could repay—O Parisatis!
Thy charms might fire a coward into courage,
How must they act then on a soul like mine?
Defenceless and unarm'd I'll fight for thee,
And may perhaps compel th' astonish'd world,
And force the king to own that I deserve thee.
Eumenes, take the princess to thy charge.
Away, Perdiccas, all my soul's on fire. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Palace.

Enter ROXANA and CASSANDER.

Rox. Deserted! saidst thou? for a girl abandoned!

A puny girl!

Shall she embrace the god of my desires,
And triumph in the heart Roxana claims?

Cas. Oh, princess! had you seen his wild despair,
Had you beheld him, when he heard her vow,
Words would but wrong the agonies he felt;
He fainted thrice, and life seemed fled for ever;
And when by our assiduous care recall'd,
He snatch'd his sword, and aim'd it at his breast:
Then rail'd at you with most unheard of curses.

Rox. If I forget it, may'st thou, Jove, deprive me
Of vengeance, make me the most wretched thing
On earth while living, and when dead the lowest
Of the fiends.

Cas. Just is the vengeance which inflames your
soul;

Your wrongs demand it—but let reason govern;
This wild rage else may disappoint your aims.

Rox. Away, away, and give a whirlwind room!
Pride, indignation, fury, and contempt,
War in my breast, and torture me to madness!

Cas. Oh! think not I would check your boldest
flights;

No—I approve them, and will aid your vengeance:

But, princess, let us chuse the safest course;
Or we may give our foes new cause of triumph,
Should they discover and prevent our purpose.

Rox. Fear not, Cassander; nothing shall prevent it:
Roxana dooms him, and her voice is fate.
My soul from childhood has aspir'd to empire;
In early nonage I was us'd to reign
Among my she companions; I despis'd
The trifling arts and little wiles of women,
And taught them with an Amazonian spirit
To win the steed, to chase the foaming boar;
And conquer man, the lawless charter'd savage.

Cas. Her words, her looks, her every motion, fires
me.

Rox. But when I heard of Alexander's fame,
How with a handful he had conquer'd millions,
Spoil'd all the east, and captive led our queens,
Unconquer'd by their charms,
With heavenly pity he assuag'd their woes,
Dry'd up their tears, and sooth'd them into peace,
I hung attentive on my father's lips,
And wish'd him tell the wondrous tale again.
No longer pleasing were my former sports,
Love had its turn, and all the woman reign'd;
Involuntary sighs heav'd in my breast,
And glowing blushes crimson'd on my cheek;
Even in my slumbers I have often mourn'd
In plaintive sounds, and murmur'd Alexander.

Cas. Curse on his name——she doats upon him still.

Rox. At length this conqueror to Zogdia came,
And, cover'd o'er with laurels, storm'd the city :
But oh, Cassander ! where shall I find words
To paint th' ecstatic transports of my soul,
When midst the circle of unrival'd beauties
I saw myself distinguish'd by the hero !
With artless rapture I receiv'd his vows,
The warmest sure that lover ever breath'd,
Of fervent love and everlasting truth.

Cas. And need you then be told those times are past !

Statira now engrosses all his thoughts ;
The Persian queen without a rival reigns
Sole mistress of his heart——nor can thy charms,
The brightest sure that ever woman boasted,
Nor all his vows of everlasting love,
Secure Roxana from disdain and insult.

Rox. Oh, thou hast rous'd the lion in my soul !
Ha ! shall the daughter of Darius hold him ?
No, 'tis resolv'd ; I will resume my sphere,
Or, falling, spread a general ruin round me.
Roxana, and Statira ! they are names
That must for ever jar ;
When they encounter, thunder must ensue.

Cas. Behold she comes in all the pomp of sorrow,
Determin'd to fulfil her solemn vow. [*They retire.*]

Rox. Away, and let us mark th' important scene.

Enter SYSIGAMBIS and STATIRA.

Sys. Oh, my Statira ! how has passion chang'd thee !

Think in the rage of disappointed love,
If treated thus and hurried to extremes,
What Alexander may denounce against us,
Against the poor remains of lost Darius !

Stat. Oh, fear not that! I know he will be kind,
For my sake kind, to you and Parisatis.
Tell him, I rail'd not at his falsehood to me,
But with my parting breath spoke kindly of him;
Tell him, I wept at our divided loves,
And sighing sent a last forgiveness to him.

Sys. No, I can ne'er again presume to meet him,
Never approach the much wrong'd Alexander,
If thou refuse to see him——Oh, Statira!
Thy aged mother, and thy weeping country,
Claim thy regard, and challenge thy compassion:
Hear us, my child, and lift us from despair.

Stat. Thus low I cast me at your royal feet,
To bathe them with my tears;
But I conjure thee not to rack my soul,
Nor hurry my wild thoughts to perfect madness:
Should now Darius' awful ghost appear,
And you, my mother, stand beseeching by,
I would persist to death, and keep my vow.

Rox. This fortitude of soul compels my wonder.

Sys. Hence from my sight! ungrateful wretch, be-
gone!

Hence to some desert,
And hide thee where bright virtue never shone;
For, in the sight of Heaven, I here renounce
And cast thee off, an alien to my blood.

[Exit SYSIGAMBIS.]

Rox. [Comes forward.] Forgive, great queen, the
intrusion of a stranger;
With grief Roxana sees Statira weep:
I've heard, and much applaud your fix'd resolve
To quit the world for Alexander's sake;
And yet, I fear, so greatly he adores you,
That he will rather chuse to die of sorrow,
Than live for the despised Roxana's charms.

Stat. Spare, madam, spare your counterfeited fears;
You know your beauty, and have proved its power:
Though humbly born, have you not captive held,

In love's soft chains, the conqueror of the world !
Away to libertines, and boast thy conquest,
A shameful conquest ! In this hour of riot,
Then, only then, Roxana could surprise
My Alexander's heart.

Rox. To some romantic grove's sequester'd gloom
Thy sickly virtue would, it seems, retire,
To shun the triumphs of a favour'd rival :
In vain thou fly'st—for there, even there, I'll haunt
thee,

Plague thee all day, and torture thee all night :
There thou shalt hear in what ecstatic joys
Roxana revels with the first of men ;
And, as thou hear'st the rapt'rous scene recited,
With frantic jealousy thou'lt madly curse
Thy own weak charms, that could not fix the rover.

Stat. How weak is woman ! at the storm she
shrinks,
Dreads the drawn sword, and trembles at the thunder ;
Yet, when strong jealousy inflames her soul,
The sword may glitter, and the tempest roar ;
She scorns the danger, and provokes her fate.
Rival, I thank thee—thou hast fired my soul,
And raised a storm beyond thy power to lay ;
Soon shalt thou tremble at the dire effects,
And curse too late the folly that undid thee.

Rox. Sure the disdain'd Statira dares not mean it !

Stat. By all my hopes of happiness, I dare :
And know, proud woman, what a mother's threats,
A sister's sighs, and Alexander's tears,
Could not effect, thy rival rage has done.
My soul, that starts at breach of oaths begun,
Shall to thy ruin violated run :
I'll see the king in spite of all I swore ;
Though curs'd, that thou may'st never see him more.

Enter ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION, CLYTUS, &c.

Alex. Oh, my Statira !—thou relentless fair !

Turn thine eyes on me—I would talk to them.
What shall I say to work upon thy soul!
What words, what looks, can melt thee to forgiveness?

Stat. Talk of Roxana and the conquer'd Indies,
Thy great adventures and successful love,
And I will listen to the rapt'rous tale;
But rather shun me, shun a desp'rate wretch,
Resign'd to sorrow and eternal woe.

Alex. Oh, I could die, with transport die before
thee!

Wouldst thou but, as I lay convuls'd in death,
Cast a kind look, or drop a tender tear:
Say but 'twas pity, one so fam'd in arms,
One, who has scap'd a thousand deaths in battle,
For the first fault, should fall a wretched victim
To jealous anger and offended love.

Rox. Am I then fallen so low in thy esteem,
That, for another, thou wouldst rather die
Than live for me?—How am I alter'd, tell me,
Since last at Susa, with repeated oaths,
You swore the conquest of the world afforded
Less joy, less glory, than Roxana's love?

Alex. Take, take that conquer'd world, dispose of
crowns,

And canton out the empires of the globe!
But leave me, madam, with repentant tears,
And undissembled sorrows, to atone
The wrongs I've offer'd to this injur'd excellence.

Rox. Yes, I will go, ungrateful as thou art!
Bane to my life, and murd'rer, of my peace,
I will be gone; this last disdain has cur'd me.
But have a care—I warn you not to trust me;
Or, by the gods, that witness to thy perjuries,
I'll raise a fire that shall consume you both,
Though I partake the ruin. [Exit.

Enter SYSIGAMBIS.

Stat. Alexander!—Oh, is it possible!

Immortal gods! can guilt appear so lovely!

Yet, yet I pardon, I forgive thee all.

Alex. Forgive me all! oh, catch the heavenly sounds!

Catch them, ye winds! and, as ye fly, disperse
The rapt'rous tidings through th' extended world,
That all may share in Alexander's joy!

Stat. Yes, dear deceiver! I forgive thee all,
But longer dare not hear thy charming tongue;
For while I hear thee my resolves give way;
Be therefore quick, and take thy last farewell.

Alex. Go then, inhuman! triumph in my pains,
Feed on the pangs that rend this wretched heart,
For now 'tis plain you never lov'd. Statira!
Oh, I could sound that charming cruel name!

Stat. Farewell, thou greatest pleasure, greatest pain!

Alex. I charge ye, stay her;
Oh, turn thee, thou bewitching brightness, turn,
Hear my last words, and see my dying pangs!
Lo! at your feet behold a monarch falls,
A prince, who gave the conquered world to thee,
And thought thy love bought cheaply with the gift;
Whose glories, laurels, bloom but in thy smiles,
Now shrunk and blasted by thy cruel hate,
Untimely falls. Yet, oh! when thou shalt die,
May death be mild, as thou art cruel now,
And may thy beauties gently sink to earth,
While circling angels waft thee to repose!

Sys. Art thou turn'd savage? is thy heart of marble?
But if this posture move thee not to pity,
I never will speak more.

Alex. Oh, my Statira!

I swear, my queen, I'll not outlive our parting.
My soul grows still as death. Say, wilt thou pardon?
'Tis all I ask. Wilt thou forgive the transports
Of a deep wounded heart, and all is well?

Stat. Rise, and may Heaven forgive you like Statira!

Alex. You are too gracious——Clytus, bear me hence.

When I am laid i'th' earth yield her the world.
There's something here, that heaves as cold as ice,
That stops my breath. Farewell, farewell for ever!

Stat. My life, my love, my lord, my Alexander!
If thy Statira's love can give thee joy,
Revive, and be immortal as the gods.

Alex. My fluttering heart, tumultuous with its
bliss,

Would leap into thy bosom: 'tis too much.
Oh, let me press thee in my eager arms,
And strain thee hard to my transported breast.

Stat. But shall Roxana——

Alex. Let her not be named.

Oh, madam! how shall I repay your goodness;
And you, my fellow warriors, who could grieve
For your lost king? But talk of griefs no more;
The banquet waits, and I invite you all.
My equals in the throne as in the grave,
Without distinction come, and share my joy.

Clyt. Excuse me, sir, if I for once am absent.

Alex. Excuse thee, Clytus! none shall be excus'd:
All revel out the day, 'tis my command.
Gay as the Persian god ourself will stand,
With a crown'd goblet in our lifted hand;
Young Ammon and Statira shall go round,
While antic measures beat the burden'd ground,
And to the vaulted skies our trumpets' clangors sound.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter CLYTUS, HEPHESTION, and EUMENES.

Clyt. Urge me no more—I hate the Persian dress ;
Nor should the king be angry at the rev'rence
I owe my country—sacred are her customs,
And honest Clytus will to death observe them.
Oh ! let me rot in Macedonian rags,
Or, like Calisthenes, be cag'd for life,
Rather than shine in fashions of the east.

Eum. Let me, brave Clytus, as a friend entreat you,

Heph. What virtue is there that adorns a throne,
Exalts the heart, and dignifies the man,
Which shines not brightly in our royal master ?
And yet perversely you'll oppose his will,
And thwart an innocent unhurtful humour.

Clyt. Unhurtful ! oh, 'tis monstrous affectation !
And not to be excus'd !—Shall man, weak man !
Exact the rev'rence which we pay to Heaven,
And bid his fellow creatures kneel before him,
And yet be innocent ? Hephestion, no ;
The pride that lays a claim to adoration,
Insults our reason, and provokes the gods.

Eum. Yet what was Jove, the god whom we adore ?
Was he not once a man, and rais'd to heaven,
For gen'rous acts and virtues more than human ?

Heph. By all his thunder and his sov'reign power,
I'll not believe the world yet ever felt
An arm like Alexander's — Not that god
You nam'd, though riding in a car of fire,
Could, in a shorter space, do greater deeds;
Or more effectually have taught mankind
To bend submissive, and confess his sway.

Clyt. I tell you, boy, that Clytus loves the king
As well as you, or any soldier here;
Yet I disdain to sooth his growing pride:
The hero charms me—but the god offends.

Heph. Then go not to the banquet.

Clyt. Why, I was bid,
Young minion—was I not, as well as you?
I'll go, my friend, in this old habit, thus,
And laugh, and drink the king's health heartily;
And while you, blushing, bow your heads to earth,
And hide them in the dust—I'll stand erect,
Straight as a spear, the pillar of my country,
And be by so much nearer to the gods.

Heph. But see, the king appears.

Enter ALEXANDER, STATIRA, SYSIGAMBIS, *and*
PARISATIS.

Par. Oh, gracious monarch!
Spare him, oh, spare Lysimachus's life!
I know you will—the brave delight in mercy.

Alex. Shield me, Statira, shield me from her sor-
rows.

Par. Save him, oh, save him, ere it be too late!
Speak the kind word; let not your soldier perish
For one rash action by despair occasion'd.
I'll follow thus, for ever on my knees;
You shall not pass. Statira, oh entreat him!

Alex. Oh, madam! take her, take her from about
me;
Her streaming eyes assail my very soul,
And shake my best resolves.

Stat. Did I not break
Through all for you? Nay, now, my lord, you must:
By all th' obedience I have paid you long,
By all your passion, sighs, and tender looks,
Oh, save a prince, whose only crime is love!

Sys. I had not join'd in this bold suit, my son;
But that it adds new lustre to your honours.

Alex. Honour! what's that? Has not Statira
said it?

Were I the king of the blue firmament,
And the bold Titans should again make war,
Though my resistless thunders were prepar'd,
By all the gods, she should arrest my arm,
Uplifted to destroy them! Fly, Hephestion,
Fly, Clytus: snatch him from the jaws of death,
And to the royal banquet bring him straight,
Bring him in triumph, fit for loads of honour.

[*Exeunt* HEPHESTION, &c.]

Stat. Why are you thus beyond expression kind?
Oh, my lord! my raptured heart,
By gratitude and love at once inflam'd,
With wild emotion flutters in my breast;
Oh, teach it, then, instruct it how to thank you!

Alex. Excellent woman!

'Tis not in nature to support such joy.

Stat. Go, my best love; unbend you at the banquet;
Indulge in joy, and laugh your cares away;

While, in the bowers of great Semiramis,
I dress your bed with all the sweets of nature,
And crown it as the altar of our loves,
Where I will lay me down, and softly mourn,
But never close my eyes till you return.

[*Exit* STATIRA.]

Alex. Is she not more than mortal can desire,
As Venus lovely, and Diana chaste?
And yet I know not why our parting shocks me;
A ghastly paleness sat upon her brow,

Her voice, like dying echoes, fainter grew,
 And, as I wrung her by the rosy fingers,
 Methought the strings of my great heart were crack'd.
 What could it mean? Forward, Eumenes.

Enter ROXANA, CASSANDER, and POLYPERCHON.

Why, madam, gaze you thus?

Rox. For a last look,
 And to imprint the memory of my wrongs,
 Roxana's wrongs, on Alexander's mind.

Alex. On to the banquet. [*Exeunt ALEXANDER, &c.*]

Rox. Ha! with such disdain!
 So unconcern'd! Oh, I could tear myself,
 Him, you, and all the hateful world, to atoms.

Cas. Still keep this spirit up, preserve it still,
 And know us for your friends: we like your rage:
 Here, in the sight of Heaven, Cassander swears,
 Unaw'd by death, to second your revenge:
 Speak but the word, and, swift as thought can fly,
 The tyrant falls a victim to your fury.

Rox. Shall he then die? shall I consent to kill him?
 I, that have lov'd him with that eager fondness,
 Shall I consent to have him basely murdered,
 And see him clasp'd in the cold arms of death?
 No, Cassander!

Worlds should not tempt me to the deed of horror.

Poly. The weak fond scruples of your love might
 pass,
 Was not the empire of the world concern'd.

Cas. If Alexander lives, you cannot reign,
 Nor will your child: old Sysigambis plans
 Your sure destruction; boldly then prevent her:
 Give but the word, and Alexander dies.

Poly. Not he alone, the Persian race shall bleed:
 At your command, one universal ruin
 Shall, like a deluge, whelm the eastern world,
 Till gloriously we raise you to the throne.

Rox. But till this mighty ruin be accomplish'd,

Where can Roxana fly the avenging arms
Of those, who must succeed this godlike man?

Cas. Would you vouchsafe in these expanded arms
To seek a refuge, what could hurt you here?
There you might reign with undiminish'd lustre,
Queen of the east, and empress of my soul.

Rox. Disgrac'd Roxana! whither art thou fall'n?
Till this curs'd hour I never was unhappy!
There's not one mark of former majesty
To awe the slave that offers at my honour.

Cas. Impute not, madam, my unbounded passion
To want of rev'rence——I have lov'd you long.

Rox. Hence from my sight, and never more pre-
sume

To meet my eyes; for, mark me, if thou dar'st,
To Alexander I'll unfold thy treason,
Whose life, in spite of all his wrongs to me,
Shall still be sacred, and above thy malice.

Cas. By your own life, the greatest oath, I swear
Cassander's passion from this hour is dumb;
And as the best atonement I can make
Statira dies, the victim of your vengeance.

Rox. Cassander rise; 'tis ample expiation.
Yes, rival, yes——this night shall be thy last;
This night I know is destined for thy triumph,
And gives my Alexander to thy arms.
Oh, murderous thought!

Poly. The bowers of great Semiramis are made
The scene of love; Perdiccas holds the guard.

Cas. Now is your time, while Alexander revels,
And the whole court re-echoes with his riot,
To end her, and with her to end your fears.
Give me but half the Zogdian slaves that wait you,
And deem her dead; nor shall a soul escape,
That serves your rival to disperse the news.

Rox. By me they die, Perdiccas and Statira;
Hence with thy aid, I neither ask nor want it,
But will myself conduct the slaves to battle.

Were she to fall by any arm but mine,
 Well might she murmur, and arraign her stars;
 'Tis life well lost to die by my command.
 Rival, rejoice, and pleased resign thy breath;
 Roxana's vengeance grants thee noble death. *[Exit.]*

Cas. All but her Jove this Semele disdains.
 We must be quick—she may perhaps betray
 The great design, and frustrate our revenge.

Poly. Has Philip got instructions how to act?

Cas. He has, my friend, and, faithful to our cause,
 Resolves to execute the fatal order.

Bear him this vial—it contains a poison
 Of that exalted force, that deadly nature,
 Should Æsculapius drink it, in five hours
 (For then it works) the god himself were mortal:
 I drew it from Nonacris' horrid spring;
 Mixed with his wine a single drop gives death,
 And sends him howling to the shades below.

Poly. I know its power, for I have seen it try'd;
 Pains of all sorts thro' ev'ry nerve and art'ry,
 At once it scatters—burns at once, and freezes,

Cas. Now, Alexander, now, we'll soon be quits;
 Death for a blow is interest indeed. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

The Palace.

ALEXANDER, PERDICCAS, CASSANDER, POLYPER-
 CHON, EUMENES, *discovered at a Banquet, &c.—A
 Flourish of Trumpets.*

Alex. To our immortal health and our fair queen's;
 All drink it deep; and while the bowl goes round,
 Mars and Bellona join to make us music;

A thousand bulls be offered to the sun,
White as his beams; speak the big voice of war;
Beat all our drums, and sound our silver trumpets;
Provoke the gods to follow our example,
In bowls of nectar and replying thunder.

[Flourish of Trumpets.]

Enter CLYTUS, HEPHESTION, *and* LYSIMACHUS
bloody.

Clyt. Long live the king! long live great Alexander!

Alex. Did I not give command you should preserve
Lysimachus?

Heph. Dread sir, you did.

Alex. What then

Portend these bloody marks?

Heph. Ere we arrived
Perdiccas had already placed the prince
In a lone court, all but his hands unarmed.

Clyt. On them were gauntlets; such was his desire,
In death to show the difference betwixt
The blood of Æacus and common men.

Heph. With unconcern the gallant prince advanced:

Now, Parisatis, be the glory thine,
But mine the danger, were his only words;
For, as he spoke, the furious beast descry'd him,
And rushed outrageous to devour his prey.

Clyt. Agile and vigorous, he avoids the shock,
With a slight wound, and as the lion turned,
Thrust gauntlet, arm and all into his throat,
And with Herculean strength tears forth the tongue:
Foaming and bloody, the disabled savage
Sunk to the earth, and ploughed it with his teeth;
While with an active bound your conquering soldier
Leaped on his back, and dashed his skull in pieces.

Alex. By all my laurels 'twas a godlike act!
And 'tis my glory, as it shall be thine,

That Alexander could not pardon thee.
Oh, my brave soldier! think not all the prayers
And tears of the lamenting queens could move me
Like what thou hast performed: grow to my breast.

Lys. Thus, self-condemned, and conscious of my
guilt,

How shall I stand such unexampled goodness?

Oh, pardon, sir, the transports of despair,

The frantic outrage of ungoverned love!

Even when I showed the greatest want of reverence,

I could have died with rapture in your service.

Alex. Lysimachus, we both have been transported:
But from this hour be certain of my heart.

A lion be the impress of thy shield;

And that gold armour we from Porus won,

Thy king presents thee——But thy wounds ask rest.

Lys. I have no wounds, dread sir! or, if I had,
Were they all mortal, they should stream unminded,
When Alexander was the glorious health.

Alex. Thy hand, Hephestion: clasp him to thy
heart,

And wear him ever near thee. Parisatis

Shall now be his who serves me best in war.

Neither reply, but mark the charge I give;

Live, live as friends—you will, you must, you shall:

'Tis a god gives you life.

Clyt. Oh, monstrous vanity!

Alex. Ha! what says Clytus? who am I?

Clyt. The son of good King Philip.

Alex. By my kindred gods,

'Tis false. Great Ammon gave me birth.

Clyt. I've done.

Alex. Clytus, what means that dress? Give him a
robe there;

Take it, and wear it.

Clyt. Sir, the wine, the weather's hot—
Besides, you know my humour.

Alex. It is not well ! I'd rather burn,
Than be so singular and froward.

Clyt. So would I——
Burn, hang, or drown, but in a better cause.
I'll drink or fight for sacred majesty,
With any here. Fill me another bowl.
Will you excuse me ?

Alex. You will be excused :
But let him have his humour ; he is old.

Clyt. So was your father, sir ; this to his memory :
Sound all the trumpets there.

Alex. They shall not sound
Till the king drinks. Sure I was born to wage
Eternal war. All are my enemies,
Whom I could tame—But let the sports go on.

Lys. Nay, Clytus, you that could advise so well—

Alex. Let him persist, be positive, and proud,
Envious and sullen, 'mongst the nobler souls,
Like an infernal spirit, that hath stole
From hell, and mingled with the mirth of gods.

Clyt. When gods grow hot, no difference I know,
'Twixt them and devils—Fill me Greek wine—yet—
Yet fuller—I want spirits.

Alex. Let me have music.

Clyt. Music for boys—Clytus would hear the groans
Of dying soldiers, and the neigh of steeds ;
Or, if I must be pester'd with shrill sounds,
Give me the cries of matrons in sacked towns.

Heph. Let us, Lysimachus, awake the king ;
A heavy gloom is gathering on his brow.
Kneel all, with humblest adoration kneel,
And let a health to Jove's great son go round.

Alex. Sound, sound, that all the universe may
hear. [A loud Flourish of Trumpets.
Oh, for the voice of Jove ! the world should know
The kindness of my people—Rise ! oh rise !
My hands my arms, my heart, are ever yours.

Clyt. I did not kiss the earth, nor must your hand—

I am unworthy, sir.

Alex. I know thou art:

Thou enviest my great honour.

Sit all my friends. Now let us talk of war,

The noblest subject for a soldier's mouth,

And speak, speak freely, else you love me not.

Who, think you, was the greatest general

That ever led an army to the field?

Heph. A chief so great, so fortunately brave,
And justly so renown'd, as Alexander,
The radiant sun, since first his beams gave light,
Never yet saw.

Lys. Such was not Cyrus, or the famed Alcides,
Nor great Achilles, whose tempestuous sword
Laid Troy in ashes, though the warring gods
Opposed him.

Alex. Oh, you flatter me!

Clyt. They do indeed, and yet you love them for't,
But hate old Clytus for his hardy virtue.

Come, shall I speak a man with equal bravery,
A better general, and experter soldier?

Alex. I should be glad to learn: instruct me, sir.

Clyt. Your father Philip—I have seen him march,
And fought beneath his dreadful banner, where
The boldest at this table would have trembled.
Nay, frown not, sir, you cannot look me dead.
When Greeks joined Greeks then was the tug of war!
The laboured battle sweat, and conquest bled.
Why should I fear to speak a bolder truth
Than e'er the lying priests of Ammon told you?
Philip fought men—but Alexander women.

Alex. Envy, by the gods!

Is then my glory come to this at last,
To conquer women! Nay, he said the stoutest
Here would tremble at the dangers he had seen!
In all the sickness, all the wounds, I bore,
When from my reins the javelin's head was cut,
Lysimachus, Hephestion, speak Perdiccas,

Did I once tremble? Oh, the cursed falsehood!
Did I once shake or groan, or act beneath
The dauntless resolution of a king?

Lys. Wine has transported him.

Alex. No, 'tis mere malice.

I was a woman too at Oxydrace,
When planting on the walls a scaling ladder.
I mounted, spite of showers of stones, bars, arrows,
And all the lumber which they thundered down,
When you beneath cry'd out, and spread your arms,
That I should leap among you—did I so?

Lys. Dread sir, the old man knows not what he
says.

Alex. Was I woman when, like Mercury,
I leaped the walls and flew amidst the foe.
And like a baited lion dyed myself
All over in the blood of those bold hunters;
Till, spent with toil I battled on my knees,
Plucked forth the darts that made my shield a forest,
And hurled them back with most unconquer'd fury,
Then shining in my arms I sunned the field,
Moved, spoke, and fought, and was myself a war.

Clyt. 'Twas all bravado; for, before you leaped,
You saw that I had burst the gates asunder.

Alex. Oh, that thou wert but once more young!
That I might strike thee to the earth,
For this audacious lie, thou feeble dotard!

Clyt. I know the reason why you use me thus:
I saved you from the sword of bold Rhesaces,
Else had your godship slumbered in the dust,
And most ungratefully you hate me for it.

Alex. Hence from the banquet: thus far I forgive
thee.

Clyt. First try (for none can want forgiveness more)
To have your own bold blasphemies forgiven,
The shameful riots of a vicious life,
Philotas' murder——

Alex. Ha! what said the traitor?

Heph. Clytus, withdraw; Eumenes, force him hence:

Clyt. No, let him send me, if I must be gone,
To Philip, Atalaus, Calisthenes,
To great Parmenio, and his slaughtered sons.

Alex. Ha!

Heph. Hold, mighty sir!

Alex. Sirrah! off,
Lest I at once strike through his heart and thine.

Lys. Oh, sacred sir! have but a moment's patience.

Alex. What! hold my arms? I shall be murdered
here,

Like poor Darius, by my barbarous subjects.
Perdiccas, sound our trumpets to the camp;
Call all my soldiers to the court: nay, haste,
For there is treason plotting 'gainst my life,
And I shall perish ere they come to save me.
Where is the traitor?

Clyt. Sure there is none amongst us,
But here I stand—honest Clytus,
Whom the king invited to the banquet.

Alex. Begone to Philip, Atalaus, Calisthenes—
[Stabs him.]

And let bold subjects learn by thy example
Not to provoke the patience of their prince.

Clyt. The rage of wine is drowned in gushing blood.
Oh, Alexander! I have been to blame:
Hate me not after death; for I repent
That I so far have urged your noble nature.

Alex. What's this I hear! say on, my dying soldier.

Clyt. I should have killed myself had I but lived
To be once sober—Now I fall with honour;
My own hands would have brought foul death. Oh,
pardon! [Dies.]

Alex. Then I am lost: what has my vengeance done!
Who is it thou hast slain? Clytus!
Who saved thy life,
Fighting bareheaded at the river Granick,
And now he has a noble recompense;

For a rash word, spoke in the heat of wine,
The poor, the honest Clytus thou hast slain,
Clytus, thy friend, thy guardian, thy preserver

Heph. Remove the body, it inflames his sorrow.

Alex. None dare to touch him : we must never part.
Cruel Hephestion and Lysimachus,
That had the power, yet would not hold me ! Oh !

Lys. Dear sir, we did.

Alex. I know ye did ; yet held me
Like a wild beast, to let me go again
With greater violence.—Oh, ye have undone me !
Excuse it not ; you, that could stop a lion,
Could not turn me ! ye should have drawn your swords,
And barred my rage with their advancing points,
Made reason glitter in my dazzled eyes,
Till I had seen the precipice before me :
That had been noble, that had shown the friend ;
Clytus would so have done to save your lives.

Lys. When men shall hear how highly you were
urged——

Alex. No ; you have let me stain my rising glory,
Which else had ended brighter than the sun.
Oh ! I am all a blot, which seas of tears
And my heart's blood can never wash away !
Yet tis but just I try, and on the point
Still reeking hurl my black polluted breast.

Lys. Forgive, dread sir—forgive my pious hands,
That dare in duty to disarm my master.

Alex. Yes, cruel men ! ye now can show your
strength :

Here's not a slave but dares oppose my justice,
Yet none had courage to prevent this murder :
But I will render all endeavours vain,
That tend to save my live—here will I lie,

[Falls on CLYTUS.

Close to my murdered soldier's bleeding side ;
Thus clasping his cold body in my arms,
Till death like his has closed my eyes for ever !

Enter PERDICCAS.

Per. Rise, sacred sir! and haste to save the queen.
Roxana, filled with furious jealousy,
Came with a guard unmarked; she gain'd the bower,
And broke upon me, with such sudden fury,
That all have perished who opposed her rage.

Alex. What says Perdiccas? is the queen in danger?

Per. Haste, sir, or she dies.

Alex. Thus from the grave I rise to save my love:
All draw your swords, on wings of lightning move,
Young Ammon leads you, and the cause is love.
When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay;
'Tis beauty calls, and glory leads the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Bower of Semiramis.

STATIRA discovered.

Stat Bless me, ye powers above, and guard my
virtue!

Where are you fled, dear shades? where are you fled?
'Twas but a dream, and yet I saw and heard
My royal parents, who, while pious care
Sat on their faded cheeks, pronounced with tears,
Tears such as angels weep, this hour my last!
But hence with fear—my Alexander comes,
And fear and danger ever fled from him.
'Would that he were here!
For oh, I tremble, and a thousand terrors
Rush in upon me, and alarm my heart!

But hark! tis he, and all my fears are fled :
My life, my joy, my Alexander, comes!

Rox. [*Within.*] Make fast the gate, with all its
massy bars :

At length we have conquered this stupendous height,
And reached the grove.

Stat. Ye guardian gods defend me !
Roxana's voice! then all the vision's true,
And die I must.

Enter ROXANA.

Rox. Secure the brazen gate.
Where is my rival? 'tis Roxana calls.

Stat. And what is she, who, with such towering
pride,

Would awe a princess that is born above her

Rox. Behold thy fate!
Behold, and meet it as becomes a queen.

Fain would I find thee worthy of my vengeance ;
Here, take my weapon then, and if thou darest—

Stat. How little know'st thou what Statira dares !
Yes, cruel woman! yes, I dare meet death
With a resolve at which thy coward heart
Would shrink; for terror haunts the guilty mind;
While conscious innocence, that knows no fear,
Can smiling pass, and scorn thy idle threats.

Rox. Return, fair insolent! return, I say :
Darest thou, presumptuous, to invade my rights !
Restore him quickly to my longing arms,
And with him give me back his broken vows,
For, perjured as he is, he still is mine,
Or I will rend them from thy bleeding heart.

Stat. Alas, Roxana! 'tis not in my power ;
I cannot if I would—and oh, ye gods !
What were the world to Alexander's loss !

Rox. Oh, sorceress! to thy accursed charms
I owe the phrenzy that distracts my soul ;
To them I owe my Alexander's loss :

Too late thou tremblest at my just revenge,
My wrongs cry out, and vengeance will have way.

Stat. Yet think, Roxana, ere you plunge in murder,
Think on the horrors that must ever haunt you ;
Think on the furies, those avenging ministers
Of Heaven's high wrath, how they will tear your soul,
All day distract you with a thousand fears ;
And when by night thou vainly seek'st repose,
They'll gather round and interrupt your slumbers
With horrid dreams and terrifying visions.

Rox. Add still, if possible, superior horrors.
Rather than leave my great revenge unfinished,
I'll dare them all, and triumph in the deed ;
Therefore—— *[Holds up the Dagger.]*

Stat. Hold, hold, thy hand advanc'd in air :
I read my sentence written in thine eyes ;
Yet oh, Roxana ! on thy black revenge
One kindly ray of female pity beam ;
And give me death in Alexander's presence.

Rox. Not for the world's wide empire shouldst thou
see him.
Fool ! but for him thou might'st unheeded live ;
For his sake only art thou doom'd to die.
The sole remaining joy that glads my soul,
Is to deprive thee of the heart I have lost.

Enter SLAVE.

Slave. Madam, the king and all his guards are come ;
With frantic rage they thunder at the gate,
And must ere this have gained admittance.

Rox. Ha !
Too long I have trifled. Let me then redeem
The time mispent, and make great vengeance sure.

Stat. Is Alexander, oh ye gods ! so nigh,
And can he not preserve me from her fury ?

Rox. Nor he nor Heaven shall shield thee from my
justice.

Die, sorceress, die, and all my wrongs die with thee !
[Stabs her.

Alexander. [Without.] Away, ye slaves ! stand off ;
Nor Heaven nor earth shall stop me.

Enter ALEXANDER.

Ha ! my soul ! my queen, my love, Statira !
Are these my promised joys ?

Stat. Alas !

My only love, my best and dearest blessing !
'Would I had died before you entered here ;
For, thus delighted, while I gaze upon thee,
Death grows more horrid, and I'm loath to leave thee.

Alex. 'Thou shalt not leave me—Cruel, cruel stars !
Oh, where's the monster, where's the horrid fiend,
That struck at innocence, and murdered thee ?

Rox. Behold the wretch who, desperate of thy love
In jealous madness gave the fatal blow !

Alex. To dungeons, tortures, drag her from my
sight.

Stat. My soul is on the wing : oh come, my lord,
Haste to my arms, and take a last farewell.
Thus let me die.

Alex. Look up, my love.

Oh Heaven ! and will you, will you, take her from me !

Stat. Farewell, my most loved lord : ah me ! fare-
well !

Yet ere I die grant this request. Spare
Roxana's life—'Twas love of you that caused
The death she gave me. And oh ! sometimes think,
Amidst your revels, think on your poor queen :
And ere the cheerful bowl salutes your lips,
Enrich it with a tear, and I am happy. [Dies.

Alex. All, all is hushed, no music now is heard ;
The roses wither, and the fragrant breath
That waked their sweets, shall never wake them more !

Rox. Weep not, my lord ! no sorrow can recall her.

Oh turn your eyes, and in Roxana's arms,
You'll find fond love and everlasting truth.

Alex. Hence from my sight, and thank my dear
Statira

That yet thou art alive.

Rox. In spite of all your cruelty I love you ;
Yes, thus I'll fasten on your sacred robe,
Thus on my knees for ever cling around thee,
Till you forgive me, or till death divide us.

Alex. Hence, fury, hence : there's not a glance of
thine

But like a basilisk comes winged with death.

Rox. Oh speak not thus to one who kneels for
mercy !

Think for whose sake it was I madly plunged
Into a crime abhorrent to my nature.

Alex. Oh, murderess, off ! for ever shun my sight ;
My eyes detest thee, for thy soul is ruin.

Rox. Barbarian ! yes, I will for ever shun thee.
Repeated injuries have steeled my heart,
And I could curse myself for being kind.
If there is any majesty above,
That has revenge in store for perjured love,
Send, Heaven, the swiftest ruin on his head !
Strike the destroyer ! lay the victor dead !
Kill the——

But what are curses ? curses will not kill,
Nor ease the tortures I am doomed to feel !

Alex. Oh, my fair star, I shall be shortly with thee !
What means this deadly dew upon my forehead ?
My heart too heaves ——

Cas. The poison works.

Enter EUMENES.

Eum. Pardon, dread sir, a fatal messenger :
The royal Sysigambis is no more.
Struck with the horror of Statira's fate,
She soon expired, and with her latest breath

Left Parisatis to Lysimachus.

But what I fear most deeply will affect you,
Your loved Hephestion's—dead!

Alex. Dead! then he is blest!

But here, here lies my fate.

Here my banner's lost.

My standard's triumph's gone.

Oh when shall I be mad! Give orders to

The army that they break their shields, swords, spears,
Pound their bright armour into dust——Away.

Is there not cause to put the world in mourning?

Burn all the spires that seem to meet the sky,

Beat down the battlements of every city,

And, for the monument of this loved creature,

Root up these bowers, and pave them all with gold;

Draw dry the Ganges, make the Indies poor,

To deck her tomb; no shrine nor altar spare,

But strip the pomp from gods, to place it there. [*Exit.*

Enter POLYPERCHON.

Cas. Saw you the king?

Poly. Yes; with disordered wildness in his looks,
He rushed along, till with a casual glance

He saw me where I stood, then stepping short,

Draw near, he cry'd—and grasped my hand in his,

Where more than fevers raged in every vein.

Oh, Polyperchon! I have lost my queen!

Statira's dead—and, as he spoke, the tears

Gushed from his eyes—I more than felt his pains.

Enter THESSALUS.

Thes. Hence, hence, away!

Cas. Where is he, Thessalus?

Thes. I left him circled by a crowd of princes.

The poison tears him with that height of horror,

Even I could pity him—He called his chiefs,

Embraced them round—then, starting from amidst
them,

Cry'd out, I come—'twas Ammon's voice ;—I know
it—

Father, I come ; but let me, ere I go,
Despatch the business of a kneeling world !

Poly. No more ; I hear him—we must meet anon.

Cas. In Saturn's field—there give a loose to rapture,
Enjoy the tempest we ourselves have raised,
And triumph in the wreck which crowns our ven-
geance. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Palace.

ALEXANDER, *with his Hair dishevelled*, LYSIMACHUS,
EUMENES, PERDICCAS, *discovered*.

Alex. Search there ; nay, probe me, search my
wounded reins—

Pull, draw it out.

Lys. We have searched, but find no hurt.

Alex. Oh, I am shot ! a forked burning arrow
Sticks cross my shoulders : the sad venom flies
Like lightning thro' my flesh, my blood, my marrow !

Lys. How fierce his fever !

Alex. Ha ! what a change of torments I endure !
A bolt of ice runs hissing thro' my bowels ;
'Tis sure the arm of death ; give me a chair ;
Cover me, for I freeze, and my teeth chatter,
And my knees knock together.

Eum. Have mercy, Heaven !

Alex. I burn, I burn again !
The war grows wondrous hot : hey for the Tigris !
Bear me, Bucephalus, amongst the billows.

[*Jumps into the Chair.*

Oh, 'tis a noble beast ! I would not change him
For the best horse the sun has in his stable ;
For they are hot, their mangers full of coals,
Their manes are flakes of lightning, curls of fire,
And their red tails like meteors whisk about.

Lys. Help, all ; Eumenes, help !

Alex. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I shall die with laughter.
Parmenio, Clytus, do you see yon' fellow,
That ragged soldier, that poor tattered Greek ?
See how he puts to flight the gaudy Persians,
With nothing but a rusty helmet on, through which
The grisly bristles of his pushing beard
Drive them like pikes—Ha ! ha ! ha !

Per. How wild he talks !

Lys. Yet warring in his wildness.

Alex. Sound, sound ! keep your ranks close. Ay,
now they come ;

Oh, the brave din, the noble clang, of arms !
Charge, charge apace, and let the phalanx move.
Darius comes—ay, tis Darius,
I see, I know him by the sparkling plumes,
And his gold chariot, drawn by ten white horses ;
But like a tempest thus I pour upon him——
He bleeds ! with that last blow I brought him down :
He tumbles ; take him, snatch th' imperial crown.
They fly, they fly !—Follow, follow—Victoria !
Victoria ! Victoria !——

[*Leaps into the SOLDIERS' Arms.*

Per. Let's bear him softly to his bed,

Alex. Hold, the least motion gives me instant death ;
My vital spirits are quite parched, burnt up,
And all my smoky entrails turned to ashes.

Lys. When you, the brightest star that ever shone,
Shall set, it must be night with us for ever.

Alex. Let me embrace you all before I die.

[*All kneel and weep.*

Weep not, my dear companions ! the good gods

Shall send you in my stead a nobler prince,
One that shall lead you forth with matchless conduct.

Lys. Break not our hearts with such unkind expressions.

Per. We will not part with you, nor change for Mars.

Alex. Perdiccas, take this ring,
And see me laid in the temple of Jupiter Ammon.

Lys. To whom does your dread majesty bequeath
The empire of the world?

Alex. To him that is most worthy.

Per. When will you, sacred sir, that we should
give

To your great memory those divine honours
Which such exalted virtue does deserve?

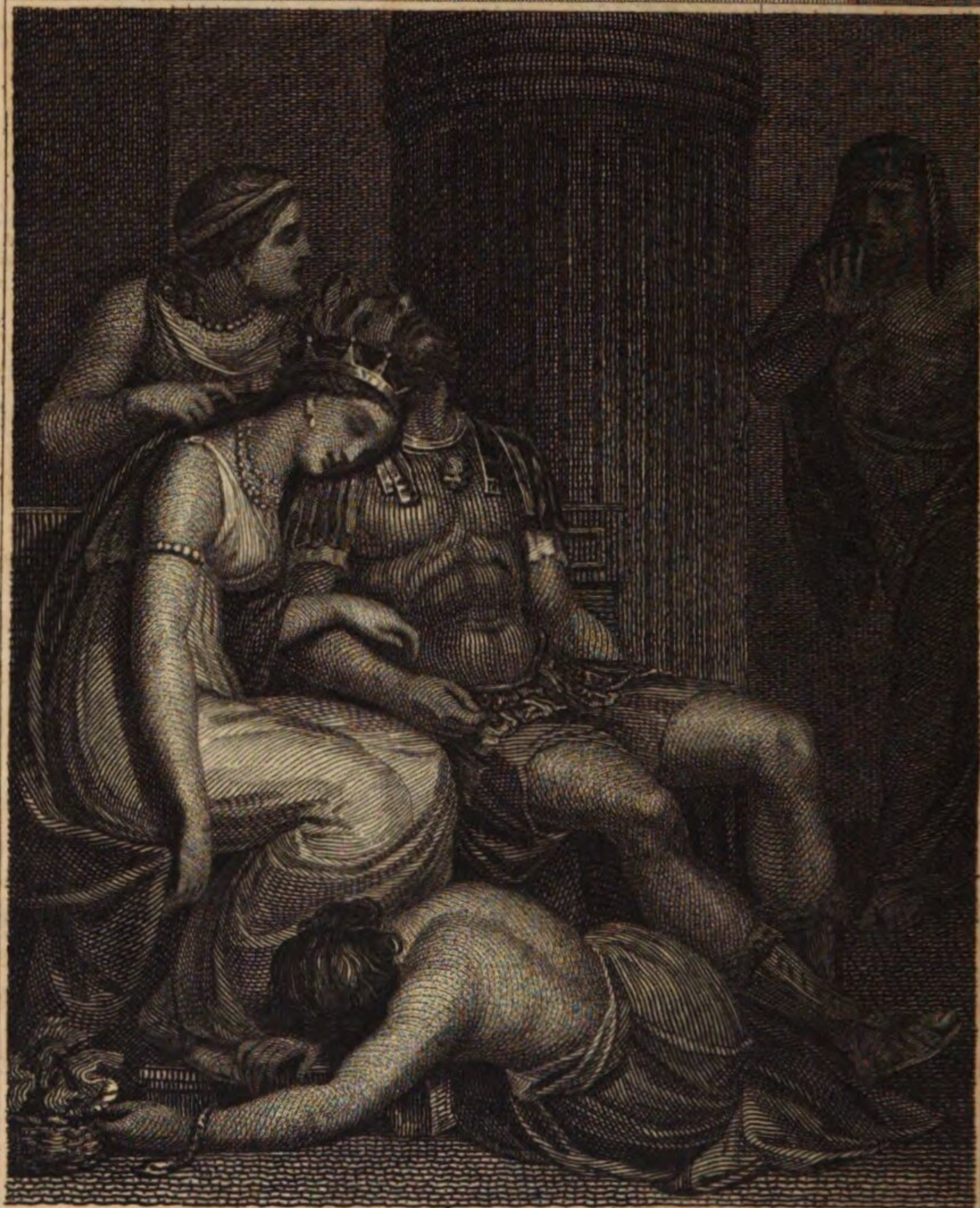
Alex. When you are all most happy and in peace.
Your hands—Oh, father! if I have discharg'd
The duty of a man to empire born;
If, by unweary'd toils, I have deserv'd
The vast renown of thy adopted son,
Accept this soul, which thou didst first inspire,
And which this sigh thus gives thee back again!

[*Dies.*

Lys. There fell the pride and glory of the war!
If there be treason, let us find it out;
Lysimachus stands forth to lead you on,
And swears, by these most honour'd dear remains,
He will not taste those joys which beauty brings,
Until he has reveng'd the best of kings. [Exeunt.]

THE END.

ALL FOR LOVE



CLEOPATRA.

CEASAR, BE WORRY

NOT PART

OF US IF THEY CANST.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

PAINTED BY HOWARD.

PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO.

ENGRAVED BY L. SCHIAVONETTI.

ALL FOR LOVE;

OR,

THE WORLD WELL LOST;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By JOHN DRYDEN.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

ALL FOR LOVE

SAVAGE AND EASINGWOOD,
PRINTERS, LONDON.

REMARKS.

It is no slight honour to this play, that it was written by the illustrious author of the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day." The play, in return, confers but little honour upon Dryden.

The burning bosom, throbbing heart, the enchanting sensations, which the author, in his odes and poems, inspires, are rarely excited by his dramatic works. The stage, which exalts the muse of many an author, humbles that of the present great poet; and he ranks as a dramatist beneath those rivals who can move the passions by a more judicious adherence to nature and simplicity.

"All for Love" was the author's favourite drama;—he said, he wrote it solely to please himself, and had succeeded in his design. Yet, were it not for the interest which attaches to the names of his hero and heroine, their characters are too feebly drawn to produce those emotions which an audience at a tragedy come prepared to feel.

Who can be inattentive to the loves of Marc Antony and Cleopatra? Yet, thus described, their fate in representation seldom draws a tear, or gives rise to one transport of passion in the breast of the most observing auditor. The work is, nevertheless, highly valuable. It is one of the most interesting parts

of Roman and Egyptian history; and the historian—Dryden.

There is certainly in this short history, compared with more copious ones, a diminution of Cleopatra's faults: yet her character is by no means so graced with virtues, and dignified by heroism in this drama, as in the tragedy of *Pompée*, by the great Corneille.

The wife of Antony, in the present composition, is, unexpectedly, the most affecting personage in the whole piece: and the comic sentences of Ventidius the sole support of those scenes, where the tragic parts, more particularly, decline into languor.

The author was an advocate for tragi-comedy, and held, that all theatrical productions required alternate scenes of grief and joy, to render the whole a more perfect picture of nature, than could be given by one continued view of either. Some of his biographers have said, that, in his latter days, Dryden altered this opinion, and was convinced, that tragedy and comedy should never unite. It is probable he recanted; and it is consolatory to reflect, that this great man was as apt perhaps to change his mind upon all other subjects, as upon that in which his political interest was concerned.

In politics, the author of this tragedy was so inconstant, that he wrote funeral lamentations on the death of Oliver Cromwell, and hymns of joy on the restoration of King Charles.

He wrote "The Spanish Friar," to vilify the Roman Catholic religion, whilst that religion was persecuted; and translated an ancient Father, to prove it the true

faith, when the King on the throne professed himself one of its members.

This extraordinary man was a grandson of Sir Erasmus Dryden, of Northamptonshire, and born near Oundle, in that county. His hereditary income seems to have been extremely confined, yet he was educated for no profession; whilst the emoluments of a poet, like those of a soldier, scarcely ever supply the various necessities of the gentleman.

He married Lady C. Howard, sister to the Earl of Berkshire; but this union could not give much aid to his finances, as it is testified, that the world has been indebted for his works to his poverty. His pen was not more pre-eminent than reluctant.

Dryden's manners were meek and modest in the same remarkable degree as his satire on his enemies was bold and revengeful; for, like other able writers of his time, his days were embittered by the envy and malignity of rivals.

But with all their slander, and all his own in return, he was not so worn by evil passions as to die much before the age of seventy. He departed this life in the year 1701, at his house in Gerrard Street, professing the faith of the Church of Rome.

So distinguished a believer might have done honour to that Church—but Dryden believed also in astrology.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARC ANTONY	Mr. Holman.
VENTIDIUS	Mr. Harley.
DOLABELLA	Mr. Farren.
ALEXAS	Mr. Davies.
SERAPION	Mr. Hull.
ROMANS	{ Mr. Evatt.
	{ Mr. Ledger.
MYRIS	Mr. Thompson.
CLEOPA'TRA	Mrs. Merry.
OCTAVIA	Mrs. Pope.
CHARMION	Mrs. Rock.
IRAS	Miss Francis.
ANTONY'S <i>Two little</i> DAUGHTERS.	

SCENE,—*Alexandria.*

ALL FOR LOVE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Temple of Isis.

SERAPION, MYRIS, *Priests of Isis, discovered.*

Ser. Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent
That they have lost their name. Our fruitful Nile
Flow'd, ere the wonted season, with a torrent
So unexpected, and so wond'rous fierce,
That the wild deluge overtook the haste
Ev'n of the hinds that watch'd it.

Then with so swift an ebb the flood drove back-
ward,

It slipt from underneath the scaly herd :
Here monstrous phocæ panted on the shore,
Forsaken dolphins there, with their broad tails,
Lay lashing the departing waves ; hard by them,
Sea-horses flound'ring in the slimy mud,
'Toss'd up their heads, and dash'd the ooze about
them.

Enter ALEXAS behind them.

Myr. Avert these omens, Heav'n !

Ser. Last night, between the hours of twelve and
one,

In a lone aisle o'the temple while I walk'd,

A whirlwind rose, that with a violent blast
Shook all the dome; the doors around me clapt;
The iron wicket, that defends the vault,
Where the long race of Ptolemies is laid,
Burst open, and disclos'd the mighty dead;
A peal of groans
Then follow'd, and a lamentable voice
Cry'd, "Egypt is no more."—My blood ran back,
My shaking knees against each other knock'd;
On the cold pavement down I fell entranc'd,
And so unfinish'd left the horrid scene.

Alex. And dreamt you this, or did invent the story
[*Showing himself.*

To frighten our Egyptian boys withal,
And train them up betimes to fear of priesthood?

Ser. My lord, I saw you not,
Nor meant my words should reach your ears; but
what

I utter'd was most true.

Alex. A foolish dream,
Bred from the fumes of indigested feasts,
And holy luxury.

Ser. I know my duty:
This goes no farther.

Alex. 'Tis not fit it should,
Nor would the times now bear it, were it true.
All southern from yon' hills, the Roman camp
Hangs o'er us black and threat'ning, like a storm
Just breaking on our heads.

Ser. 'Tis strange, that Antony, for some days past,
Has not beheld the face of Cleopatra;
But here in Isis' temple lives retir'd,
And makes his heart a prey to black despair.
How stands the Queen affected?

Alex. O, she dotes,
She dotes, Serapion, on this vanquish'd man;
And winds herself about his mighty ruins,
Whom, would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,

This hunted prey, to his pursuer's hands,
She might preserve us all: but 'tis in vain—
This changes my designs, this blasts my counsels,
And makes me use all means to keep him here,
Whom I could wish divided from her arms,
Far as the earth's deep centre.—Well, you know
The state of things: no more of your ill omens
And black prognostics; labour to confirm
The people's hearts.

*Enter VENTIDIUS, talking aside with a GENTLEMAN
of ANTONY'S.*

Ser. These Romans will o'erhear us.
But who's that stranger? By his warlike port,
His fierce demeanour, and erected look,
He's of no vulgar note.

Alex. O, 'tis Ventidius,
Our Emperor's great lieutenant in the east,
Who first show'd Rome, that Parthia could be conquer'd.
When Antony return'd from Syria last,
He left this man to guard the Roman frontiers.

Ser. You seem to know him well.

Alex. Too well. I saw him in Cilicia first,
When Cleopatra there met Antony:
A mortal foe he was to us and Egypt.
But let me witness to the worth I hate:
A braver Roman never drew a sword:
Firm to his prince, but as a friend, not slave:
He ne'er was of his pleasures, but presides
O'er all his cooler hours, and morning counsels;
In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue
Of an old true stamp'd Roman lives in him.
His coming bodes, I know not what, of ill
To our affairs. Withdraw, to mark him better,
And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,
And what's our present work.

*[They withdraw to a Corner of the Stage, and VEN-
TIDIUS, with the Other, comes forward to the
Front.]*

Vent. Not see him, say you?
I say, I must and will.

Gent. He has commanded,
On pain of death, none should approach his presence.

Vent. I bring him news will raise his drooping spirits,
Give him new life.

Gent. He sees not Cleopatra.

Vent. Would he had never seen her!

Gent. He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use

Of any thing but thought; or, if he talks,
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving:
Then he defies the world, and bids it pass.
Sometimes he gnaws his lips, and curses loud
The boy Octavius; then he draws his mouth
Into a scornful smile, and cries, Take all;
The world's not worth my care!

Vent. Just, just his nature.
Virtue's his path, but sometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vast soul, and then he starts out wide,
And bounds into a vice, that bears him far
From his first course, and plunges him in ills:
He must not thus be lost.

[ALEXAS and the PRIESTS come forward.]

Alex. You have your full instructions; now advance;
Proclaim your orders loudly.

Ser. Romans! Egyptians! hear the queen's command.

Thus Cleopatra bids: Let labour cease;
To pomp and triumphs give this happy day,
That gave the world a lord; 'tis Antony's.
Live Antony, and Cleopatra live!
Be this the general voice sent up to heav'n,
And ev'ry public place repeat this echo.

Vent. Fine pageantry!

[Aside.]

Ser. Set out before your doors
The images of all your sleeping fathers,
With laurels crown'd ; with laurels wreath your
posts,
And strew with flow'rs the pavement ; let the priest
Do present sacrifice, pour out the wine,
And call the gods to join with you in gladness.

Vent. Curse on the tongue that bids this gen'ral
joy!—

Can they be friends of Antony, who revel
When Antony's in danger ! Hide, for shame,
You Romans, your great grandsires' images,
For fear their souls should animate their marbles,
To blush at their degenerate progeny.

Alex. A love, which knows no bounds to Antony,
Would mark the day with honours ; when all Heav'n
Labour'd for him ; when each propitious star
Stood wakeful in his orb to watch that hour,
And shed his bitter influence ;—her own birthday
Our queen neglected, like a vulgar fate
That pass'd obscurely by.

Vent. Would it had slept,
Divided far from his, till some remote
And future age, had call'd it out to ruin
Some other prince, not him.

Alex. Your emperor,
Tho' grown unkind, would be more gentle than
T' upbraid my queen for loving him too well.

Vent. I tell thee, eunuch, she has quite unmann'd
him :

Can any Roman see and know him now,
Thus alter'd from the lord of half mankind,
Unbent, unsinew'd, made a woman's toy,
Shrunk from the vast extent of all his honours,
And cramp'd within a corner of the world!—

O, Antony!

Thou bravest soldier, and thou best of friends !
Bounteous as nature, next to nature's God !

Couldst thou but make new worlds, so wouldst thou
 give them,
 As bounty were thy being. Rough in battle,
 As the first Romans when they went to war;
 Yet, after victory, more pitiful
 Than all their praying virgins left at home!

Alex. Would you could add to those more shining
 virtues,
 His truth to her who loves him.

Vent. Would I could not!
 But wherefore waste I precious hours with thee?
 Thou art her darling mischief, her chief engine,
 Antony's other fate. Go tell thy queen,
 Ventidius is arriv'd to end her charms.
 Let your Egyptian timbrels play alone,
 Nor mix effeminate sounds with Roman trumpets.
 You dare not fight for Antony; go pray,
 And keep your coward's holyday in temples.

[*Exeunt ALEX. and SERAP.*]

Enter the GENTLEMAN of MARC ANTONY.

2 Gent. The Emperor approaches, and commands,
 On pain of death, that none presume to stay.

1 Gent. I dare not disobey him.

[*Going out with the Other.*]

Vent. Well, I dare:
 But I'll observe him first unseen, and find
 Which way his humour drives: the rest I'll venture.
 [*Withdraws.*]

*Enter ANTONY, walking with a disturbed Motion before
 he speaks.*

Ant. They tell me 'tis my birthday, and I'll
 keep it
 With double pomp of sadness:
 'Tis what the day deserves which gave me breath.
 Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
 Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,

Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downward,
To be trod out by Cæsar?

Vent. [Aside.] On my soul
'Tis mournful, wond'rous mournful!

Ant. Count thy gains
Now, Antony; wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has starv'd thy wanting age.

Vent. [Aside.] How sorrow shakes him!
So, now the tempest tears him up by the roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

Ant. [Having thrown himself down.] Lie there, thou
shadow of an emperor;
The place thou pressest on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then Octavia,
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it,)
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar;
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe
Lie still and peaceful there.—I'll think no more
on't.

Give me some music; look that it be sad.
I'll sooth my melancholy till I swell,
And burst myself with sighing—— [*Soft Music.*]
'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
I'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all,
Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene,
Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
And look just of a piece as I grew from it:
My uncomb'd locks, matted like mistletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook
Runs at my foot——

Vent. Methinks, I fancy
Myself there too.

Ant. The herd come jumping by me,
And fearless quench their thirst while I look on,
And take me for their fellow-citizen.
More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.

[*Soft Music again.*]

Vent. I must disturb him: I can hold no longer.

[*Stands before him.*]

Ant. [*Starting up.*] Art thou Ventidius?

Vent. Are you Antony?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.

Ant. I would be private. Leave me.

Vent. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me!

Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?

Vent. My emperor; the man I love next heav'n:
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:
You're all that's good and godlike.

Ant. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me then?

Vent. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not; but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?
For if a friend thou hast beheld enough;
And if a foe too much.

Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common dew:—

[*Weeping.*]

I have not wept these forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes:
I cannot help her softness.

Ant. By Heav'n, he weeps! poor good old man, he
weeps!

The big round drops, course one another down

The furrows of his cheeks. Stop them, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death ; they set my shame,
That caus'd them, full before me.

Sure, there's contagion in the tears of friends ;
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine——Nay, father——

Vent. Emperor.

Ant. Emperor ! why that's the style of victory :
The conqu'ring soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his gen'ral so ; but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.

Vent. I warrant you.

Ant. Actium ! Actium ! Oh——

Vent. It sits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies, a lump of lead by day,
And in my short distracted nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams——

Vent. Out with it ; give it vent..

Ant. Urge not my shame——
I lost a battle——

Vent. So has Julius done.

Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou
think'st ;
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly ;
But Antony——

Vent. Nay, stop not.

Ant. Antony
(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought ; fled first, Ventidius !
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave ;
I know thou cam'st prepar'd to rail.

Vent. I did.

Ant. I'll help thee——I have been a man, Ven-
tidius.

Vent. Yes, and a brave one ; but——

Ant. I know thy meaning.
But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd
The name of soldier with inglorious ease :

In the full vintage of my flowing honours,
 Sat still, and saw it prest by others' hands;
 Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
 And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.
 When first I came to empire, I was borne
 On tides of people crowding to my triumphs,
 The wish of nations, and the willing world
 Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace.
 I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
 Fate could not ruin me, till I took pains,
 And work'd against my fortune, chid her from me,
 And turn'd her loose; yet still she came again.
 My careless days, and my luxurious nights,
 At length have weary'd her, and now she's gone,
 Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever!—Help me, soldier,
 To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
 Who labour'd to be wretched. Pr'ythee, curse me.

Vent. No.

Ant. Why?

Vent. You are too sensible already
 Of what you've done; too conscious of your failings,
 And, like a scorpion, whipt by others first
 To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
 I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
 Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.

Ant. I know thou wouldst.

Vent. I will.

Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.

Vent. No, 'tis you dream; you sleep away your
 hours

In desp'rate sloth, miscall'd philosophy.
 Up, up, for honour's sake! twelve legions wait you,
 And long to call you chief: by painful journeys
 I led them, patient both of heat and hunger,
 Down from the Parthian marches of the Nile:
 'Twill do you good to see their sunburnt faces,
 Their scarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands: there's virtue
 in them:

They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than you' trim bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them?

Vent. I said in Lower Syria.

Ant. Bring them hither;
There may be life in these.

Vent. They will not come.

Ant. Why did'st thou mock my hopes with promis'd
aids,

To double my despair? they're mutinous.

Vent. Most firm and loyal.

Ant. Yet they will not march
To succour me. O trifler!

Vent. They petition
You would make haste to head them.

Ant. I'm besieg'd.

Vent. There's but one way shut up—How came I
hither?

Ant. I will not stir.

Vent. They would perhaps desire
A better reason.

Ant. I have never us'd
My soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleo-
patra.

Ant. What was't they said?

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra:
Why should they fight indeed to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdoms,
Which for a kiss at your next midnight feast
You'll sell to her;—Then she new names her jewels,
And calls this diamond such or such a tax;
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.

Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults, but on your life
No word of Cleopatra; she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.

Vent. Behold, you pow'rs!
To whom you have entrusted humankind;
See Europe, Afric, Asia, put in balance,
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless woman!

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance! plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards, thou an envious traitor,
Who under seeming honesty hath vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
O that thou wert my equal, great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without stain to my honour!

Vent. You may kill me:

You have done more already, call'd me traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one?

Vent. For showing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done? But had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hinder'd me t'ave led my conqu'ring eagles
To fill Octavia's bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been so call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I have been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false,
Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me, sir,
Pray kill me: yet you need not; your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: pr'ythee forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger by discov'ry
Of what I would not hear?

Vent. No prince, but you
Could merit that sincerity I us'd;
Nor durst another man have ventur'd it;

Ant. But Cleopatra——
Go on, for I can bear it now.

Vent. No more.

Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion, but thou
may'st;
Thou only lov'st, the rest have flatter'd me.

Vent. Heav'n's blessing on your heart for that kind
word!

May I believe you love me? Speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.
[Hugging him.]

Thy praises were unjust: but I'll deserve them,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt:
Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.

Vent. And will you leave this——

Ant. Pr'ythee do not curse her,
And I will leave her, tho' Heav'n knows I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honour:
But I will leave her.

Vent. That's my royal master.
And shall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier;
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And at the head of our old troops that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come, follow me.

Vent. O, now I hear my emperor! In that word
Octavius fell. Gods! let me see that day,
And if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for th' exchange.

Ant. O, thou hast fir'd me! my soul's up in arms,
And man's each part about me. Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me,
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp: in vain the steepy hill
Oppos'd my way, in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagg'd on the plain below.

Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour!

Ant. Come on, my soldier;
Our hearts and arms are still the same:
Once more we'll meet our foes, that thou and I
Like Time and Death marching before our troops,
May taste fate to them, mow them out a passage,
And, ent'ring where the foremost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field. [Exeunt.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Grand Saloon.

Enter CLEOPATRA, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. What shall I do, or whither shall I turn!
Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.

Alex. He goes to fight for you.

Cleo. Then he would see me ere he went to fight,
Flatter me not; if once he goes, he's lost,
And all my hopes destroy'd.

Alex. Does this weak passion
Become a mighty queen?

Cleo. I am no queen:
Is this to be a queen, to be besieg'd

By yon' insulting Roman, and to wait
Each hour the victor's chain?
Now come, Octavius;
I have no more to lose; prepare thy bands;
I'm fit to be a captive: Antony
Has taught my mind the fortune of a slave.

Iras. Call reason to assist you.

Cleo. I have none,
And none would have: my love's a noble madness,
Which shows the cause deserv'd it. Moderate sor-
row

Fits vulgar love, and for a vulgar man;
But I have lov'd with such transcendent passion,
I soar'd at first quite out of reason's view,
And now am lost above it—No, I'm proud
'Tis thus: would Antony could see me now:
Think you he would not sigh? tho' he must leave
me,

Sure he would sigh, for he is noble natur'd,
And bears a tender heart: I know him well:
Ah no! I know him not: I knew him once,
But now 'tis past,

Iras. Let it be past with you:
Forget him, madam.

Cleo. Never, never, *Iras*:
He once was mine, and once, tho' now 'tis gone,
Leaves a faint image of possession still.

Alex. Think him inconstant, cruel, and ungrateful.

Cleo. I cannot; cruel, tho' he be,
I still must love him.

Enter CHARMION.

Now, what news, my Charmion?
Will he be kind? and will he not forsake me?
Am I to live or die? Nay, do I live,
Or am I dead? for when he gave his answer,
Fate took the word, and then I liv'd or dy'd.

Char. I found him, madam——

Cleo. A long speech preparing !
If thou bring'st comfort, haste and give it me,
For never was more need.

Char. I found him, then,
Encompass'd round, I think, with iron statues,
So mute, so motionless, his soldiers stood,
While awfully he cast his eyes about,
And ev'ry leader's hopes and fears survey'd ;
Methought he look'd resolv'd, and yet not pleas'd ;
When he beheld me struggling in the crowd,
He blush'd, and bade make way.

Alex. There's comfort yet.

Char. Ventidius fix'd his eyes upon my passage
Severely, as he meant to frown me back,
And suddenly gave place. I told my message,
Just as you gave it, broken and disorder'd ;
I number'd in it all your sighs and tears,
And while I mov'd your pitiful request,
That you but only begg'd a last farewell,
He fetch'd an inward groan, and ev'ry time
I nam'd you, sigh'd as if his heart were breaking,
But shunn'd my eyes, and guiltily look'd down.
He seem'd not now that awful Antony
Who shook an arm'd assembly with his nod,
But making show as he would rub his eyes,
Disguis'd and blotted out a falling tear.

Cleo. Did he then weep ; and was I worth a tear ?

Char. He bid me say, he knew himself so well,
He could deny you nothing, if he saw you,
And therefore——

Cleo. Thou wouldst say he would not see me.

Char. And therefore begg'd you not to use a pow'r
Which he could ill resist : yet he should ever
Respect you as he ought.

Cleo. Oh, that faint word respect ! how I disdain it !
Disdain myself for loving after it !

Alex. You misjudge ;
You see thro' love, and that deludes your sight,

As what is straight seems crooked thro' the water,
But I, who bear my reason undisturb'd,
Can see this Antony, this dreaded man,
A fearful slave, who fain would run away,
And shuns his master's eyes; if you pursue him,
My life on't, he still drags a chain along,
That needs must clog his flight.

Cleo. Could I believe thee——

Alex. By ev'ry circumstance I know he loves.
True, he's hard prest by int'rest and by honour;
Yet he but doubts and parleys, and casts out
Many a long look for succour.

Cleo. He sends word
He fears to see my face.

Alex. And would you more?
He shows his weakness, who declines the combat:
Could he speak
More plainly? to my ears the message sounds,
Come to my rescue, Cleopatra, come!
Come, free me from Ventidius, from my tyrant;
See me, and give me a pretence to leave him.

[*A March.*

I hear his trumpets. This way he must pass.
Please you retire a while; I'll work him first,
That he may bend more easy.

Cleo. You shall rule me;
But all, I fear, in vain.

[*Exit with CHARMION and IRAS.*

Alex. I fear so too,
Tho' I conceal'd my thoughts to make her bold;
But 'tis our utmost means, and fate befriend it!

[*Withdraws.—A March till all are on.*

Enter LICTORS *with Fasces, one bearing the Eagle;*
then, enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS, *followed by*
other COMMANDERS.

Ant. Octavius is the minion of blind chance,
But holds from virtue nothing.

Vent. Has he courage?

Ant. But just enough to season him from coward.
O, tis the coldest youth upon a charge,
The most deliberate fighter! if he ventures
(As in Illyria once they say he did)
To storm a town 'tis when he cannot chuse.
When all the world have fixt their eyes upon him;
And then he lives on that for sev'n years after:
But at a close revenge he never fails.

Vent. I heard you challeng'd him.

Ant. I did, Ventidius:
What think'st thou was his answer? 'twas so tame—
He said he had more ways than one to die,
I had not.

Vent. Poor!

Ant. He has more ways than one;
But he would chuse them all before that one.

Vent. He first would chuse an ague, or a fever—

Ant. No, it must be an ague, not a fever;
He has not warmth enough to die by that.

Vent. Or old age and a bed.

Ant. Ay, there's his choice;
He would live, like a lamp, to the last wink,
And crawl upon the utmost verge of life.
O, Hercules! why should a man like this,
Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,
Be all the care of Heav'n? Why should he lord it
O'er fourscore thousand men, of whom each one
Is braver than himself.

Vent. You conquer'd for him;
Philippi knows it: there you shar'd with him
That empire, which your sword made all your own.

Ant. Fool that I was! upon my eagle's wings
I bore this wren, till I was tir'd with soaring,
And now he mounts above me.

Vent. Sir, we lose time; the troops are mounted
all.

Ant. Then give the word to march:

I long to leave this prison of a town,
To join thy legions, and in open field
Once more to show my face.—Lead, my deliverer.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Great emperor,
In mighty arms renown'd above mankind,
But in soft pity to th' oppress'd a god,
This message sends the mournful Cleopatra,
To her departing lord.

Vent. Smooth sycophant!

Alex. A thousand wishes, and ten thousand pray'rs,
Millions of blessings, wait you to the wars;
Millions of sighs and tears, she sends you too,
And would have sent
As many dear embraces to your arms;
As many parting kisses to your lips;
But those, she fears, have weary'd you already.

Vent. [*Aside.*] False crocodile!

Alex. And yet she begs not now you would not
leave her;

That were a wish too mighty for her hopes,
And too presuming (for her low fortune and your
ebbing love,)

That were a wish for her most prosp'rous days,
Her blooming beauty, and your growing kindness.

Ant. [*Aside.*] Well, I must man it out.—What
would the Queen?

Alex. First, to these noble warriors, who attend
Your daring courage in the chase of fame,
(Too daring and too dangerous for her quiet,)
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,
All her own cares and fears, the care of you——

Vent. Yes, witness Actium.

Ant. Let him speak, Ventidius.

Alex. You, when his matchless valour bears him
forward

With ardour too heroic on his foes,

Fall down, as she would do, before his feet;
Lie in his way, and stop the paths of death;
Tell him this god is not invulnerable,
That absent Cleopatra bleeds in him;
And, that you may remember her petition,
She begs you wear these trifles as a pawn,
Which at your wish'd return she will redeem

[*Gives Jewels to the COMMANDERS.*

With all the wealth of Egypt.
This, to the great Ventidius she presents,
Whom she can never count her enemy,
Because he loves her lord.

Vent. Tell her, I'll none on't;
I'm not asham'd of honest poverty:
Not all the diamonds of the east can bribe
Ventidius from his faith. I hope to see
These, and the rest of all her sparkling store,
Where they shall more deservingly be plac'd.

Ant. And who must wear them then?

Vent. The wrong'd Octavia.

Ant. You might have spar'd that word.

Vent. And she that bribe.

Ant. But have I no remembrance?

Alex. Yes, a dear one;
Your slave, the queen——

Ant. My mistress.

Alex. Then, your mistress.
Your mistress would, she says, have sent her soul,
But that you had long since; she humbly begs,
This ruby bracelet, set with bleeding hearts,
(The emblems of her own) may bind your arm.

[*Presenting a Bracelet.*

Vent. Now, my best lord, in honour's name I ask
you,
For manhood's sake, and for your own dear safety,
Touch not these poison'd gifts,
Infected by the sender: touch them not;
Myriads of bluest plagues lie underneath them,

And more then aconite has dipt the silk.

Ant. Nay, now you grow too cynical, Ventidius ;
A lady's favours may be worn with honour.

What, to refuse her bracelet ! on my soul,
When I lie pensive in my tent alone,
'Twill pass the wakeful hours of winter nights,
To tell these pretty beads upon my arm,
To count for every one a soft embrace,
A melting kiss at such and such a time——
And what harm's in this ?

Alex. None, none, my lord,
But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever ?

Ant. [*Going to tie it.*] We soldiers are so awkward—help me tie it.

Alex. In faith, my lord, we courtiers too are awkward

In these affairs ; so are all men indeed :

But, shall I speak ?

Ant. Yes, freely.

Alex. Then, my lord, fair hands alone
Are fit to tie it—she who sent it can.

Vent. Hell ! death ! this eunuch pander ruins you.
You will not see her ? [ALEXAS goes out.]

Ant. But to take my leave.

Vent. Then I have wash'd an Ethiop. You're undone !

You're in the toils ! you're taken ! you're destroy'd !
Her eyes do Cæsar's work.

Ant. You fear too soon :
I'm constant to myself : I know my strength :
And yet she shall not think me barb'rous neither,
Born in the deeps of Afric : I'm a Roman,
Bred to the rules of soft humanity.

A guest, and kindly us'd, should bid farewell.

Vent. You do not know
How weak you are to her, how much an infant ;
You are not proof against a smile or glance ;
A sigh will quite disarm you.

Ant. See, she comes!
Now, you shall find your error. Gods! I thank you;
I form'd the danger greater than it was,
And now 'tis near 'tis lessen'd.

Vent. Mark the end yet.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.

Ant. Well, madam, we are met.

Cleo. Is this a meeting!
Then we must part!

Ant. We must.

Cleo. Who says we must?

Ant. Our own hard fates.

Cleo. We make those fates ourselves.

Ant. Yes, we have made them; we have lov'd
each other
Into our mutual ruin.

Cleo. The gods have seen my joys with envious
eyes;
I have no friends in heav'n:
You, you are arm'd against me!

Ant. I will be justify'd in all I do
To late posterity, and therefore hear me.
If I mix a lie
With any truth, reproach me freely with it,
Else favour me with silence.

Cleo. You command me,
And I am dumb.

Vent. I like this well: he shows authority.

Ant. That I derive my ruin
From you alone——

Cleo. O, Heav'ns! I ruin you!

Ant. You promis'd me your silence, and you
break it
Ere I have scarce begun.

Cleo. Well, I obey you!

Ant. When I beheld you first it was in Egypt,
Ere Cæsar saw your eyes: you gave me love,

And were too young to know it. That I settled
Your father in his throne was for your sake ;
I left th' acknowledgment for time to ripen.
Cæsar stepp'd in, and with a greedy hand
Pluck'd the green fruit ere the first blush of red,
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my lord,
And was beside too great for me to rival :
But I deserv'd you first tho' he enjoy'd you.
When after I beheld you in Cilicia
An enemy to Rome, I pardon'd you.

Cleo. I clear'd myself——

Ant. Again you break your promise.
I lov'd you still, and took your weak excuses,
Took you into my bosom stain'd by Cæsar,
And not half mine : I went to Egypt with you,
And hid me from the bus'ness of the world ;
Shut out inquiring nations from my sight,
To give whole years to you.

Vent. Yes, to your shame be't spoken. [*Aside.*

Ant. How I lov'd,
Witness ye days and nights, and all ye hours,
That danc'd away with down upon your feet,
As all your bus'ness were to count my passion.
One day past by, and nothing saw but love :
Another came, and still 'twas only love :
The suns were weary'd out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.
I saw you ev'ry day, and all the day,
And ev'ry day was still but as the first,
So eager was I still to see you more.

Vent. 'Tis all too true.

Ant. Fulvia my wife grew jealous,
As she indeed had reason, rais'd a war
In Italy to call me back.

Vent. But yet
You went not.

Ant. While within your arms I lay,

The world fell mould'ring from my hands each hour,
And left me scarce a grasp ; I thank your love for't.

Vent. That last was home.

Cleo. Yet may I speak ?

Ant. If I have urg'd a falsehood, yes ; else not.
Your silence says I have not. Fulvia dy'd :
(Pardon, you gods ! with my unkindness dy'd.)
To set the world at peace, I took Octavia,
This Cæsar's sister. In her pride of youth,
And flow'r of beauty did I wed that lady,
Whom, blushing, I must praise, altho' I left her.
You call'd ; my love obey'd the fatal summons :
This rais'd the Roman arms ; the cause was yours :
I would have fought by land, where I was stronger !
You hinder'd it ; Yet when I fought at sea,
Forsook me fighting : and, O stain to honour !
O lasting shame ! I knew not that I fled,
But fled to follow you.

Vent. What haste she made to hoist her purple
sails !

And to appear magnificent in flight,
Drew half our strength away.

Ant. All this you caus'd :
And would you multiply more ruins on me ?
This honest man, my best, my only friend,
Has gather'd up the shipwreck of my fortunes :
Twelve legions I have left, my last recruits,
And you have watch'd the news, and bring your
eyes

To seize them too.—If you have aught to answer
Now speak, you have free leave.

Alex. She stands confounded :
Despair is in her eyes.

[*Aside.*

Vent. Now lay a sigh i'th' way, to stop his passage ;
Prepare a tear, and bid it for his legions :
'Tis like they shall be sold.

Cleo. How shall I plead my cause, when you, my
judge,

Already have condemn'd me ? Shall I bring
The love you bore me for my advocate ?
That now is turn'd against me, that destroys me ;
For love, once past, is at the best forgotten,
But oft'ner sours to hate. It will please my lord
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty ;
But could I once have thought it would have pleas'd
you,

That you would pry with narrow searching eyes
Into my faults, severe to my destruction,
And watching all advantages with care
That serve to make me wretched ! Speak, my lord,
For I end here. Tho' I deserve this usage,
Was it like you to give it ?

Ant. O, you wrong me
To think I sought this parting, or desir'd
T' accuse you more than what will clear myself,
And justify this breach.

Cleo. Thus low I thank you,
And since my innocence will not offend,
I shall not blush to own it.

Vent. After this,
I think she'll blush at nothing.

Cleo. You seem griev'd that Cæsar first
Enjoy'd my love, tho' you deserv'd it better ;
For had I first been yours, it would have sav'd
My second choice ; I never had been his,
And ne'er had been but yours. But Cæsar first,
You say, possess'd my love. Not so, my lord :
He first possess'd my person, you my love :
Cæsar lov'd me, but I lov'd Antony.

Vent. O, Siren ! Siren !
Yet grant that all the love she boasts were true,
Has she not ruin'd you ? I still urge that,
The fatal consequence.

Cleo. The consequence indeed,
For I dare challenge him, my greatest foe,
To say it was design'd. It is true I lov'd you,

And kept you far from an uneasy wife;
Such Fulvia was.

Yes; but he'll say you left Octavia for me:
And can you blame me to receive that love
Which quitted such desert for worthless me?
How often have I wish'd some other Cæsar,
Great as the first, and as the second young,
Would court my love to be refus'd for you!

Vent. Words, words! but Actium, sir, remember
Actium!

Cleo. Ev'n there I dare his malice. True, I coun-
sell'd

To fight at sea; but I betray'd you not:
I fled, but not to the enemy.

Ant. We're both unhappy:
If nothing else, yet our ill fortune parts us.
Speak! would you have me perish by my stay?

Cleo. If, as a friend, you ask my judgment, go;
If, as a lover, stay.

Vent. See now th' effects of her so boasted love!
She strives to drag you down to ruin with her;
But could she 'scape without you, O, how soon
Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,
And never look behind.

Cleo. Then judge my love by this.

[Giving ANTONY a Writing.]

Could I have borne
A life or death, a happiness or wo,
From yours divided, this had giv'n me means.

Ant. By Hercules, the writing of Octavius!
I know it well: 'tis that proscribing hand,
Young as it was, that led the way to mine,
And left me but the second place in murder——
See, see, Ventidius! here he offers Egypt,
And joins all Syria to it as a present,
So in requital she forsakes my fortunes,
And joins her arms with his.

Cleo. And yet you leave me!
You leave me, Antony; and yet I love you!
Indeed I do! I have refus'd a kingdom,
That's a trifle;
For I could part with life, with any thing,
But only you. O, let me die but with you!
Is that a hard request?

Ant. Next living with you,
'Tis all that Heav'n can give.

Cleo. No, you shall go; your int'rest calls you
hence:

Yes, your dear int'rest pulls too strong for these
Weak arms to hold you here—— [*Takes his Hand.*
Go, leave me, soldier,
(For you're no more a lover) leave me dying;
Push me all pale and panting from your bosom,
And when your march begins let one run after,
Breathless almost for joy, and cry, "She's dead!"
The soldiers shout. You then perhaps may sigh,
And muster all your Roman gravity;
Ventidius chides, and straight your brow clears up,
As I had never been.

Ant. Gods! 'tis too much! too much for man to
bear!

Cleo. What, is't for me then,
A weak forsaken woman?

Envy me not
This minute in your arms! I'll die,
And end your trouble.

Ant. Die!—rather let me perish, loosen'd nature
Leap from its hinges, sink the props of Heav'n,
And fall the skies to crush the nether world!
My eyes! my soul! my all!—— [*Embraces her.*

Vent. And what's this toy,
In balance with your fortune, honour, fame?

Ant. What is't Ventidius? it outweighs them all.
Why, we have more than conquer'd Cæsar now;

My queen's not only innocent, but loves me.
This, this is she who drags me down to ruin!
But could she 'scape without me, with what haste
Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore,
And never look behind!

Down on thy knees, blasphemer as thou art,
And ask forgiveness of wrong'd innocence.

Vent. I'll rather die than take it. Will you go?

Ant. Go! whither? go from all that's excellent!
Faith, honour, virtue, all good things, forbid
That I should go from her who sets my love,
Above the price of kingdoms. Give, you gods!
Give to your boy, your Cæsar,
This rattle of a globe to play withal,
This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off;
I'll not be pleas'd with less than Cleopatra.

Cleo. She's wholly yours. My heart's so full of
joy,
That I shall do some wild extravagance
Of love in public, and the foolish world,
Which knows not tenderness, will think me mad.

Vent. O, women! women! women! all the gods
Have not such power of doing good to man,
As you of doing harm. [Exit.

Ant. Our men are arm'd:
Unbar the gate that looks to Cæsar's camp;
I would revenge the treachery he meant me,
And long security makes conquest easy.
How I long for night!
That both the sweets of mutual love may try,
And triumph once o'er Cæsar ere we die. [Exeunt.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, ALEXAS, and
a Train of EGYPTIANS; ANTONY and ROMANS:
CLEOPATRA crowns ANTONY.*

Ant. My brighter Venus !

Cleo. O, my greater Mars !

Ant. Thou join'st us well, my love.

Enter VENTIDIUS, and stands apart.

Alex. O, now the danger's past, your general
comes ;

He joins not in your joys, nor minds your triumphs,
But with contracted brows looks frowning on,
As envying your success.

Ant. Now, on my soul he loves me, truly loves
me ;

He never flatter'd me in any vice,
But awes me with his virtue : ev'n this minute
Methinks he has a right of chiding me.

Lead to the temple ; I'll avoid his presence ;
It checks too strong upon me. *[Exeunt the Rest.*

*[As ANTONY is going, VENTIDIUS pulls him
by the Robe.*

Vent. Emperor !

Ant. 'Tis the old argument ; I pr'ythee spare me.
[Looking back.

Vent. But this one hearing, emperor.

Ant. Let go

My robe, or by my father Hercules——

Vent. By Hercules' father—that's yet greater,
I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

Ant. Thou seest we are observ'd; attend me here,
And I'll return. [Exit.]

Vent. I'm waining in his favour, yet I love him;
I love this man, who runs to meet his ruin!
And sure the gods like me are fond of him:
His virtues lie so mingled with his crimes,
As would confound their choice to punish one
And not reward the other.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. We can conquer
You see without your aid:
We have dislodg'd their troops.
Five thousand Romans, with their faces upward,
Lie breathless on the plain.

Vent. 'Tis well; and he
Who lost them could have spar'd ten thousand more:
Yet if by this advantage you could gain
An easier peace, while Cæsar doubts the chance
Of arms——

Ant. O, think not on't, Ventidius!
The boy pursues my ruin; he'll no peace!
His malice is consid'rate in advantage:
O, he's the coolest murderer! so staunch,
He kills and keeps his temper.

Vent. Have you no friend
In all his army who has pow'r to move him?
Mecænas or Agrippa might do much.

Ant. They're both too deep in Cæsar's interests.
We'll work it out by dint of sword, or perish.

Vent. Fain I would find some other.

Ant. Thank thy love.
Some four or five such victories as this
Will save thy further pains.

Vent. Expect no more; Cæsar is on his guard.

I know, sir, you have conquer'd against odds;
But still you draw supplies from one poor town,
And of Egyptians; he has all the world;
And at his beck nations come pouring in
To fill the gaps you make. Pray think again.

Ant. Why dost thou drive me from myself to
search

For foreign aids, to hunt my memory,
And range all o'er a wide and barren place
To find a friend? The wretched have no friends——
Yet I have one, the bravest youth of Rome,
Whom Cæsar loves beyond the love of women;
He could resolve his mind as fire does wax;
From that hard rugged image melt him down,
And mould him in what softer form he pleas'd.

Vent. Him would I see, that man of all the world!
Just such a one we want.

Ant. After this
I need not tell his name: 'twas Dolabella.

Vent. He's now in Cæsar's camp.

Ant. No matter where,
Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
That I forbade him Cleopatra's sight,
Because I fear'd he lov'd her. He confess'd
He had a warmth, which for my sake he stifled;
For 'twere impossible that two so one
Should not have lov'd the same. When he departed
He took no leave, and that confirm'd my thoughts.

Vent. It argues that he lov'd you more than her,
Else he had staid; but he perceiv'd you jealous,
And would not grieve his friend. I know he loves
you.

Ant. I should have seen him then ere now,

Vent. Perhaps
He has thus long been lab'ring for your peace.

Ant. Would he were here!

Vent. Would you believe he lov'd you?
I read your answer in your eyes, you would.

Not to conceal it longer, he has sent
A messenger from Cæsar's camp with letters.

Ant. Let him appear.

Vent. I'll bring him instantly.

[*Exit VENTIDIUS, and re-enters immediately
with DOLABELLA.*]

Ant. 'Tis he himself, himself! by holy friendship!
[*Runs to embrace him.*]

Art thou return'd at last, my better half!

Come, give me all myself!

Dol. I must be silent, for my soul is busy
About a nobler work. She's new come home,
Like a long absent man, and wanders o'er
Each room, a stranger to her own, to look
If all be safe.

Ant. Thou hast what's left of me,
But Oh, my Dolabella!
Thou hast beheld me other than I am——
Hast thou not seen my morning chambers fill'd
With scepter'd slaves, who waited to salute me?
With eastern monarchs, who forgot the sun
To worship my uprising? Menial kings
Ran coursing up and down my palace-yard,
Stood silenc'd in my presence, watch'd my eyes,
And at my least command all started out
Like racers to the goal.

Dol. Slaves to your fortune.

Ant. Fortune is Cæsar's now; and what am I?

Vent. What you have made yourself: I will not
flatter.

Ant. Is this friendly done?

Dol. Yes, when his end is so: I must join with
him,

Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide:

Why am I else your friend?

Ant. Take heed, young man,
How thou upbraid'st my love! the queen has eyes,
And thou too hast a soul! Canst thou remember

When, swell'd with hatred, thou beheld'st her first
As accessory to thy brother's death?

Dol. Spare my remembrance! 'twas a guilty day,
And still the blush hangs here.

Ant. To clear herself
For sending him no aid she came from Egypt;
Her galley down the silver Sydnos row'd,
The tackling silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails,
Her nymphs like Nereids round her couch were plac'd,
Where she another sea-born Venus lay.

Dol. No more! I would not hear it!

Ant. Oh, you must!
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all beholders' hearts
Neglecting she could take them. Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
That play'd about her face; but if she smil'd,
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad,
That men's desiring eyes were never weary'd,
But hung upon the object! To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time, and while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought. 'Twas heav'n, or somewhat
more!

For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice.

Then, Dolabella, where was then thy soul?
Was not thy fury quite disarm'd with wonder?
Didst thou not shrink behind me from those eyes,
And whisper in my ear, O, tell her not
That I accus'd her of my brother's death?

Dol. And should my weakness be a plea for yours?
Mine was an age when love might be excus'd,
Yours——

Vent. Speak boldly :
Yours, he would say, in your declining age ;
In you (I would not use so harsh a word)
'Tis but plain dotage.

Ant. Ha !

Dol. 'Twas urg'd too home.
But yet the loss was private that I made ;
'Twas but myself I lost : I lost no legions ;
I had no world to lose, no people's love.

Ant. This from a friend ?

Dol. Yes, Antony, a true one ;
A friend so tender, that each word I speak
Stabs my own heart before it reach your ear.
Oh ! judge me not less kind because I chide.
To Cæsar I excuse you.

Ant. Oh, ye gods !
Have I then liv'd to be excus'd to Cæsar !

Dol. As to your equal.

Ant. Well, he's but my equal :
While I wear this he never shall be more.

Dol. I bring conditions from him.

Ant. Are they noble ?
Methinks thou shouldst not bring them else ; yet he
Is full of deep dissembling, knows no honour
Divided from his int'rest. Fate mistook him,
For Nature meant him for an usurer :
He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer, kingdoms.

Vent. Then granting this,
What pow'r was theirs who wrought so hard a temper
To honourable terms ?

Ant. It was my Dolabella, or some god.

Dol. Not I, nor yet Mecænas, nor Agrippa ;
They were your enemies, and I a friend
Too weak alone ; yet 'twas a Roman deed.

Ant. 'Twas like a Roman done. Show me that
man
Who has preserv'd my life, my love, my honour ;
Let me but see his face.

Vent. That task is mine ;
And Heav'n ! thou know'st how pleasing.

[*Exit VENTIDIUS.*

Dol. You'll remember
To whom you stand oblig'd ?

Ant. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest curse.
My queen shall thank him too.

Dol. I fear she will not.

Ant. But she shall do't. The queen, my Dolabella !
Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy fever ?

Dol. I would not see her lost.

Ant. When I forsake her,
Leave me my better stars, for she has truth
Beyond her beauty. Cæsar tempted her
At no less price than kingdoms to betray me ;
But she resisted all : and yet thou chid'st me
For loving her too well. Could I do so ?

Dol. Yes ; there's my reason.

*Enter VENTIDIUS with OCTAVIA, leading ANTONY'S
two little DAUGHTERS.*

Ant. Where—Octavia there ! [Starting back.

Vent. What ! is she poison to you ? a disease ?
Look on her, view her well, and those she brings :
Are they all strangers to your eyes ? has nature
No secret call, no whisper, they are yours ?

Dol. For shame, my lord, if not for love, receive
them

With kinder eyes. If you confess a man,
Meet them, embrace them, bid them welcome to you.
Your arms should open, ev'n without your knowledge,
To clasp them in ; your feet should turn to wings
To bear you to them ; and your eyes dart out,
And aim a kiss ere you could reach their lips.

Ant. I stood amaz'd to think how they came hither.

Vent. I sent for them ; I brought them in unknown
To Cleopatra's guards.

Dol. Yet are you cold ?

Oct. Thus long have I attended for my welcome,
Which, as a stranger, sure I might expect.
Who am I ?

Ant. Cæsar's sister.

Oct. That's unkind !

Had I been nothing more than Cæsar's sister,
Know I had still remain'd in Cæsar's camp ;
But your Octavia, your much injur'd wife,
Tho' banish'd from your bed, driv'n from your house,
In spite of Cæsar's sister still is yours.

'Tis true, I have a heart disdains your coldness,
And prompts me not to seek what you should offer ;
But a wife's virtue still surmounts that pride :
I come to claim you as my own, to show
My duty first, to ask, nay beg, your kindness.
Your hand, my lord ; 'tis mine, and I will have it.

[*Taking his Hand.*]

Vent. Do take it, thou deserv'st it.

Dol. On my soul,

And so she does. She's neither too submissive,
Nor yet too haughty ; but so just a mean
Shows, as it ought, a wife and Roman too.

Ant. I fear, Octavia, you have begg'd my life.

Oct. Begg'd it, my lord !

Ant. Yes, begg'd it, my ambassadress ;
Poorly and basely begg'd it, of your brother.

Oct. Poorly and basely I could never beg,
Nor could my brother grant.

Ant. Shall I, who to my kneeling slave could say
Rise up and be a king, shall I fall down,
And cry, Forgive me, Cæsar ?

No ; that word,
Forgive, would choke me up,
And die upon my tongue.

Dol. You shall not need it.

Ant. I will not need it. Come, you've all betray'd
me—

My friend too ! to receive some vile conditions.
My wife has bought me with her pray'rs and tears,
And now I must become her branded slave :
In ev'ry peevish mood she will upbraid
The life she gave : if I but look awry,
She cries, I'll tell my brother.

Oct. My hard fortune
Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes :
But the conditions I have brought are such
You need not blush to take. I love your honour,
Because 'tis mine. It never shall be said
Octavia's husband was her brother's slave.
Sir, you are free, free ev'n from her you loathe ;
For though my brother bargains for your love,
Makes me the price and cement of your peace,
I have a soul like yours ; I cannot take
Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.
I'll tell my brother we are reconcil'd ;
He shall draw back his troops, and you shall march
To rule the East. I may be dropt at Athens ;
No matter where ; I never will complain,
But only keep the barren name of wife,
And rid you of the trouble.

Vent. Was ever such a strife of sullen honour !
Both scorn to be obliged.

Dol. Oh, she has touch'd him in the tend'rest part :
See how he reddens with despite and shame
To be outdone in generosity !

Vent. See how he winks ! how he dries up a tear
That fain would fall !

Ant. Octavia, I have heard you, and must praise
The greatness of your soul,
But cannot yield to what you have propos'd ;
For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by love,
And you do all for duty. You would free me,
And would be dropt at Athens ; was't not so ?

Oct. It was, my lord.

Ant. Then I must be oblig'd
To one who loves me not, who to herself
May call me thankless and ungrateful man.
I'll not endure it; no.

Vent. I'm glad it pinches there.

Oct. Would you triumph o'er poor Octavia's virtue?

That pride was all I had to bear me up,
That you might think you ow'd me for your life,
And ow'd it to my duty, not my love.

Ant. Therefore, you love me not.

Oct. Therefore, my lord,
I should not love you.

Ant. Therefore, you would leave me.

Oct. And therefore I should leave you—if I could.

Dol. Her soul's too great, after such injuries,
To say she loves, and yet she lets you see it.
Her modesty and silence plead her cause.

Ant. O, Dolabella! which way shall I turn?
I find a secret yielding in my soul;
But Cleopatra, who would die with me,
Must she be left? Pity pleads for Octavia,
But does it not plead more for Cleopatra?

Vent. Justice and pity both plead for Octavia,
For Cleopatra neither.

One would be ruin'd with you, but she first
Had ruin'd you; the other you have ruin'd,
And yet she would preserve you.
In ev'ry thing their merits are unequal.

Ant. O, my distracted soul!

Oct. Sweet Heav'n! compose it.
Come, come, my lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;
Are they not yours? or stand they thus neglected
As they are mine? Go to him, children, go,
Kneel to him, take him by the hand, speak to him,
For you may speak, and he may own you too,
Without a blush.

Go, I say, and pull him to me,
And pull him to yourselves from that bad woman:
You, Agrippina, hang upon his arms,
And you, Antonia, clasp about his waist:
If he will shake you off, if he will dash you
Against the pavement, you must bear it, children,
For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.

[Here the CHILDREN go to him, &c.]

Vent. Was ever sight so moving! Emperor!

Dol. Friend!

Oct. Husband!

Both Child. Father!

Ant. I am vanquish'd: take me,
Octavia, take me, children; share me all.

[Embracing them.]

I've been a thriftless debtor to your loves,
And run out much in riot from your stock;
But all shall be amended.

Oct. O, blest hour!

Dol. O, happy change!

Vent. My joy stops at my tongue!

Ant. This is thy triumph: lead me where thou
wilt, *[To OCTAVIA.]*

Ev'n to thy brother's camp.

Oct. All there are yours.

Enter ALEXAS, hastily.

Alex. The Queen, my mistress, sir, and yours——

Ant. 'Tis past. Octavia, you shall stay this night;
To-morrow Cæsar and we are one.

*[Exit, leading OCTAVIA; DOLABELLA and
the CHILDREN follow.]*

Vent. There's news for you! Run, my officious
eunuch;

Be sure to be the first; haste forward;

Haste, my dear eunuch, haste!

[Exeunt.]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Saloon.

Enter ANTONY and DOLABELLA.

Dol. Why would you shift it from yourself on me?

Can you not tell her you must part?

Ant. I cannot;

I could pull out an eye, and bid it go,
And t'other should not weep. O, Dolabella!
How many deaths are in this word, Depart!
I dare not trust my tongue to tell her so:
One look of hers would thaw me into tears,
And I shall melt till I were lost again.

Dol. Then let Ventidius;
He's rough by nature.

Ant. O, he'll speak too harshly;
He'll kill her with the news: thou, only thou.

Dol. Nature has cast me in so soft a mould,
That but to hear a story feign'd for pleasure,
Of some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes,
And robs me of my manhood.—I should speak
So faintly, with such fear to grieve her heart,
She'd not believe it earnest.

Ant. Therefore, therefore
Thou, only thou, art fit. Think thyself me,
And when thou speak'st (but let it first be long)
Take off the edge from ev'ry sharper sound,

And let our parting be as gently made
As other loves begin. Wilt thou do this?

Dol. What you have said so sinks into my soul,
That if I must speak, I shall speak just so.

Ant. I leave you then to your sad task. Fare-
well!

I sent her word to meet you.

[Goes to the Door, and comes back.]

I forgot:

Let her be told I'll make her peace with mine:
Her crown and dignity shall be preserv'd,
If I have pow'r with Cæsar——Oh! be sure
To think on that.

Dol. Fear not, I will remember.

[ANTONY goes again to the Door, and comes back.]

Ant. And tell her too, how much I was con-
strain'd;

I did not this but with extremest force.

Desire her not to hate my memory,
For I'll still cherish hers——insist on that.

Dol. Trust me, I'll not forget it.

Ant. Then that's all. *[Goes out, and returns again.]*
Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once more?
Tell her, tho' we shall never meet again,
If I should hear she took another love,
The news would break my heart——Now I must go,
For ev'ry time I have return'd I feel
My soul more tender, and my next command
Would be to bid her stay, and ruin both. *[Exit.]*

Dol. Men are but children of a larger growth,
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;
And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing,
But like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the world's open view. Thus I discover'd,

And blam'd the love of ruin'd Antony,
Yet wish'd that I were he to be so ruin'd.

Enter VENTIDIUS, above.

Vent. Alone, and talking to himself! Concern'd too!

Perhaps my guess is right: he lov'd her once,
And may pursue it still.

Dol. O, friendship! friendship!
Ill canst thou answer this, and reason worse:
Unfaithful in th' attempt, hopeless to win,
And if I win undone. Mere madness all.
And yet th' occasion fair. What injury
To him, to wear the robe which he throws by?

Vent. None, none at all. This happens as I wish,
To ruin her yet more with Antony. [*Aside.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, talking with ALEXAS, CHARMION,
IRAS, on the other side.*

Dol. She comes! what charms have sorrow on
that face?

Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much sweet-
ness;

Yet now and then a melancholy smile
Breaks loose like lightning in a winter's night,
And shows a moment's day.

Vent. If she should love him too! Her eunuch
there!

That porc'pisce bodes ill weather. Draw, draw
nearer,

Sweet devil! that I may hear.

Alex. Believe me; try

*DOLABELLA goes over to CHARMION and
IRAS, and seems to talk with them.*

To make him jealous; jealousy is like
A polish'd glass held to the lips when life's in doubt:
If there be breath 'twill catch the lamp, and show it.

Cleo. I grant you jealousy's a proof of love,
But 'tis a weak and unavailing medicine ;

Alex. 'Tis your last remedy, and strongest too :
And then this Dolabella, who so fit
To practise on ? He's handsome, valiant, young,
And looks as he were laid for nature's bait
To catch weak women's eyes.

He stands already more than half suspected
Of loving you ; the least kind word or glance
You give this youth will kindle him with love ;
Then, like a burning vessel set adrift,
You'll send him down amain before the wind,
To fire the heart of jealous Antony.

Cleo. Can I do this ? ah, no ! my love's so true,
That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor show it where it is not.

Alex. Force yourself :
Th' event will be, your lover will return
Doubly desirous to possess the good
Which once he fear'd to lose.

Cleo. I must attempt it ;
But Oh, with what regret !

[*Exit ALEX. She comes up to DOLABELLA.*

Vent. So now the scene draws near ; they're in my
reach.

Cleo. [*To DOLABELLA.*] Discoursing with my wo-
men ! Might not I
Share in your entertainment ?

Char. You have been
The subject of it, madam.

Cleo. How ! and how ?

Iras. Such praises of your beauty !

Cleo. Your friend's like you :
I'm sure he sent you not to speak these words.

Dol. No, madam ; yet he sent me——

Cleo. Well, he sent you——

Dol. Of a less pleasing errand. Nay, a mournful.

Cleo. How less pleasing ?

Hold up, my spirits! [*Aside.*]——Well, now your
mournful matter,

For I'm prepar'd, perhaps can guess it too.

Dol. I wish you would, for 'tis a thankless office
To tell ill news; and I of all your sex
Most fear displeasing you.

Cleo. Of all your sex
I soonest could forgive you if you should.

Vent. Most delicate advances! Woman! woman!
Dear damn'd unconstant sex!

Cleo. In the first place,
I am to be forsaken; is't not so?

Dol. I wish I could not answer to that question.

Cleo. Then pass it o'er because it troubles you;
I should have been more griev'd another time.
Next, I'm to lose my kingdom——Farewell Egypt!
Yet is there any more?

Dol. Madam, I fear
Your too deep sense of grief has turn'd your reason.

Cleo. No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear for-
tune;

And love may be expell'd by other love,
As poisons are by poisons.

Dol.——You overjoy me, madam,
To find your griefs so moderately borne,
You've had the worst; all are not false like him.

Cleo. No, Heav'n forbid they should!

Dol. Some men are constant.

Cleo. And constancy deserves reward, that's cer-
tain.

Dol. Deserves it not, but give it leave to hope.

Vent. I'll swear thou hast my leave. I have
enough: [*Exit.*]

Dol. I came prepar'd
To tell you heavy news, news, which I thought
Would fright the blood from your pale cheeks to
hear;

But you have met it with a cheerfulness
That makes my task more easy; and my tongue,
Which on another's message was employ'd,
Would gladly speak its own.

Cleo. Hold, Dolabella.

First tell me, were you chosen by my lord,
Or sought you this employment?

Dol. He pick'd me out, and, as his bosom-friend,
He charg'd me with his words.

Cleo. The message then
I know was tender, and each accent smooth,
To mollify that rugged word, Depart.

Dol. Oh! you mistake; he chose the harshest
words:

With fiery eyes, and with contracted brows,
He coin'd his face in the severest stamp,
And fury shook his fabric like an earthquake:
He heav'd for vent, and burst like bellowing Ætna,
In sounds scarce human, Hence, away for ever!
Let her begone, the blot of my renown,
And bane of all my hopes:

*[All the time of this Speech CLEOPATRA seems more
and more concerned till she sinks quite down.]*

Let her be driv'n as far as men can think
From man's commerce: she'll poison to the centre.

Cleo. Oh, I can bear no more! *[Faints.]*

Dol. Help, help! O wretch! O cursed, cursed
wretch!

What have I done!

Cleo. O, let him not reproach me.
Why have you brought me back to this loath'd being,
Th' abode of falsehood, violated vows,
And injur'd love? For pity let me go;
For if there be a place of long repose,
I'm sure I want it.
Unkind, unkind!

Dol. Believe me, 'tis against myself I speak;
[Kneeling.]

That sure deserves belief. I injur'd him ;
My friend ne'er spoke those words. Oh ! had you
seen

How often he came back, and ev'ry time
With something more obliging and more kind,
To add to what he said ; what dear farewells,
How almost vanquish'd by his love he parted,
And lean'd to what unwillingly he left !

I, traitor as I was, for love of you,
(But what can you not do who made me false ?)
I forg'd that lie, for whose forgiveness kneels
The self-accus'd, self-punish'd criminal.

Cleo. With how much ease believe we what we
wish !

Rise, Dolabella ; if you have been guilty,
I have contributed, and too much love
Has made me guilty too.

Th' advance of kindness, which I made, was feign'd,
To call back fleeting love by jealousy ;
But 'twould not last. Oh ! rather let me lose,
Than so ignobly trifle with his heart.

Dol. I find your breast fenc'd round from human
reach,

Transparent as a rock of solid crystal,
Seen thro' but never pierc'd. My friend, my friend !
What endless treasure hast thou thrown away,
And scatter'd, like an infant, in the ocean
Vain sums of wealth which none can gather thence !

Cleo. Could you not beg
An hour's admittance to his private ear ?
For I have far to go,
If death be far, and never must return.

VENTIDIUS, with OCTAVIA behind.

Vent. From whence you may discover—O, sweet,
sweet !
Would you indeed ! the pretty hand in earnest ?

Dol. I will for this reward : [*Takes her Hand.*
Draw it not back ;
'Tis all I e'er will beg.

Vent. They turn upon us.
Seem not to have observ'd them, and go on.

VENTIDIUS and OCTAVIA come forward.

Dol. Saw you the emperor, Ventidius ?

Vent. No ;

I sought him, but I heard that he was private,
None with him but Hipparchus, his freed man.

Dol. Know you his bus'ness ?

Vent. Giving him instructions
And letters to his brother Cæsar.

Dol. Well,
He must be found.

[Exeunt DOLABELLA and CLEOPATRA.]

Oct. Most glorious impudence !

Vent. She look'd, methought,
As she would say, take your old man, Octavia ;
Thank you, I'm better here.

Well, but what use
Make we of this discovery ?

Oct. Let it die.

Vent. I pity Dolabella ! but she's dang'rous ;
Antony
Must needs have some remains of passion still,
Which may ferment into a worse relapse,
If now not fully cur'd—But see, he comes——

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. Octavia, I was looking you, my love.
What, are your letters ready ? I have giv'n
My last instructions.

Oct. Mine, my lord, are writ ten.

Ant. Ventidius !

[Drawing him Aside.]

Vent. My lord ?

Ant. A word in private.
When saw you Dolabella?

Vent. Now my lord
He parted hence, and Cleopatra with him.

Ant. Speak softly; 'twas by my command he went
To bear my last farewell.

Vent. It look'd indeed
Like your farewell! [Aloud.

Ant. More softly—My farewell!
What secret meaning have you in those words
Of my farewell? He did it by my order.

Vent. Then he obey'd your order, I suppose.
[Aloud.

You bid him do it with all gentleness,
All kindness, and all—love.

Ant. How she mourn'd!
The poor forsaken creature!

Vent. She took it as she ought; she bore your
parting,
As she did Cæsar's, as she would another's,
Were a new love to come.

Ant. Thou dost belie her, [Aloud.
Most basely and maliciously belie her.

Vent. I thought not to displease you: I have done.

Oct. You seem disturb'd, my lord. [Coming up.

Ant. A very trifle.
Retire, my love,

Vent. It was indeed a trifle.
He sent——

Ant. No more. Look how thou disobey'st me;
Thy life shall answer it. [Angrily.

Oct. Then 'tis no trifle.

Vent. [To OCTAVIA.] 'Tis less; a very nothing:
you too saw it.

As well as I, and therefore 'tis no secret.

Ant. She saw it!

Vent. Yes; she saw Young Dolabella—

Ant. Young Dolabella!

Vent. Young? I think him young,
And handsome too; and so do others think him.
But what of that? he went by your command,
Indeed, 'tis probable, with some kind message,
For she receiv'd it graciously: she smil'd;
And then he grew familiar with her hand,
Squeez'd it, and worry'd it with rav'nous kisses;
She blush'd, and sigh'd, and smil'd, and blush'd again;
And then she cry'd aloud, that constancy
Should be rewarded.—This I saw and heard.

Ant. What woman was it whom you heard and
saw

So playful with my friend?
Not Cleopatra?

Vent. Ev'n she, my lord!

Ant. My Cleopatra!

Vent. Your Cleopatra,
Dolabella's Cleopatra,
Every man's Cleopatra.

Ant. 'Tis false.

I know 'tis false, and see the plot betwixt you.

Vent. What, has my age deserv'd that you should
think

I would abuse your ears with perjury?
If Heav'n be true, she's false.

Ant. Tho' Heav'n and earth
Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.

Vent. I'll bring you then a witness
From hell to prove her so. Nay, Go not back,
[Seeing ALEXAS just entering and starting back.
For stay you must and shall.

Alex. What means my lord?

Vent. To make you do what most you hate, speak
truth.

Alex. My noble lord.

Vent. My most illustrious pander!
No fine set speech, no cadence, no turn'd periods,
But a plain homespun truth is what I ask;

I did myself o'erhear your queen make love
To Dolabella: speak, for I will know
By your confession what more pass'd betwixt them,
How near the bus'ness draws to your employment,
And when the happy hour.

Ant. Speak truth, Alexas; whether it offend
Or please Ventidius, care not. Justify
Thy injur'd queen from malice: dare his worst.

Alex. As far as love may plead for woman's
frailty,
Urg'd by desert and greatness of the lover,
So far (divine Octavia) may my queen
Stand ev'n excus'd to you for loving him,
Who is your lord; so far from brave Ventidius,
May her past actions hope a fair report.

Ant. 'Tis well and truly spoken: Mark, Venti-
dus.

Alex. To you, most noble emperor, her strong
passion
Stands not excus'd, but wholly justify'd.
Her beauty's charms alone, without her crown,
From Ind and Meroe drew the distant vows
Of sighing kings, and at her feet were laid
The sceptres of the earth, expos'd on heaps,
To chuse where she would reign;
She thought a Roman only could deserve her,
And, of all Romans, only Antony;
And to be less than wife to you disdain'd
Their lawful passion.

Ant. 'Tis but truth.

Alex. And yet tho' love, and your unmatched de-
sert,
Have drawn her from the due regard of honour,
At last Heav'n open'd her unwilling eyes
To see the wrongs she offer'd fair Octavia,
Whose holy bed she lawlessly usurp'd:
The sad effects of this improsp'rous war
Confirm'd those pious thoughts.

Vent. [*Aside.*] O, wheel you there?
Observe him now; the man begins to mend,
And talk substantial reason. Fear not, eunuch,
The emperor has given thee leave to speak.

Alex. Else had I never dar'd t'offend his ears
With what the last necessity has urg'd
On my forsaken mistress; yet I must not
Presume to say her heart is wholly alter'd.

Ant. No, dare not for thy life, I charge thee, dare
not
Pronounce that fatal word.

Oct. Must I bear this? Good Heav'n! afford me
patience! [*Aside.*

Vent. O, sweet eunuch! my dear half man! pro-
ceed.

Alex. Yet Dolabella
Has lov'd her long; he, next my godlike lord,
Deserves her best; and should she meet his passion,
Rejected as she is by him she lov'd——

Ant. Hence from my sight, for I can bear no more!
Let furies drag thee quick to hell! each torturing
hand

Do thou employ till Cleopatra comes,
Then join thou too, and help to torture her.

[*Exit ALEXAS, thrust out by ANTONY.*

Oct. 'Tis not well!
Indeed, my lord, 'tis much unkind to me,
To show this passion, this extreme concernment,
For an abandon'd, faithless, prostitute.

Ant. Octavia, leave me! I am much disorder'd!
Leave me, I say!

Oct. My lord!

Ant. I bid you leave me.

Oct. Yes, I will go, but never to return;
You shall no more be haunted with this fury.
My lord, my lord! love will not always last
When urg'd with long unkindness and disdain.
Take her again whom you prefer to me;

She stays but to be call'd. Poor cozen'd man!
 Let a feign'd parting give her back your heart,
 Which a feign'd love first got; for injur'd me,
 Tho' my just sense of wrongs forbid my stay,
 My duty shall be yours.
 To the dear pledges of our former love
 My tenderness and care shall be transferr'd,
 And they shall cheer by turns my widow'd nights.
 So take my last farewell! for I despair
 To have you whole, and scorn to take you half.

[Exit.]

Vent. I combat Heav'n, which blasts my best designs!

My last attempt must be to win her back;

But, Oh! I fear in vain. [Exit.]

Ant. Why was I fram'd with this plain honest heart?

Which knows not to disguise its griefs and weakness.
 I should have kept the mighty anguish in,
 And forc'd a smile at Cleopatra's falsehood;
 Octavia had believ'd it, and had staid.
 But I am made a shallow-forded stream,
 Seen to the bottom, all my clearness scorn'd,
 And all my faults expos'd.—See, where he comes,

Enter DOLABELLA.

Who has profan'd the sacred name of friend,
 And worn it into vileness!

Well, Dolabella, you perform'd my message?

Dol. I did unwillingly.

Ant. Unwillingly!

Was it so hard for you to bear our parting?

You should have wish'd it.

Dol. Why?

Ant. Because you love me;

And she receiv'd my message with as true,

With as unfeign'd a sorrow as you brought it?

Dol. She loves you ev'n to madness.

Ant. Oh! I know it.
You, Dolabella, do not better know
How much she loves me. And should I
Forsake this beauty, this all-perfect creature?

Dol. I could not, were she mine.

Ant. And yet you first
Persuaded me. How came you alter'd since?

Dol. I said at first I was not fit to go:
I could not hear her sighs, and see her tears,
But pity must prevail; and so perhaps
It may again with you; for I have promis'd
That she should take her last farewell; and see,
She comes to claim my word.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ant. False Dolabella!

Dol. What's false, my lord?

Ant. Why, Dolabella's false,
And Cleopatra's false; both false and faithless.
Draw near, you well-join'd wickedness, you serpents,
Whom I have in my kindly bosom warm'd,
Till I am stung to death.

Dol. My lord, have I
Deserv'd to be thus us'd?

Cleo. Can Heav'n prepare
A newer torment? can it find a curse
Beyond our separation?

Ant. Yes, if fate
Be just, much greater. Two, two such!
A friend and mistress
Was what the world could give. O, Cleopatra!
O, Dolabella! how could you betray
This tender heart, which, with an infant fondness,
Lay lull'd betwixt your bosoms, and there slept
Secure of injur'd faith?

Dol. If she has wrong'd you,
Heav'n, hell, and you, revenge it.

Ant. If she has wrong'd me!
Ventidius heard it, Octavia saw it.

Cleo. They are enemies.

Ant. Alexas is not so ; he, he confess'd it ;
He who next hell best knew it, he avow'd it.
Why do I seek a proof beyond yourself?

[*To DOLABELLA.*

You whom I sent to bear my last farewell,
Return to plead her stay.

Dol. What shall I answer ?
If to have lov'd be guilt, then I have sinn'd ;
But if to have repented of that love
Can wash away my crime, I have repented ;
Yet if I have offended past forgiveness,
Let her not suffer : she is innocent.
Forgive your mistress.

Cleo. Forgive your friend.

Ant. I can forgive
A foe, but not a mistress and a friend :
Treason is there in its most horrid shape,
Where trust is greatest. I'll hear no more :
Hence from my sight for ever.

Cleo. How ? for ever !
I cannot go one moment from your sight,
And must I go for ever ?
My joys, my only joys, are centred here :
What place have I to go to ? my own kingdom ?
That I have lost for you ; or to the Romans ?
They hate me for your sake : or must I wander
The wide world o'er, a helpless, banish'd woman ;
Banish'd for love of you, banish'd from you ;
Ay, there's the banishment ! Oh, hear me, hear me,
With strictest justice, for I beg no favour,
And if I have offended you, then kill me ;
Oh, do not banish me.

Ant. Away ; I'll hear no more :
But live wretched ; 'tis but just you should,
Who made me so : live from each other's sight ;
Let me not hear you meet. Set all the earth
And all the seas betwixt your sunder'd loves ;

View nothing common but the sun and skies.
Now all take several ways,
And each your own sad fate with mine deplore,
That you were false, and I could trust no more.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Temple.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. I could tear out these eyes that gain'd his
heart,
And had not pow'r to keep it. O, the curse
Of doting on, ev'n when I find it dotage!
Bear witness, gods! you heard him bid me go;
You, whom he mock'd with imprecating vows
Of promis'd faith—I'll die, I will not bear it.

Enter ALEXAS.

Art thou there, traitor!—Oh,
O, for a little breath to vent my rage!

Alex. Yes, I deserve it for my ill-tim'd truth.
Believe me, madam, Antony is yours:
His heart was never lost, but started off
To jealousy, love's last retreat and covert,
Where it lies hid in shades, watchful in silence,

And list'ning for the sound that calls it back.
Some other, any man,
May perfect this unfinish'd work, which I
Have left so easy to his hand.

Cleo. Look well thou do't, else——

Alex. Else what your silence threatens—Antony
Is mounted up the Pharos, from whose turret
He stands surveying our Egyptian galleys,
Engag'd with Cæsar's fleet: now death or conquest;
If the first happen, fate acquits my promise;
If we o'ercome, the conqueror is yours.

[*A distant Shout within.*]

Char. Have comfort, madam: did you mark that
shout?

Alex. 'Tis from the port;
The loudness shows it near. Good news, kind
Heav'ns!

Enter SERAPION and GUARDS.

Ser. Where, where's the Queen?
O, horror, horror!
Egypt has been; the latest hour is come.
Time has unroll'd her glories to the last,
And now clos'd up the volume.

Cleo. Be more plain:
Say whence thou cam'st.

Ser. I came from Pharos,
From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)
Our land's last hope, your navy——

Cleo. Vanquish'd?

Ser. No;
They fought not.

Cleo. Then they fled.

Ser. Nor that: I saw,
With Antony, your well-appointed fleet
Row out, and thrice he wav'd his hand on high,
And thrice with cheerful cries they shouted back.
In few, we saw their caps

On either side thrown up: th' Egyptian galleys,
Receiv'd like friends, pass'd thro', and fell behind
The Roman rear; and now they all come forward,
And ride within the port.

Cleo. Enough, Serapion;
I have heard my doom! This needed not, you gods!
When I lost Antony your work was done.
Where's my lord?
How bears he this last blow?

Ser. His fury cannot be express'd by words:
Thrice he attempted headlong to have fall'n
Full on his foes, and aim'd at Cæsar's galley:
Withheld, he raves on you, cries he's betray'd.
Should he now find you——

Alex. Shun him, seek your safety,
Till you can clear your innocence.

Cleo. I'll stay.

Alex. You must not; haste you to the monument,
While I make speed to Cæsar.

Cleo. Cæsar! no;
I have no bus'ness with him.

Alex. I can work him
To spare your life, and let this madman perish.

Cleo. Base, fawning wretch! would'st thou betray
him too?

Hence from my sight, I will not hear a traitor:
'Twas thy design brought all this ruin on us.
Serapion, thou art honest; counsel me:
But haste, each moment's precious.

Ser. Retire; you must not yet see Antony.
He who began this mischief: let him clear you;
And since he offer'd you his servile tongue,
To gain a poor precarious life from Cæsar,
Let him expose that fawning eloquence,
And speak to Antony.

Alex. O, Heav'ns! I dare not:
I meet my certain death.

Cleo. Slave, thou deserv'st it.

Not that I fear my lord will I avoid him;
 I know him noble: when he banish'd me,
 And thought me false, he scorn'd to take my life:
 But I'll be justify'd, and then die with him.

Alex. O, pity me, and let me follow you.

Cleo. To death, if thou stir hence.

Come, good Serapion.

[*Exeunt* CLEOPATRA, SERAPION, CHARMION,
 and IRAS.]

Alex. O, that I less could fear to lose this being.
 Let me think;

What can I say to save myself from death?

No matter what becomes of Cleopatra.

Antony. [*Within.*] Which way? where?

Ventidius. [*Within.*] This leads to the monument.

Alex. Ah me! I hear him: yet I'm unprepar'd:
 My gift of lying's gone;
 And this court-devil, which I so oft have rais'd,
 Forsakes me at my need. I dare not stay,
 Yet cannot go far hence. [Exit.]

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Ant. O, happy Cæsar! thou hast men to lead.
 Think not 'tis thou hast conquer'd Antony,
 But Rome has conquer'd Egypt. I'm betray'd.

Vent. The nation is
 One universal traitor, and their queen
 The very spirit and extract of them all.

Ant. Is there yet left
 A possibility of aid and valour?
 Is there one god unsworn to my destruction,
 The least unmortgag'd hope? for if there be,
 Methinks I cannot fall beneath the fate
 Of such a boy as Cæsar.

Vent. There yet remain
 Three legions in the town; the last assault
 Lopp'd off the rest. If death be your design,
 As I must wish it now, these are sufficient

To make a heap about us of dead foes,
An honest pile for burial.

Ant. They're enough.
We'll not divide our stars, but side by side
Fight emulous, and with malicious eyes
Survey each other's acts.

Vent. Now you shall see I love you.
By my few hours of life,
I am so pleas'd with this brave Roman fate,
That I would not be Cæsar to outlive you!
When we put off this flesh, and mount together,
I shall be shown to all th' ethereal crowd;
Lo! this is he who dy'd with Antony.

Ant. Who knows but we may pierce thro' all their
troops,
And reach my veterans yet! 'Tis worth the tempting
T' o'erleap this gulf of fate,
And leave your wand'ring destinies behind.

Enter ALEXAS, trembling.

Vent. See, see that villain! See
How he has set his count'nance for deceit,
And promises a lie before he speaks!
Let me despatch him first. [Drawing.

Ant. Hold; he's not worth your killing. On thy
life,
No syllable to justify thy Queen;
Save thy base tongue its office.

Alex. Sir, she's gone
Where she shall never be molested more
By love or you.

Ant. Fled to her Dolabella!
Die, traitor; I revoke my promise; die.
[Going to kill him.

Alex. O, hold; she is not fled.

Ant. She is; my eyes
Are open to her falsehood,
Ungrateful woman!

Who follow'd me but as the swallow summer,
Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams,
Singing her flatt'ries to my morning wake;
But now my winter comes, she spreads her wings,
And seeks the spring of Cæsar.

Alex. Think not so;
Her fortunes have in all things mix'd with yours:
Had she betray'd her naval force to Rome,
How easily might she have gone to Cæsar;
Secure by such a bribe?

Vent. She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.

Ant. 'Tis too plain,
Else wou'd she have appear'd to clear herself.

Alex. Too fatally she has: she could not bear
To be accus'd by you, but shut herself
Within her monument, look'd down and sigh'd,
While from her unchang'd face the silent tears
Dropp'd as they had not leave, but stole their parting.
Some undistinguish'd words she inly murmur'd;
At last she rais'd her eyes, and with such looks
As dying Lucrece cast——

Ant. My heart forbodes——

Vent. All for the best. Go on.

Alex. She snatch'd her poniard,
And, ere we could prevent the fatal blow,
Plung'd it within her breast; then turn'd to me;
Go, bear my lord, said she, my last farewell,
And ask him if he yet suspect my faith.
More she was saying, but death rush'd betwixt.
She half pronounc'd your name with her last breath,
And bury'd half within her.

Vent. Heav'n be prais'd!

Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor, dear love!
And art thou dead?

O, those two words! their sound should be divided,
Hadst thou been false and dy'd, or hadst thou liv'd
And hadst been true—But innocence and death!

This shows not well above. Then what am I?
The murd'rer of this truth, this innocence!
Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid
As can express my guilt!

Vent. Is't come to this? The gods have been too
gracious,
And thus you thank them for't.

Ant. Why stay'st thou here? [To ALEXAS.
Thou art not worthy to behold what now
Becomes a Roman emp'ror to perform.

[Exit ALEXAS.

Vent. Come, rouse yourself, and let's die warm together.

Ant. O, Ventidius!
What should I fight for now?
My queen is dead: I was but great for her;
My pow'r, my empire,
Were but my merchandise to buy her love,
And conquer'd kings my factors. Now she's dead,
Let Cæsar take the world—

Vent. Would you be taken?

Ant. Yes, I would be taken;
But as a Roman ought, dead, my Ventidius!

Vent. Chuse your death,
For I have seen him in such various shapes,
I care not which I take: I'm only troubled
The life I bear is worn to such a rag
'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish indeed
We threw it from us with a better grace,
That like two lions taken in the toils
We might at least thrust out our paws and wound
The hunters that enclose us.

Ant. Thou hast lov'd me,
And fain I would reward thee. I must die;
Kill me, and take the merit of my death,
To make thee friends with Cæsar.

Vent. You said I lov'd you, and in recompense
You bid me turn a traitor! Did I think

You would have us'd me thus! that I should die
With a hard thought of you!

Ant. Forgive me, Roman.

Since I have heard of Cleopatra's death
My reason bears no rule upon my tongue,
But lets my thoughts break all at random out.
I have thought better; do not deny me twice.

Vent. By Heav'n I will not!

Let it not be t'outlive you.

Ant. Kill me first.

And then die thou; for 'tis but just thou serve
Thy friend before thyself.

Vent. Give me your hand—

We soon shall meet again. Now, farewell, em-
peror! [Embrace.]

Methinks that word's too cold to be my last:
Since death sweeps all distinctions, farewell, friend.
That's all—

I will not make a bus'ness of a trifle—
And yet I cannot look on you and kill you:
Pray turn your face.

Ant. I do: strike home; be sure.

Vent. Home as my sword will reach. [Kills himself.]

Ant. O, thou mistak'st!

That wound was none of thine; give it me back:
Thou robb'st me of my death.

Vent. I do indeed;

But think, 'tis the first time I e'er deceiv'd you,
If that may plead my pardon. And you, gods!
Forgive me if you will; for I die perjur'd
Rather than kill my friend. [Dies.]

Ant. Farewell! ever my leader, ev'n in death!
My queen and thou have got the start of me,
And I'm the lag of honour.—Gone so soon!
Is death no more! He us'd him carelessly
With a familiar kindness, ere he knock'd
Ran to the door and took him in his arms,
As who should say, you're welcome at all hours,

A friend need give no warning—Books had spoil'd
him,

For all the learn'd are cowards by profession.

'Tis not worth

My further thought; for death, for aught I know,
Is but to think no more. Here's to be satisfy'd.

[Falls on his Sword.]

I've miss'd my heart—O, unperforming hand!

Thou never couldst have err'd in a worse time.

[Trampling within.]

Some, perhaps, from Cæsar!

If he should find me living, and suspect

That I play'd booty with my life. I'll mend

My work ere they can reach me.

[Rises upon his knees.]

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.

Cleo. Where is my lord! where is he!

Char. There he lies,

And dead Ventidius by him.

Cleo. My fears were prophets! I am come too
late!

Oh, that accurs'd Alexas!

[Runs to him.]

How is it with you?

Ant. 'Tis as with a man

Removing in a hurry; all pack'd up

But one dear jewel that his haste forgot,

And he for that returns upon the spur;

So I come back for thee.

Cleo. Too long, ye Heav'ns! you have been cruel
to me!

O, now be kind, and give me back

His fleeting life!

Ant. It will not be, my love!

I keep my soul by force.

Say but thou art not false.

Cleo. 'Tis now too late

To say I'm true; I'll prove it and die with you.

Unknown to me Alexas feign'd my death,
Which, when I knew, I hasted to prevent
This fatal consequence. My fleet betray'd
Both you and me.

Ant. And Dolabella—

Cleo. Scarce esteem'd before he lov'd, but hated
now.

Ant. Enough! my life's not long enough for more.
Thou say'st thou wilt come after: I believe thee;
For I can now believe whate'er thou say'st,
That we may part more kindly.

Cleo. I will come;
Doubt not, my life! I'll come, and quickly too!
Cæsar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.

Ant. But grieve not while thou stay'st
My last disastrous times!
Think we have had a clear and glorious day,
And Heav'n did kindly to delay the storm
Just till our close of ev'ning. Ten years love,
And not a moment lost, but all improv'd
To th'utmost joys! What ages have we liv'd!
And now to die each other's? and so dying,
While hand in hand we walk in groves below,
Whole troops of lovers' ghosts shall flock about us,
And all the train be ours.

Cleo. Your words are like the notes of dying
swans,
Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours
For your unkindness, and not one for love!

Ant. No, not a minute—this one kiss—more
worth
Than all I leave to Cæsar.— [Dies.]

Cleo. Oh, tell me so again!
And take ten thousand kisses for that word,
My lord! my lord!

Char. Remember, madam,
He charg'd you not to grieve.

Cleo. And I'll obey him.

I have not lov'd a Roman not to know
What should become his wife.

Irás. Will you then die?

Cleo. Why shouldst thou make that question?
Fly both, and bring the cure of all our ills.

Irás. The aspics, madam?

Cleo. Must I bid you twice?

[*Exeunt* CHARMION and IRAS.

O welcome, welcome, Death!

Enter CHARMION and IRAS, with the Aspics, &c.

Welcome thou kind deceiver!

[*Putting aside the Leaves.*

Thou best of thieves! who with an easy key
Dost open life, and, unperceiv'd by us,
Ev'n steals us from ourselves,

Serap. The queen, where is she? [Within.
The town is yielded, Cæsar's at the gates.

Cleo. He comes too late t'invade the rights of death.
Haste, haste, my friend, and rouse the serpent's fury.
[*Holds out her Arm, and draws it back.*

Coward flesh——

Wouldst thou conspire with Cæsar to betray me,
As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to't,
And not be sent by him,
But bring myself, my soul, to Antony.

[*Turns aside, and then shows her arm bloody.*

Take hence; the work is done.

Serap. Break ope the door, [Within.
And guard the traitor well.

Cleo. Already, death, I feel thee in my veins;
I go with such a will to find my lord,
That we shall quickly meet.

A heavy numbness creeps thro' ev'ry limb,
And now 'tis at my head: my eyelids fall,
And my dear love is vanish'd in a mist!
Cæsar, thy worst!

Now part us if thou canst,

[Dies.]

[IRAS sinks down at her Feet, and dies, CHARMION stands behind her Chair, as dressing her Head.]

Enter. SERAPION, two Priests, ALEXAS bound, and Egyptians.

Priest. Behold, Serapion, what havoc death has made!

Serap. 'Twas what I fear'd.

Th' impression of a smile left in her face
Shows she dy'd pleas'd with him for whom she liv'd,
And went to charm him in another world.

Cæsar's just ent'ring; grief has now no leisure.

Secure that villain, as our pledge of safety,
To grace th' imperial triumph. Sleep, blest pair!

Secure from human chance long ages out,
While all the storms of fate fly o'er your tomb;

And fame to late posterity shall tell,

No lovers liv'd so great, or dy'd so well.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

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THE END.

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